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No. 1.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE—WYCLIF TO COVERDALE.

BY H. W. HOARE.

AMONG all our national treasures the greatest is the English Bible. Its primary appeal, as every one would admit, is to our common Christianity; but it appeals also, and with scarcely less power, to our common patriotism. Transcending every difference and distinction of rank, and sect, and party, it unites us all as Englishmen. Historically it is interwoven with the growth of our political liberties, and its successive versions are indissolubly linked with names forever memorable in our annals. In its moral and social influence it lies at the root of what is strongest and best in the national character. Unique among books in its unapproachable dignity and grandeur, it holds among us an undisputed pre-eminence as the most splendid literary monument that we possess of the genius of our native tongue.

For nearly eight hundred years the only Bible from which paraphrases or metrical versions could be made was the Latin Vulgate, the knowledge of Greek and Hebrew being during that period practically non-existent. In the famous abbey on the cliffs at Whitby, Cædmon had sung the scripture story of man's creation and of his fall, of Israel and of Christ. The dying hours of Bæde, the grand old monk of Jarrow, had been devoted to the completion of a translation into English of the Gospel according to St. John. Ald-

helm had made a version of the Psalter, King Alfred of the four Evangelists, Ælfric of the seven first books of the Old Testament. But for our present purpose we may set on one side the merely fragmentary renderings that have come down to us. Adaptations rather than translations of the more familiar portions of the Vulgate, they are full of interest as witnessing to the continuity of our literature; but what with the costliness of early manuscripts, the tardiness with which copies were multiplied, and the absence of any reading public, their circulation must have been practically confined to circles of private friends or of brother ecclesiastics. It is not until we reach the fourteenth century that we find a really close translation of any one complete book of Scripture. Dating from the first half of that century we have two such translations of the Psalms, the one by William de Schorham, the other by Richard Rolle, the author of *The Pricke of Conscience*, and better known as the Hermit of Hampole. To the last half of the century belong two works whose widespread and lasting influence it would be difficult to exaggerate, and which, by their rapid dissemination among the common people, contributed in no inconsiderable degree to that great religious revolution in England which we call the Reformation. The one is Langland's *Vision*

of *Piers the Ploughman*, the other is Wyclif's Bible (1380). The extent of his own personal share in it is not quite satisfactorily determined, but the greater part of the New Testament and part of the Old are from his pen. His friend Nicholas de Hereford is responsible for the first portion of the Old Testament as far as the book of Baruch, iii. 20. At this point his manuscript, now in the Bodleian Library, breaks off abruptly, owing no doubt to the peremptory action of the ecclesiastical authorities, for we know that in the summer of 1382 he was excommunicated. What remained to be done was most probably done by Wyclif. This first edition was soon seen to be in many ways defective, and Wyclif was still working at a revision of it in December, 1384, when he died from a stroke of paralysis. It was completed under the direction of his faithful friend and curate, John Purvey, with "myche trauaile," as he tells us, and with the aid of "diuerse felawis and helperis," not earlier, it is supposed, than 1390.

Both the original and the revised version are reproduced in parallel columns in the splendid work of Forshall and Madden which issued from the Clarendon Press in 1850. Two short quotations will show how comparatively little our language has changed in the course of five centuries.

But in o day of the woke ful earli thei camen to the grave and broughten swete smelling spices that thei hadden arayed, and thei founden the stoon turnyd away from the grave. And thei geden in and founden not the Lord Jhesus—(Luke xxiv.)

And after these thingis he seide to his disciplis, Go we eft in to Judee. The disciplis seien to hym, Maister, now the Jewis soughten for to stoon thee and eft goist thou thidir?—(John xi.)

Wyclif's Bible was indeed a notable beginning, but it could lay no claim to finality. As a translation it is a noble work, but it lacks uniformity of style and is of very uneven merit. The diction is homely, rugged, and primitive, for our language was only in process of formation, and the expressions are often of refreshing naïveté and quaintness. Furthermore, the whole version is at best but a translation of a translation. Yet w.th all its

blemishes it is of imperishable interest. Many of its phrases, "the straight gate," "the narrow way," "the beam and the mote," have passed forever into our language. It is, above all things, our first and oldest Bible. Even were it of less literary merit than it is, it would still be secure of immortality as an integral part of English history. It was born in an age of intense national excitement. It is the "provocatio ad populum" of our first Reformer. It is the dying legacy to the people of England of the sturdiest fighter of his day. It is from the hand of the father of English prose. It embodies the great principle that the Bible is the people's book, and should speak the language of the people.

The fourteenth century, if we stand back and endeavor to take a comprehensive view of it, may be best described as a time of transition. Mediævalism was slowly passing away, but the new world was not yet plainly in sight. We are reminded, as we watch the sweep of events, of a dissolving view where the picture that is departing is fading into indistinctness, while the lines of the picture that is to take its place have still to come into focus. We seem to be looking at a blurred image which is neither picture because it is both. Pope and Emperor are both there, but not the empire or the papacy as they were of old. The Emperor has become a mere shadow of his former self. The Pope is a fugitive from Rome. Under many forms and in many lands a spirit of disquiet and unrest, be it social, political, or religious, is moving over the long stagnant waters, and ruffling their repose. Rome is confronted with rising nationalities impatient of her authority and claims. The long supremacy of the Latin tongue is threatened by the rivalry of modern languages, for it is the century of Petrarch, of Froissart, and of Chaucer. The old order and the new stand face to face. Over against the king stands the parliament, over against the mailed knight and the feudal lord stand the burges and the merchant, the artisan and the peasant. Under the influence of great political thinkers and writers like Marsilius of Padua and William of Occam, there is dawning in men's

minds the idea of an orderly independent state organized with a view to the common weal. All along the line there is an awakening of the human spirit to a sense of individuality, a feeling not of the moral impotence, but of the moral dignity of man. The supernatural claims of a sacerdotal hierarchy from whom all spirituality and unworldliness seem to have died out are being challenged by an appeal to the instincts of the conscience and the heart. Everywhere great principles are in antagonism, Latin Christianity and Teutonic, tradition and Scripture, realism and nominalism, authority and experience, capital and labor.

In an age thus profoundly agitated John Wyclif's lot was cast, and it is his attitude toward the papacy, with its materialized oligarchy of luxurious and lazy ecclesiastics, which gives the key to his life. "I take it as a wholesome counsell," he says, "that the Pope leeve his worldly lordship to worldly lords as Christ gave him and move all his Clerks to do so."

In 1360 he was Master of Balliol, and waging unceasing war against the Mendicant Orders, whose shameless eavesdropping and brazen-faced beggary made them the target of poet and preacher and pamphleteer alike. It was in 1366 that, famous already as an Oxford divine, he came first into public and political prominence. The papacy had fallen on evil days. It was the period of the Babylonish captivity. Exiles from Rome, the Popes at Avignon were at a threefold disadvantage. There had been a magic and a witchery in the very name of Rome. Avignon was only Avignon. But besides the loss of prestige there was the material loss of the Italian revenues, and, finally, there was the humiliating descent from the proud position of the world's umpire to that of a mere tool of the King of France. Still the Court at Avignon was prodigiously expensive, and England had long occupied the unenviable position of the milch cow of the papacy. Urban the Fifth accordingly preferred a demand on Edward the Third for all the arrears of the tribute to the Papal See annually due since the death of King John. The demand was referred to Parlia-

ment. It was the last straw. Half ruined by the awful ravages of the Black Death, owing to which the population had been reduced from five millions to two millions and a half, and by the slow drain of the never-ending wars with France, the Estates were not unnaturally disposed to rebel against sending out English gold for the support of the liegeman of their hereditary foe. "Ils resisteront," they unanimously decided, "et contre esteront ove toute leur puissance." This decision was expanded and supported by Wyclif, then one of the King's chaplains, in a most vigorous and able pamphlet. That he should have had this task imposed on him by the Court shows in what reputation he was held, and how his anti-papal opinions were even then notorious. In 1378 occurred the Great Schism. The moral effect on Wyclif was electrical. It was of the very essence of the papacy that the supreme Pontiff claimed to personify the indivisibility of truth. In him men saw the symbol and the guarantee of religious unity. Suddenly to exhibit to the world the seamless vesture of Latin Christianity as rent in twain, and the papacy as a self-advertised imposture, was to give to religious faith a shock such as, at this distance of time, we can scarcely realize. Torn from its old moorings, spiritual obedience drifted away into a divided allegiance, with no better bond of cohesion than the mere accident of country. Wyclif's impetuous spirit at once urged him to the only logical inference. If there could be two Popes why not twenty? Why any Pope at all? The whole system was a fraud. It was not of God, but of man. It had no warranty of Holy Scripture. It was Antichrist. They who should have been the faithful shepherds of the sheep had not only fleeced, but had deceived their flocks. The accredited guide of Christendom had been tried and found wanting. Whither, then, in their bewilderment of mind were men to turn? Wyclif's answer was to translate the Bible. When we remember that his heretical tracts and pamphlets, written in pithiest English, were being scattered broadcast over England, and that in 1381 he went on even to assail the

central citadel itself, and to deny the doctrine of Transubstantiation so far as it included miraculous power in the consecrating priest, it is astonishing that he should have died in his bed.

It is because in Wyclif we have the embodiment and the representative of the great cause of independence, whether in Church or State or in the tribunal of conscience, the champion of intellectual and spiritual freedom from the tyranny of foreign dominion, the voice that gave due form and utterance to what thousands of smaller minds were thinking, that his Bible, which is in a sense himself, is of such abiding interest to a nation to whom freedom and independence are as the very breath of life.

Let us briefly summarize the objects that Wyclif had in view in organizing his army of "poor preachers" to distribute the Scriptures among his fellow-countrymen. He was anxious in the first place that a fragmentary Bible should be superseded by a complete one. He was convinced that the best remedy for the sybaritism of the Church was to go back to the simplicity that was in Jesus Christ and in His apostles. He believed that a study of the Christian records would satisfy any honest mind that the papal claims, the position taken up by each and every grade of the Pope's representatives, the existing system of miracle-working priests, of compulsory penances, compulsory confessions, compulsory pilgrimages, and the like, had no Divine right behind them to support them. He hoped that the many-sided disorders of his age might in some degree be abated by bringing men face to face with the inspired source of purity and simplicity, of loyalty and justice. No doubt he was over-sanguine, was in no sense a "wise master builder," was not sufficiently alive to the revolutionary tendency of his abstract doctrine of "Dominion." But he was a brave, single-hearted, sincere man, and the keenness of his intellectual powers was happily allied with a character against which not even his enemies ventured to throw a stone. His influence, transmitted though it was through Huss to Luther, did not long retain prominence in England. He was before his day.

A reaction against his opinions soon set in, and the constitution of Archbishop Arundel was so far successful that no new translation of any book of Scripture was published in this country for a hundred years. But if the flames were extinguished the embers smouldered on. The prohibited tracts and pamphlets passed secretly in many a quiet parish from hand to hand, and when in 1529 a royal proclamation appeared against unorthodox books, it is not surprising to find "Lollardies" grouped with other "hereties and errors." With the reign of Henry the Eighth we come in sight of the second of our great translators, William Tyndale (1484-1536), perhaps the noblest figure among them all.

The times were fully ripe for a new national Bible. The English of Wyclif's version had become antiquated and out of date. Intellectual development in Europe had made great strides. Upon the Roman renaissance of the preceding centuries had followed the revival of Greek letters, and Greece, as it has been finely said, "had arisen from the grave with the New Testament in her hand." No longer tied down to the Latin Scriptures of the Church, scholars were now qualified for the study of the original Greek and Hebrew. The Bible had been translated into all the principal languages of Europe. The printing-press, long since established throughout the continent, had been introduced in 1477 by Caxton into England. The stimulating revelations of maritime enterprise under the auspices of such men as Columbus, Magellan, and Vasco di Gama, had caused a great ferment in the human mind. The new learning was everywhere extending its influence. The world of the west was ringing from end to end with the name of Luther.

William Tyndale was born near Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, in or about 1484. His brief life of fifty-two years comprises a period of the first historical importance. Within it are included the breach of Henry with Rome, the rise and fall of Wolsey, the reign of terror under Thomas Cromwell, the dissolution of the monasteries, the fermentation all over England of the idea of impending religious revolu-

tion. For some years Tyndale studied at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. From Oxford, attracted in all probability by the fame of Erasmus, he went to Cambridge, where he remained for six or seven years. Erasmus was engaged from 1509 to 1514 in teaching Greek in the University, and in preparing for the press with the aid of the college libraries a book which was shortly to astonish the world. This book was the Greek Testament (1516), soon to be followed by the famous *Paraphrases*. The Greek text was set side by side with Erasmus's Latin version in parallel columns, and a prologue and notes completed the volume. Though dedicated to the Pope, it sounded a note of defiance to the Church. Hitherto the Vulgate had reigned supreme, and its interpretation had been based on the received dogmas of the faith. By Erasmus's New Testament the Vulgate was set aside, and his rendering of the text was based on the philological sense of the words. "For the first time," says Froude, "the laity were able to see, side by side, the Christianity which converted the world and the Christianity of the Church with a Borgia Pope, cardinal princes, ecclesiastical courts, and a mythology of lies. The effect was to be a spiritual earthquake."

From a Greek New Testament to an English one was but a single step, and it was in the course of his university career that Tyndale both laid the foundations of his sound scholarship and conceived that great design, the idea of which governed all his subsequent life, and gave to England its earliest printed Bible. From 1521 to 1523 he acted as tutor to the family of Sir John Walsh at Little Sodbury, a village in South Gloucestershire. Full of admiration for Erasmus he there employed his leisure in translating a well-known book from his pen, called *The Manual of a Christian Soldier*. It was a work of somewhat pronounced anti-papal tendencies, and Tyndale began to draw on himself the displeasure of the hierarchy. Soon we find him in vigorous conflict with one of the good knight's guests, a certain learned doctor who had ventured upon the proposition that "we were better without God's law than the Pope's." One can

see the flashing eyes and the mantling blood as the rejoinder bursts from him.

"I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost." Evidently Little Sodbury was becoming impossible for him. So "turmoiled" was he, we are told, that in 1523 he bade Sir John farewell and sought to attach himself to the service of Tunstall, Bishop of London, well known as a good Greek scholar. In this he was disappointed, but the earnestness of his preaching at St. Dunstan's brought him an unlooked-for friend. Humphrey Monmouth, a wealthy merchant and alderman, took him up and made him free of his house, and there for nearly a year Tyndale worked assiduously "day and night" at his translation. But he was now a marked man. Twelve months had not gone by before, in his own words, "I understood not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England." With bitter sorrow he found himself driven to seek shelter on the continent, and in May, 1524, he sailed for Hamburg. Whether he published anything while there is not certain, but the next year we are on sure ground. Accompanied by his amanuensis, Roye, he had gone in 1525 to Cologne, a strongly papal town, to superintend the issue of the English Testament, which had at length been completed. The printer was Peter Quental, who had apparently been selected as having correspondents in London, and the edition was in quarto. But there was a spy in the camp. A cunning priest, Cochlaeus by name, happened to hear the printers boasting over their wine that England would very soon be Lutheran, and that, in point of fact, thousands of copies of an English New Testament were on the point of being consigned across the sea. Without delay Cochlaeus sent news of his discovery to Henry the Eighth, to Wolsey, and to Fisher, Tyndale having in the meantime fled with his printed sheets to the safer haven of Protestant Worms. Here, at Schaeffer's press, a new edition of 3000 copies

was prepared. It was obviously essential to baffle, as far as possible, the expectant spies on the other side. The new issue was therefore not in quarto, but in octavo. Tyndale's name was left out, and all prologues and notes were dispensed with. Between the spring and summer of 1526, the precious Testaments arrived on English shores, and between the agents of the great Cardinal and those of the secret association of "The Brethren," it became a case of "diamond cut diamond." What happened we do not know in detail, but there is good evidence that the inquisitorial search met with some measure of success, for we have the witness of the solemn ceremonial which was held on Shrove Sunday in February, 1527, before the gate of St. Paul's, and under the great crucifix called the Rood of Northen, when in the presence of Wolsey himself, and of a great conclave of abbots, and priors, and bishops, large basketfuls of heretical books were given to the flames. But we must not be tempted too far into the pleasant paths of the biographer or of the bibliographer, or enter into the detail either of Tyndale's life, or of the history of successive editions of his works. Suffice it to say that it has been estimated that between 1526 and 1536, in spite of all opposition and persecution, not far short of 30,000 copies of the New Testament must have been put into circulation. "So eager," says a contemporary writer, "were Englishmen for the Gospel, as to affirm they would buy a Testament even if they had to give a hundred thousand pieces of money for it." Very possibly this is the language of exaggeration, but at the same time it is well to bear in mind that the moral atmosphere of the self-centred and materialized times in which we live affords us little or no idea of the tremendous power with which the newly discovered truths of the Bible came home to hearts sad and sick with the moral and spiritual corruption, the unreality, the hopelessness, that overshadowed their life. It was to them nothing less than a new heaven and a new earth. The history of God's works, the tables of God's law, the thunders of His vengeance, the sweet

music of His promises, all came upon them like a sudden revelation. The conscience of England had found a new King. In the open English Bible men heard Him speaking to them face to face. Before many more years they were making answer to Him in an English Liturgy.

Between 1530 and 1534 Tyndale was occupied with a translation of the Old Testament. With the assistance of friends among the learned Jews, who were to be found in every considerable city of the Netherlands, he had made himself a good Hebrew scholar, and his version is without doubt based on a study of the Hebrew text, while it derives all available help from constant reference to the Latin Vulgate, Luther's Bible, and Purdey's revision of Wyclif. In 1531 appeared the book of Genesis, and subsequently the entire Pentateuch, to which was added, in 1531, the book of Jonah. In 1534 a new and carefully revised edition of the New Testament was issued, its expenses having been unwittingly defrayed by the Bishop of London, who, in his eagerness to buy up and destroy all copies in current circulation, had indirectly supplied Tyndale with ample funds.

In the spring of the next year Tyndale was treacherously betrayed, while living at Antwerp in the house of his friend Thomas Poyntz, and thrown into prison in Vilvoorde Castle, not far from Brussels. Here he was kept in confinement from May, 1535, to October 6th, 1536, when he was put to death by strangulation, and his body burnt at the stake. In the archives of the Council of Brabant has been preserved a pathetic letter, which speaks for itself:

I wish permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew bible, grammar and dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study.

It is practically certain that to Tyndale's labors in this foreign dungeon we owe the translation of that part of the Old Testament (Joshua to II. Chronicles inclusive) which he left in manuscript in the hands of his intimate

friend and literary executor, John Rogers. The following specimens of Tyndale's translation, taken from passages with which every one is familiar, will, perhaps, be not without interest :

And he began his parable and sayed : Balam the sonne of Beor hath sayed, and the man that hath his eye open hath sayed, and he hath sayed that heareth the wordes of God and hath the knowledge of the most hie, and beholdeth the vision of the Allmightie, and when he falleth downe hath his eyes opened. I see him but not now, I beholde him but not nye. There shall come a starre of Jacob and ryse a cepter of Israel. . . .—(Numbers xxiv. 15.)

And what shall I more say ? the time would be too short for me to tell of Gedeon, of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthæ ; also of David, and Samuel, and of the prophets ; which through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained the promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, of weak were made strong, waxed valliant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.—(Heb. xi. 29 ; spelling modernized.)

It may be worth while to pause a moment at this point to ask ourselves how it was that Tyndale's New Testament was looked upon by the hierarchy in England, by Sir Thomas More, one of the foremost men of letters of his day, and by the King himself, with such intense hostility, while within a year of his death an English Bible, which was really Tyndale's in the main, was ordered to be placed in every parish church. With regard to the Bishops, it is plain that, at any rate to the conservatives among them, a vernacular Bible would be in principle incurably objectionable. Their conviction that the Bible derived its authority from the Church, and not the Church from the Bible, made it impossible for them to approve of committing the interpretation of the text to private judgment. To the reforming party, on the other hand, an English Bible would, as such, have been generally welcome. What excited their indignation was that Tyndale's Testament, with its prologues and annotations, was tainted with the heresies of his extra-biblical writings, in which the whole system of the Latin obedience and faith had been openly and persistently assailed. And not only so, but Tyndale suggested Luther, and, as they cast their eyes

over the sea, it was alarmingly evident that Lutheranism was a principle of anarchy, and had a strong tendency to assume the form not merely of ecclesiastical insubordination, but of social and political revolt. And on this point they were at one with the King. To the mind of that masterful monarch it is hardly likely that the question of an English Bible was of any deep personal interest. He had broken a lance with Luther. He was "Defender of the faith." But if we may give the name of Roman Catholicism to the religious system represented by the papacy, it was primarily with the Romanism and not with the Catholicism that his matrimonial affairs gradually forced him into such violent antagonism. The pendulum might swing this way with Anne Boleyn, and that way with Catharine Howard ; the standard of truth might be as nearly identical with the King's personal belief as the standard of right was with his personal will, but none the less as against Lutheran doctrines Henry was a consistent Catholic. He was fully determined to be master in his own house, but he could see no reason why the old religion should not go on unchanged under its home-grown Pope. Just so far as their appeal to Scripture served to support him in his denial of any Divine right in the papacy, he was ready to favor the party of reform, and indeed on June 25th, 1535, he went so far as to declare to the assembled judges that "the advancement of God's word and of his own authority were one and the same thing." In short, we shall not be seriously at fault if we conclude that, both as regards Rome and his own clergy at home, he was disposed rather to use the prevalent cry for an English Bible for political purposes than to give it serious attention on its own religious merits. But the hostility which Tyndale excited had special as well as general grounds. Long-established usage and ecclesiastical tradition had invested the terminology of the Church with a peculiar sanctity. To appeal to philology and the plain meaning of words against the rendering consecrated by prescription and association was to provoke intense repugnance in the conservative camp. And this is precisely

what Tyndale did, though he did it in no spirit of sectarian prejudice. For "charity" he substituted "love," for "church" "congregation," for "grace" "favor," for "penance" "repentance," for "contrite" "troubled." Not merely, therefore, was he deemed an enemy of the cause of order, but also a heresiarch regardless even of the limitations of good taste.

It remains now to offer some brief estimate both of our indebtedness to Tyndale's biblical labors and of the nobility of his character.

He did not live to give us a complete Bible. If we include the manuscript which he left to Rogers we have from his pen (1) the entire New Testament; (2) the Old Testament from Genesis to II. Chronicles inclusive; (3) a translation, published in his revised edition of 1354, of "The Epistles out of the Old Testament which are read in the Church after the Use of Salisbury." But though not complete as regards the Old Testament, yet, so far as his work extends, it may be said almost to constitute our English Bible of to-day. Of our Old Testament it is estimated to represent, in the books which it comprises, about 80 per cent, and of our New Testament about 90 per cent. To Tyndale, moreover, and in some measure to Wyclif before him, we owe it—and this is a point on which it is impossible to lay too much stress—that the Bible speaks in the popular tongue as distinguished from the language of the Court or of the Schools. "The style of Wyclif," writes Professor Plumptre, "is to that of Chaucer as Tyndale's is to Surrey's, or that of the authorized version to Ben Jonson's." "The peculiar genius which breathes through it"—the words are from Froude's eloquent tribute to Tyndale's version—"the mingled tenderness and majesty, the preternatural grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, all are here, all bear the impress of the mind of one man, William Tyndale."

Finally, when we look at Tyndale's life as a whole, when we trace through its checkered scenes his unwavering persistency of purpose, the indomitable spirit that neither lonely exile nor re-

peated disappointment could quench, the unfailing courage that no persecutions, no plots, no intrigues could deflect from its appointed path, his rich qualifications as a scholar, the transparent honesty and fidelity, the conscientiousness and truthfulness that distinguish him as a translator, his faithfulness even unto death to the work with which he felt himself entrusted, the feeling is borne in upon us from every side that in Tyndale we have a man to whom we may justly assign a place among the great ones of the earth. Yet it was not until some three centuries and a half after his death that the statue which now stands in the Embankment Gardens, near Whitehall Court, was erected in honor of his memory.

Just a year before that death, and while Tyndale lay a prisoner at Vilvorde, a Bible from another hand had stolen unobserved into England. It was dated October 4th, 1535, dedicated to Henry the Eighth, and signed by his "humble subjecte and daylye orator, Myles Coverdale." No name either of place or printer was given. In respect of the larger portion of the Old Testament it was altogether new, and as a Bible it was the first *complete* version in English that was ever printed in this country.

Miles Coverdale was born in 1488, and, like Wyclif, was a Yorkshireman. He was attached as a young man to an Augustinian convent at Cambridge, but before 1527 he had joined the Reformers and was a trusted friend of Thomas Cromwell. This friendship enables us to some extent to follow the history of the Coverdale Bible. In December, 1530, Hugh Latimer had written his famous letter to the King, reminding him of his promise of an authorized English version of the Scriptures. In 1531 Henry was acknowledged as supreme head of the Church, and the breach with Rome had become a fact. Tyndale's New Testament was already formally condemned and proscribed. It is in the highest degree probable that Cromwell, taking advantage of the flowing tide, decided to anticipate the realization of the royal pledge, and commissioned Coverdale to prepare a new transla-

tion. Once more, therefore, did private enterprise take the wind out of the episcopal sails, and make Cranmer grumble that if the country was to wait till the Bishops were ready, it would have to wait "till a day after doomsday." At any rate, from 1528 to 1535 we lose sight of Coverdale, who seems during that period to have been quietly at work on the continent.

There could scarcely be a stronger contrast between two men than there is between Coverdale and Tyndale. If the latter be the Hercules among our biblical laborers, the former is certainly the Orpheus. Diffident and retiring in disposition, of delicate susceptibility, of great literary dexterity and resource, with a wonderful ear for cadence and rhythm, it is to Coverdale we owe much of that beautiful music which seems to well up out of the perennial springs of our Authorized Version. "Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me;" "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure: they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." Where can we find anything more perfect, unless indeed it be in passages scattered up and down in our Prayer-book version of the Psalms, which is almost wholly, or in the Isaiah of our Bibles, which is very largely, from the hand of this beautiful translator? But though contrasted with Tyndale in the main features of his character, he is also his indispensable literary complement, standing in relation to him as gentleness does to strength, pliability and grace to robustness and vigor, modesty to self-confidence, as the ivy does to the oak. There is, moreover, something very attractive in the unaffected humility, the sincerity, the frankness of the man himself. Tyndale's zeal to give his countrymen an English Bible was the consuming fire of his life. Coverdale tells us, with perfect simplicity, that he became a translator because he was asked to become so by those whom he thought

it his duty to obey. Tyndale went straight to the Greek and Hebrew. Coverdale was probably no great Hebrew scholar. In his dedication to Henry he speaks of himself as having "faithfully translated out of five sundry interpreters," and these five, according to the high authority of Bishop Westcott, were the Latin Vulgate, the excellent Latin version of Pagninus (a Dominican monk and a pupil of Savonarola), Luther's German version, Tyndale, and the Swiss-German or Zurich Bible by Leo Judæ and others (1525-29). And not the dedication only, but also the original title of Coverdale's Bible makes the same admission, for it describes itself as "The Bible . . . faithfully and truly translated out of the Douche and Latyn."

The Coverdale Bible as first published in 1535 does not appear to have received the royal license, though it had the warm approval of Church and State in the persons of Cranmer and Cromwell. In the next year, however, a revised edition was issued from Nicholson's press, St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark, and on the title-page we find the words "with the King's most gracious license." Whether this license was prior in date to that given to the so-called "Matthew's Bible" of 1537, it is impossible to say.

Tyndale, it will be remembered, had left his friend Rogers a manuscript translation of the books Joshua to II. Chronicles inclusive. The manuscript was first published in the version just referred to. In the summer of that year this Bible made its appearance in a large folio volume, printed we not know where, and in black letter. It is conjectured that, in view of the constant and increasing popular demand for English Bibles, Rogers and Tyndale may have been commissioned by some Antwerp booksellers to make a complete translation of both Testaments, in the hope that such a book, being based on the original Greek and Hebrew, might drive the second-hand Coverdale Bible out of the market. After Tyndale's death, Rogers went on with the work alone, and brought it up to Isaiah, when the capital provided in Antwerp was found to be exhausted. At this stage the English printers,

Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, intervened, bought up the book as it stood, and advanced the necessary funds for its completion. Rogers's name, intimately associated as it was with that of Tyndale, was left out on the score of prudence, and the name of Thomas Matthew, whoever he may have been, was used as a mask. This Bible when completed was dedicated to the King, and although two-thirds of it were none other than Tyndale's condemned translation, although moreover the tell-tale initials "W. T." were conspicuous on the last page of Malachi, Grafton had the audacity to submit his venture for Cranmer's approval. Cranmer, who can hardly have looked very carefully into it, expressed himself delighted with it, the royal license was obtained through Grafton's influence with Cromwell, and in the summer of 1537 the "Matthew's Bible" duly appeared, within a year of Tyndale's martyrdom, as the first royally authorized English version. It was not a new translation, but a carefully edited compilation, of which two-thirds were Tyndale and one-third Coverdale. It is chiefly remarkable for the excessive Lutheranism of its annotations, in which it out-Tyndales Tyndale himself, and exhibits a characteristic contrast to the gentler spirit of Coverdale. Moreover, this Bible has a special interest of its own as being the direct ancestor, through the Great Bible of 1539 and the Bishops' Bible of 1568, of our own Authorized Version of 1611.

The necessary limits of a brief sketch preclude anything more than a passing reference to the "Taverner Bible" of 1539, which is not much more than what we may term a pirated Matthew's, and we come finally to the Bible which, unless we take into account whatever share he may have taken in the famous version of 1560 by the Genevan exiles, was the last of Coverdale's labors.

This "Great Bible" of 1539, which for nearly thirty years held its place as the standard Bible of the kingdom, had its foundations laid, not in London, but in Paris, that city having been selected as headquarters, owing to the excellence of French paper and French typography. Its history is as follows:

Toward the end of Cromwell's career there were two English Bibles in circulation, neither of which could be said to give unmixed satisfaction. Coverdale's own version was not derived from the original Greek and Hebrew, and in its attempt to please both parties had in fact pleased neither. The "Matthew's Bible" was faulty in the opposite sense. Its polemical notes gave it the character of a Lutheran manifesto. Cromwell was not slow to see that there was room for another attempt. Accordingly, in or about the year 1537 he commissioned Coverdale, with whom he had been closely connected for some years, to act for him not on this occasion as a translator, but as the editor of a new issue. The French printer Regnault was associated with Grafton in the preparation of the sheets under the license of King Francis. The revision was based on the "Matthew's Bible," but the offensive annotations were omitted, and in settling the text recourse was had to the best available sources. The revisers did in point of fact make considerable alterations in the text, derived for the most part from Latin versions, such as the Vulgate itself, Münster's Hebrew-Latin Bible of 1534, and the well-known Polyglot Bible, which, at a somewhat earlier date, was published by the University of Alcalá, near Toledo.

For a few months all went well, but on December 17th, 1538, the Inquisition appeared on the scene, and the company were dispersed as by a bomb-shell. Many sheets were destroyed, but some were saved, and Cromwell contrived to transport both plant and proofs to England, where the first edition was hurried through the press by April, 1539. It bore no dedication, but Hans Holbein had contributed a striking illustration for the title-page, in which Henry is represented as receiving the Divine commission to transmit the Scriptures to laity and clergy alike in the persons of Cromwell and Cranmer. A second edition was got ready by November, 1540, and in it is found the interesting preface which Cranmer had prepared in the interval, and which has caused his name to be so closely associated with the "Great Bible." It was this edition which re-

ceived Henry's personal authorization, on the assurance made to him by the Bishops that it contained no "heresies." No less than seven editions of the splendid and stately volume were printed before the King's death in 1547, and between the dates of the third and fourth editions Cromwell, to whose initiative and determination its production was due, had been beheaded. His arms, which ornament the first three editions, are accordingly erased from the last four. The special illuminated copy on vellum which had been printed for him has been pre-

served, and is now in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. It is perhaps not generally known that our Prayer-book contains a special note announcing that the version of the Psalms therein adopted "followeth the translation of the Great English Bible." Close upon its appearance there came the Catholic reaction which marks the close of Henry's reign, and no fresh Bible issued from the press until after the Marian persecution in which John Rogers and Thomas Cranmer were martyred, while Coverdale himself escaped only by exile. — *Nineteenth Century*.

HYMN.

IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

O LORD ALMIGHTY, Thou whose hands
Despair and victory give ;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of nations live ;

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride :

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave :

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
With equal laws unbought ;
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve Thee still.

SURPRISE IN WAR, FROM A MILITARY AND A NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.*

BY T. MILLER MAGUIRE.

THE object of every strategist is to arrange his plans and his marches some time before the decisive battle actually takes place, so that, if the enemy loses the battle, the enemy will be placed in a perilous position, his line of communications will be threatened, and he will continue his operations at a considerable disadvantage; or, on the other hand, if his own army loses the battle, he can retire in safety, fall back upon a new position or a new base, and continue his operations with some prospect of ultimate success. All wise plans of campaign are illustrations of these principles. When we come to tactics, or the incidents of the day of a decisive battle, the object is to turn, if possible, the defeat of the enemy into a ruinous rout, so that the beaten army may be driven away from its base and supplies, cut to pieces, or compelled to capitulate. To put the enemy off his guard at the true point of attack, or, in other words, to surprise him, is the best method of securing these results.

Arminius cautiously handled his attacking forces while Varus was retiring from the Weser to the Rhine, till the Romans got into the defiles of the Teutoberger Wald; there he let loose all the converging Germans on the invader, destroyed his legions, and shook the prestige of Rome among the peoples of the North. Thus Cromwell, when Leslie left his strong position at Dunbar, enveloped him in the plain, conquered Scotland, and enslaved its soldiery. Thus the wily Moreau, in 1800, enticed the columns of the Archduke John into the woods of Hohenlinden and subdued South Germany.

So Napoleon, at Austerlitz, deceived the Austrians and Russians into attacking his right, and while he broke the left or inner flank, no small portion of the allies were drowned in the Satschan Lake, and the old German Empire,

which had lasted since the days of Charlemagne, came to an end.

Wellington, at Vittoria in 1813, while attacking Joseph in front on the Zadora, sent General Graham against his right on the St. Sebastian road; Joseph lost all his baggage and 151 out of 152 guns. The French retired from the Iberian Peninsula, having lost in their efforts to annex it 250,000 men.

Thus the Afghans, in 1842, hovered over the British retiring from Cabul, till they entered the Khood Cabul Pass; then the sons of the mountains swooped down upon them, and out of 14,000 only one survived to tell the story of destruction.

In the campaign of Virginia, 1864, all Grant's tactics were based on the hope that he could cut General Lee on the inward or right flank, and, therefore, interpose between him and Richmond. Week after week he delivered tremendous blows against his opponent's line from the woods of the Wilderness to the River Chickahominy. But all in vain; Lee was not to be surprised. He constantly closed in on his right and presented a fresh front, with well-secured communications, to every assault of his adversary.

In August, 1870, when MacMahon's flank march ended after the defeat of Beaumont, the Germans were not content with interposing between him and Bazaine; they also cut him off from his line of retreat to Paris, and when three of their corps joined hands south of the Belgian frontier, between Iges and Givonne, the disaster of Sedan amazed Europe, and 83,000 Frenchmen went as prisoners to Germany.

I will not be very careful to draw the line between strategic and tactical surprise for the remainder of the lecture. To plan operations before the day of the battle is the duty of the strategist; to manœuvre on the battlefield is the duty of the tactician.

It seems, however, probable that the days of great strategic surprises on the Continent of Europe are over. Such

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movements as those of Marlborough and Napoleon from the Rhine and the Alps into the very heart of Germany or Italy, overrunning vast extents of territory before a decisive battle, are not likely soon to recur. The reasons are that armies are tied to railways, and each terminus of each great railway line near the frontier tells its own story of the direction of the operations. Again, the electric telegraph circulates information so rapidly that surprise will be the result of lack of preparation rather than of bewilderment because of lack of information. The Press is ubiquitous—I refer not only to the powerful leading journals—with their numerous agents and their enormous expenditure; the small and local Press to be found in every little town is almost as fatal to secrecy. Then there is the influence of commerce; leading business houses have eager agents in every part of the world. All must be keen to procure any news that would enhance the profits or diminish the losses of their principals. War news is most valuable and worth any money to skilful financial enterprise.

Brilliant strategic conceptions of a far-reaching character may be out of date in Europe; the first point would seem to be to get through the first barrier, to get between the fortresses which stand in the way of invasion.

Here surprise, of course, would prove of much assistance, but it is difficult in the extreme. If you look at any of Artaria's military maps you will see that surprise is difficult when armies are very numerous, mobilization very rapid, and frontier defences very frequent. From the commencement of the war the armies confront each other very closely, and the scope for turning movements is very small. A preliminary operation will be to push through the frontier line. To elude the enemy's main body by flank movements on both sides of the original line of advance, and rapid massing of troops, will be the prelude to desperate battles which will speedily follow. After each important battle, of course, new strategical combinations and developments will arise, and the element of surprise may well resume some part of its old influence. All flank marches and flank

attacks owe much of their effect to conditions favorable to surprise; secrecy in council and celerity of execution are the mainsprings of success. The enemy must be deceived by elaborate diplomacy; hard lying by word of mouth and the making of lies by deceptive movements and feints, are vital matters in the art of war. A skilful officer deceives the enemy, and begins by deceiving most of his friends. Elaborate dissimulation, false marches, complicated machinery of deceit, are all splendid instruments of surprise. Hannibal's whole career was one series of brilliant ruses. Marlborough, in 1704, threw dust in the eyes of all Europe, with the exception of one Englishman, Godolphin, and one Dutchman, Heinsius. His plans were elaborately veiled till the very moment of their execution. His passage of the lines *ne plus ultra* was one of the finest stratagems in history. Jackson had only one confidant, a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Dabney, and deliberately deceived his officers only the evening before as to some scheme for the next dawn. Napoleon's audacity in deception caused the secretaries who were writing his despatches to drop their pens in sheer amazement. When Sherman was marching through Georgia, 1864, he cut himself adrift from friend and foe, and his appearance at Savannah on the Atlantic coast seemed as marvellous to the people of Washington as to those of Richmond. The Germans thought Chanzy was going southward in December, 1870, when he was really westward on the right of their own line. I remember being informed, with full detail, of how Lord Wolseley proposed to disembark at Damietta when he was in reality entering the Suez Canal. The surprise of Arabi was worked out very cleverly for a long time in advance, as General Maurice proves.

Flank movements are particularly successful against half-trained or uncivilized armies. The apparition of artillery and cavalry, even without many infantry, on their line of retreat, makes them dissolve like an American camp-meeting. When Lee's guns suddenly enfiladed Pope's corps at the second Battle of Bull Run the Federals crowded in confusion to the rear.

To change front under fire seems to be almost impossible for any but highly trained troops. The Federals would not budge out of a strong position, as was proved by the repulse of all Lee's attacks at Gettysburg, but they never held out against a well-timed surprise on the flank. Nor can highly organized and veteran troops afford to be caught napping in any part of their line. The Austrian soldiers were good, and in spite of the needle-gun, they were more than holding their own in front on the Bistritz, July 3d, 1866, when the unexpected occupation by the Prussian Guard of the village of Chulm on the right flank brought about their complete defeat.

We have been long accustomed in England to read diatribes against our cavalry for not giving timely information, not reconnoitring, preventing surprise, not scouting along every possible avenue of approach on either flank as well as in front. I hope our cavalry will remember all this good advice; if they do no British force can ever be surprised; but what has always puzzled me in reading Continental campaigns is the little utility of hordes of cavalry in regard to reconnoitring. We may be bad; they are worse. Napoleon was surprised on June 18th by the Prussians, though he had the fine troopers of Milhand, Kellermann, Guyot, Le Febre Desnouettes, Jaquinot, Subervie, at his disposal. Why could not some few squadrons have found out what might appear on the right flank? It was found out when too late. When the British Guard repulsed part of the French Guard and Pirch's Prussians drove another part of the French Guard out of Planchennoit Napoleon was ruined. Surely, reconnoitring on the 17th as to the Prussian line of retreat, and on the 18th as to the Prussian line of advance, might have prevented such an utter catastrophe. The French cavalry did nothing to prevent the surprises at Rezon or at Beaumont in 1870. The German cavalry gave no information to prevent advanced guards beginning serious actions at Spicheren or Woerth.

In the Loire campaigns I fail to see how the German cavalry were the eyes of the army. They gave little informa-

tion about the true state of the case after the second occupation of Orleans. Prince Frederick Charles was quite at sea as to the roads by which the French were operating on several occasions.

For every blunder with regard to possible surprises made by British cavalry, whether in war time or in peace time, I undertake to produce three blunders made by the crack cavalry of the Continent. No cavalry did better as scouts, or as searching hostile lines, or raiding, than the Confederate cavalry, 1862; and Stuart, Ashby, and Morgan surprised the enemy again and again. On the other hand, the Federal cavalry leaders, Grierson and Forrest, were equally active. Surprises and raids by cavalry have not been usual in Europe since Murat's time—he went 840 miles in six weeks in the Jena campaign. A small Russian cavalry force under Gourko raided south of the Balkans at the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877-78. As to the cavalry action of the rest of the Russian cavalry, their vast numbers produced no effect on either the strategy or tactics of their opponents. Malletson's book on Surprises is very good, and contains references to Innsbruck when Charles V. was surprised by Maurice of Saxony, the surprise of the Prussians by the Austrians at Maxen, and the repulse by our soldiers of the Russian night surprise at Inkerman.

Some of the most celebrated surprises in this century were:

Napoleon in Italy, 1800.

Napoleon in Germany, 1805.

Napoleon in Champagne, 1814.

Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, 1862.

Jackson and Lee against Pope, 1862.

Lord Roberts at the Peiwar Kotal, 1878.

Lord Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir and the capture of Cairo, 1882.

Now, with regard to surprise from the national point of view, it seems strange indeed that any community which has gone to all the trouble involved in establishing a condition of civilization, the accumulation of vast stores of fixed and circulating capital, the construction of numerous and costly private and public edifices, the skilful cultivation of the soil, and providing

the multitudinous agencies of opulence, should run the risk of losing all or any considerable part thereof through the neglect of military preparations against the time of danger. It seems, I say, incredible; especially when every race could easily learn from history the inevitable consequence of the loss of military power, or of forgetfulness of the fundamental conditions of national safety, which are the will to fight and the power to fight, preparation for the fight, and an ample supply of all the necessary materials for success in the fight, food, horses, weapons, as well as discipline and skill. But the sons of opulence are also the children of ease; regular and strenuous exertions are distasteful to persons pampered by generations of prosperity and luxury. A poor rising man is often very careful to provide for posterity, and to insure out of his small earnings, and to have his children properly reared and educated; he looks to the future. The wealthy man often lives rather for the present, and is less concerned about the careers of his offspring; they will do well enough; "let the world slide," but it sometimes slides the wrong way, and his family degenerates and decays.

Whatever the cause, history is one continuous record of the fatal results to any community of national surprise. The exigencies of the commercial position of a "nation of shop-keepers" have, since the days of Elizabeth, compelled us to keep, on the whole, a fairly good navy; thus Britons have been secure against a ruinous surprise, and, as long as we were a self-supporting insular state, we could live out a few months of surprise; for no one could reach us before that time; we suffered much, but we could hold on till we had pulled ourselves together. We are no longer an insular power, as we cannot live on the produce of our isles for half a year; we depend on all the world for our means of subsistence, and our frontiers now touch those of our neighbors in several parts of the world—in Africa, America, and Asia. We cannot for the future risk any surprises; if we are weak as compared with any two of our neighbors, we can be utterly ruined in three months. Nor will our wealth save us. Blucher considered London

as good for plunder, and aspiring young soldiers on the Continent make clever calculations as to how much financial bleeding we could stand. We cannot any longer afford conditions of unreadiness such as prevailed in 1755-56 and 1793-95 without the risk of peace at any price, with an enormous fine in money and the loss of some of our most valuable possessions. A temporary loss of our means of communication, even without a serious defeat, would mean to us terrible loss and deprivation. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to put our army and navy in good order, and to keep them in good order. Our flabby and timid diplomacy, our many concessions in recent times are at home explained by our philosophic humanitarianism, our love of peace, our neighborly sympathies, but foreigners ascribe our amiability to cowardice or an apprehension of disaster because of our military deficiencies.

I rejoice to observe that all classes of our people are at last awakening to the true state of our case. If we cannot have both the Navy and the Army sufficient and efficient it will be due as much to official incompetence as to national indifference. The Press and the people are awakening from the stupid torpor of the Manchester school.

The fate of ancient and powerful civilizations, whose stupendous works of art are still standing in solitary sublimity amid awful deserts, swamps or forests, or mounting sentinels, as it were, at strategic sites by famous rivers, must make us pause. From those early days when the Medes and Persians surprised the first of great historic communities during a Bacchanalian revelry, even until Japan shook China out of its secular sleep in the arms of a complacent philosophy, it has ever been the same.

The strong man armed has forced the house of the inert, and kept it till he in turn became inert.

It is melancholy in the extreme to read of the fate of the Persian monarchy—how Alexander, at the head of less than two modern army corps, traversed it in a few years from end to end. The frame of the body politic was large, but the soul was feeble; and after the surprise of the Cilician gates, the last Darius, flying in despair, met

death at the hands of a subject. The inroads of Goths, such as Alaric, and Huns, like Attila, were startling surprises to the people of Italy, who, confident in their legions of strange mercenaries, and in the tribute of many a subject realm, turned from arms to games, and only tolerated a Cæsar who pampered their idleness.

That the sons of the desert, inspired by the fierce fanaticism of the Prophet and his successors should, with no resources except mere valor, be able to overwhelm in a few generations Persia, Palestine, Asia Minor, Egypt, carry their creed to the Oxus and the Jaxartes, and, crossing into Europe at the pillars of Hercules, surprise the troops of Charlemagne at the defile of Roncesvalles, would seem marvellous to all who have not learned that without a strong development of the military spirit in a race, all its resources make it only a sheep in a lion's skin.

For centuries, while the Eastern Empire and the Caliphate of Bagdad were resting on past fame, from between the Caspian and the Aral Seas and the Hindoo Kush fierce warriors rushed through Asia, East and West, over the Euphrates, over the mountains of Suliman, to revel in what was left of the wealth of Asia Minor and to the sack of Delhi. Timourlane brought back booty to Samarkand, but left behind him misery and ruin never since repaired.

The careless Saxons were easily surprised and forever subdued, in spite of their sea barrier, by William of Normandy, whose predecessors had harried all the lines of coast from Denmark to Dublin, from the Isle of Wight to the Levant.

The English surprised and ruined the French forces by a very simple stratagem at Poitiers, and did as they pleased in France for a few generations simply because they had an efficient force of infantry, in which the French were deficient.

A singular surprise to all Central Europe was the apparition of Gustavus Adolphus and his host of Swedish and British soldiers carefully trained in tactics, and his decisive interference on the Protestant side in the Thirty Years' War. Here is a splendid example of

how a small community may become a leading military state by superior military enterprise and nothing else. Sweden gained a high political position in consequence, and held it firmly for nearly a hundred years, till the death of Charles XII.,

"Who left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral and adorn a tale."

The period of Frederick the Great and the wars of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War was fertile in every kind of strategic and tactical surprise, not only in Europe, but also under British naval and military officers in America and India; but I have not time to dwell on these. However, Carlyle and multitudes of German writers have voiced the merits of Frederick loudly enough, and fortunately a popular and eloquent writer, Macaulay, has given William Pitt fair play. The public know something about his policy and his heroes. Perhaps some other historical enthusiast, fired with admiration of our past, may in time arise to chronicle our other glories.

I must now for a while dwell upon a most singular series of national surprises in a very short period of years—twenty-two years in all. The events of the French Revolutionary period can scarcely be paralleled by Zenghis Khan and Timourlane, because the modern nations of Northern and Western Europe were of proved valor and far from degenerate, like the victims of the Tartars. The French Revolution was a new power of a new species. It adopted conscription for the first time in modern history; moreover, it used all the resources of the state for military purposes, it was indifferent to bankruptcy, it was merciless and fanatical; in the ranks of its army a career was opened for talent. The brave but methodical and old-fashioned armies of its neighbors collapsed at once.

The Rhine was passed. Belgium was annexed, Holland was subjugated, Italy was plundered, Egypt was conquered, Switzerland was made a base of operations—all in six years. A pause then ensued, and Napoleon, of the same type as Alexander, in spite of his failure in Syria, and the imprisonment of his Eastern army by the British fleet, reaped

the fruit of his renown. Italy was conquered again, 1800; all South Germany overrun, 1800; the Army re organized, 1804; an invasion of England planned, 1804-5; South Germany traversed, 1805; Vienna taken, 1805; Berlin taken, and the Prussian monarchy knocked to pieces, 1806; the stolid Russian infantry driven back to the Nieman, 1807—all in seven years. What a series of national surprises! So much for the power of the hero compared with whose gigantic efforts the toils of lawyers, wire-pullers and philosophers are only worthy of pigmies. How did all those surprises come about? The Republican generals and Napoleon and his marshals were ready and smart; their opponents were unready and slow. Why speak of the remainder of the career of Napoleon, "the greatest, not the worst of men, whose spirit, antithetically mixed, was extreme in all things?" As he had no sea-power he could not surprise Great Britain. We assumed the offensive after Trafalgar, won as many Colonies as we pleased to take, and placed our ever victorious army in the Peninsula. He could not surprise Russia; not even by the destruction of its ancient capital were its vast areas seriously compromised. Great Britain and Russia, by inflicting crushing losses on this mighty leader, gave other nations time to recover themselves, and by the pressure of the whole weight of Europe he was forced to his doom. His brilliant career, itself one continued series of surprises from Toulon to Arcis and Charleroi, illustrating all the marvels of intellectual capacity and military organization, collapsed before the energy, resolution, and wealth of Great Britain and the resolution, courage, and poverty-stricken wintry solitudes of Russia. Wealth is not the chief thing; poverty is not the greatest drawback; patriotism, resolution, and military energy are the life-blood of States.

But a nation may collapse without any foreign invasion. Some sudden domestic difficulty may utterly paralyze its ordinary arrangements, and if it has not then a sound system of government, supported by an awe-inspiring military force, it may drift into chaos, or only be restored to its normal condition after

a disastrous civil war. The South American Republics can scarcely be called responsible institutions since they separated from Spain; they might be rich and great—they are a series of ephemeral governments depending upon paltry *coups d'état*. Their wars are frequent and objectless; their revolutions base; their whole system corrupt and degrading.

In the middle of this century leaders of political opinion in the United States of America were like other political dreamers for whom the past had no lessons; they ardently expected the arrival of the millennium like our Exhibition enthusiasts in 1851. The Crimean War, the Solferino Campaign, did not disabuse them; they only thought less than before of military Europeans, who were lost in admiration of the barbaric pride, pomp, and circumstance of brutal war. But a change came over the spirit of the dream of the Northern folk when the surprise of the first battle of Bull Run awakened them to the truth of the old maxim, that if you wish peace you must prepare for war. They had no proper military system, they had not prepared for disturbance in time of peace, and they had war with a vengeance. Their capital was threatened forthwith.

In the midst of a war they had to organize and equip an army; nor could that army crush what might have been a petty insurrection, had the Federal States possessed four good army corps in 1861, till they had buried 500,000 men in national cemeteries and spent £1,000,000,000 in four years.

Now, I shall read the following extract to show you why any non-military state is like China; I quote from the *Illustrated American*:

"How like to China in some things we are after all! Germany seizes one of China's seaports, and China hardly makes a protesting sound. She keeps silent because she cannot resist, and it seems more dignified to acquiesce with seeming immobility than to set up a ridiculously feeble squeak like a trapped mouse. Yet China is the most multitudinous nation on earth. She has riches and resources untold. Her men, with training, might make very fair soldiers. Without feeling the expense,

she could have fortified every port and bought a fleet equal to the entire naval strength of Germany, and infinitely more formidable, because so close to the base of supplies and repair. But China has no military patriotism. Her government is too sleepy to comprehend the danger, or too senile to meet it.

"We have plenty of patriotism, but do we make a much better showing materially? Japan's great navy could wipe our Pacific squadron from the seas, and shell San Francisco before our North Atlantic squadron could double Cape Horn. A concentration of the superior German navy could overwhelm our Atlantic fleet by sheer force of numbers, while German transports could land at any one of a dozen of our smaller Atlantic ports a disciplined army. . . . A similar coalition of European Powers against us could exact its own terms in a single fortnight from nearly all our sea-coast cities, if not from the nation itself. We are the best fighters in the world, but what have we to fight with? We have illimitable resources for a prolonged war, but modern wars are generally finished in a few weeks. We have a gallant little fleet, but we have not a dry dock on the Atlantic coast large enough to repair a battleship."

If Little Englanders had their way this argument would soon apply to the United Kingdom.

As Captain Mahan proves, unless Americans can play a leading part in the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea, they will be excluded from the strategy and greater commerce of the future. But they can live well for generations on the products of their soil; we would starve on ours.

Probably gentlemen would prefer that I did not repeat what every one in this generation has heard a thousand times—the details of the Franco-German War; but our points with regard to national surprise may be shortly illustrated by a few facts.

France challenged Germany, and was surprised to find herself unready, and Germany armed to the teeth. The first skirmish took place on August 2d; half of the French army was beleaguered by August 19th; the other half surrendered September 2d; Paris was invested September 19th; all the country on

a line from Montbéliard to Le Mans and north thereof was in thralldom by January 18th; Paris was occupied January 28th. France paid £200,000,000 to its foe, and altogether lost £725,000,000 in the short period in question, or about four millions sterling per day for the war time, not to speak of the loss of Alsace and part of Lorraine and the fortresses of Metz, and Thionville, and Strasburg. Such is the cost of a modern national surprise, and yet in the spring of 1870 every one talked of peace. France was supposed to be a leading military nation. France is a fine power, with a splendid history and unexampled recuperative energies, and in spite of its losses still stands up straight. Most nations, after such an experience, would have fallen into the dust, and remained in the dust for generations.

My Lord and Gentlemen, I have trespassed too much on your time. The subject is one of surpassing interest, and I am pleased to be able to say that as many examples of successful surprises could be culled from our history, in regard to wars in every part of the world, as from the history of any Continental state. Nor do I think that our officers and men, now that our people are beginning to learn their value, to appreciate them, and to try to encourage them and to compel the War Office to tell the truth and to keep faith with recruits, will do worse than in the past.

But "security is mortal's chiefest enemy;" let us avoid careless self-confidence. National prosperity is too precious to be left to chance; we pay a sufficient price for insuring our private houses, let us gladly contribute sufficient funds for insuring our nation's home. I cannot too often repeat the teachings of the Elizabethan school, and of the Pitts, that a good navy and a sound race of military men are the only national insurance for any state.

Rome could hold on a century or two; Constantinople held on several centuries. France could stand crushing defeats for six months. We would be utterly ruined under similar conditions in three months; therefore, we must never be surprised. It is true that we have a watery wall; but Byron warns

the United Kingdom—"In the fall of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall." Think of the £1,200,000,000 per annum of wealth floating in British vessels on every sea. Think of our 360,000,000 subjects in foreign lands, whose future is identified with ours, and whose social ruin would follow a serious disaster to our forces. Think of the fierce and uncultured wild races of Africa, whose salvation, as Mr. Bigelow declares, can come from us and from us only. Think of the crowded myriads by the banks of the Ganges, who from time immemorial have been the creatures of stereotyped superstition, with active minds in feeble bodies—and thus perforce submissive to the extremes of tyranny and savage brutality, from which they can be protected by British soldiers only. Think of the mighty cities which, in less time than the Psalmist's spell of human life, have been planned and built by British enterprise at the mouth of the West River, in the Malayan Peninsula and on the Irrawaddy. We have to guard them from internal discord and external force. Can the nursing mother of that fine young nation that stretches from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Vancouver's Island, and of states rapidly rising to manhood in Australia and New Zealand, forget her duty to so noble a progeny? By the banks of the Nile the skill of British officers recalls the beneficent foresight of those Pharaohs, whose works of irrigation, now being repaired, are not less wonderful than the Pyramids and the Sphinx. The Genius of Liberty, supported by British naval and military forces, has again elevated the Egyptian working man, and endowed him with prosperity

and hope. The same good Genius, under the same guidance, is about to take her flight over the wasted and half-depopulated Soudan; we can almost hear the flapping of her wings.

A national surprise, therefore, to these imperial isles would be promptly followed by waste and war, horror and dismay, among many races of mankind. We cannot be untrue to ourselves without being false to humanity. I am no advocate of extravagance. I know the dangers of over-taxation; but I also know that it would be far better that we should be as heavily taxed as were our ancestors from 1800-1815, and better far to have a National Debt as heavy as it was in 1856, rather than to fall behind our rivals on any sea, or to lose any part of our Empire. Better war to the knife than ignominious surprise and well-merited defeat, in spite of the warnings of all prudent thinkers of every age and every nation. We *can* hold our own; let us resolve to do so. I know that my audience do all that they can by way of precept and example. Every man who dons the national uniform sets a good example; but our party politicians and the masses of our folk have lived so securely for such a long period of peace, and they are so badly educated in military history, that they have a very vague notion of the conditions upon which depend the "True greatness of kingdom and estates." War is terrible, but can be sublime. The fall of a state through cowardice and indolence, or false philosophy, or cant, or hysterics, is even more terrible; and for a nation to be surprised out of its eminence is worse than terrible—it is despicable. —*National Review*.

EPPING FOREST.

BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

It is now twenty years since the Act of Sir Selwyn Ibbetson was passed, and Epping Forest was formally made over to the public forever "as an open space for recreation and enjoyment." The passions which were aroused by the angry controversy and costly litigation

preceding this event have now cooled down. All agree that Epping Forest has proved a boon of priceless value to its new owners, and particularly to the hard-working population of the East End. On a holiday the poorest dock laborer has an estate to which he can

be transported at the cost of a few coppers, and where he can refresh himself with pure air and exercise and with the sights and sounds of nature. That he thoroughly appreciates the advantage is best proved by the following figures, kindly supplied to the writer by the Secretary of the Great Eastern Railway. Last year (1897) the number of passengers conveyed to the various stations on Epping Forest on the four holidays were as follows: Easter Monday (April 19), 42,864; Whit Monday (June 7), 51,356; Jubilee Day (June 22), 37,300; August Bank Holiday (August 2), 54,395.

The total, it will be observed, is, in round numbers, 186,000. But this does not represent the whole of the visitors. Any one stationing himself on the beautiful road that runs (with forest on either side) from Whipp's Cross to Woodford will see a strange procession of vehicles streaming from town in the morning and back at night; carts, gigs, delivery vans, omnibuses, coaches, donkey carts, every kind or variety of conveyance that may be owned or hired; they are all crowded with men, women, and children. The holiday-makers do not "take their pleasures sadly;" on the contrary, they adopt every known device for quickening gaiety. They sing those merry songs that delight the music-hall audiences of Poplar and Whitechapel; whoever has a concertina or a clarinet or any other wind instrument brings it and blows—music, I was going to write, but forbear. The Bank Holiday crowd is not calculated to please fastidious eyes or ears, yet no one who thinks of the real change and health-giving enjoyment the occasion offers those who have little of either in their lives, will do more than smile at the odd forms in which pleasure is expressed. There is little that is really wrong in the conduct of the excursionists. At the end of the day "the last load whoam" may consist of a few excursionists not quite so well-behaved and sober as they were at starting, but every competent observer will admit that the tendency of the holiday-makers is to go in less every succeeding year for drink and rowdiness, and more for innocent amusement. In fact, if all things be taken into con-

sideration—their usual surroundings, the change and relaxation, the stimulation of company, and the temptations on the way—it must be admitted that their behavior is very good indeed.

All the same, they have their own way of "taking the pleasure of the country." There are high fliers and merry-go-rounds, and steam bicycles running to the music of steam hurdy-gurdies, and donkeys and ponies and "koker-nut" shies—which delight them more than green thicket or bosky glade. A good thing, too! If fifty thousand East-enders took to investigating the woodland recesses, what a time the deer would have of it! In point of fact, one may walk the more secluded and beautiful parts of the forest without seeing any sign of the crowd, with nothing to prove its presence except "its long withdrawing roar" and the noise of musical instruments, which is by no means disagreeable when softened and mellowed by distance. And, after all, the main point is being achieved, since the merry-makers, whether they rollick on a donkey's back or are tossed to the tree-tops in what Scotch children call "shuggy-boats," are drawing in a supply of the wholesome woodland air, "worth sixpence a pint," as somebody remarked of Lord Tennyson's downs. I rather like to walk in the Forest at the close of such a day, especially if it be in May or June. The silver moon is not so bright as to disclose the empty bottles and sandwich-papers strewed by the visitors. Nightingales that one expected to have been terrified from their haunts flute their rich deep songs from bushes close to the caravan and merry-go-round, and the Forest resumes its peace and calm, just as if there had been no human disturbers. From a distance do, indeed, come many incongruous sounds—drunken human voices, concertinas out of tune, cornets tipsily blown; but they only seem to remind us that ugliness and discord and squalor, as well as beauty and passion, harmonize into life, which includes the stars as well as the barrel-organ, the nightingale as well as the coster and his "donah."

After all, however, there are only three Bank Holidays in the year (Christ-

mas does not count much in the Forest), and two are often wet. On every fine day from June to September a private trip of some kind arrives: now the beanfeast of a factory or the "wayz-goose" of "a chapel"—a printers' chapel, I mean; most frequently of all a band of school-children. It would be difficult to imagine a more suitable place for such excursions; here is water to row in, wide spaces for games and pastime, shady groves for summer picnics, and woodland paths on which to ramble. There are very few country children who enjoy equal advantages. Epping Forest is an estate of considerable size, containing as it does 5,500 acres of mixed open and woodland. It has been the aim of those who manage it to reproduce as far as possible the former wild conditions. At the time when Mr. Shaw Lefevre and others took the matter in hand it was being utterly destroyed. The right of lopping had been so vigorously exercised that, except in one or two groves, every tree had been decapitated. Some people profess to discover a sort of beauty in the distorted shapes assumed by the pollards—especially the hornbeams—after this treatment, but a natural taste will scarcely admit it. A typical Forest pollard is a gnarled and empty shell, with a crown full of mouldering dust, and perhaps a honeysuckle or a briar growing out of it with long, trailing vines, while generally a draping of ivy half conceals the trunk. Give Nature time, and she will make anything picturesque; but a natural tree is still the more beautiful, whether shooting up tall and straight among its Forest companions, or stretching out giant limbs in the solitude of a hedgerow. Yet again Nature finds many uses even for the pollards. In their chinks and crevices myriads of the great and blue tits—as numerous here as sparrows in the streets of London—find nesting places. The squirrels, if surprised in their frequent quests on the ground, pop into the larger holes, and wait till the coast is clear and they can scramble back to the higher trees, where alone they are safe. In the crowns many wild duck nest; during the breeding season one often sees the brown mother racing away from her nest at a speed that

seems quite incompatible with her dumpy body and short legs. Not infrequently, too, Reynard chooses one for his *siesta*, and sleeps heedless of the passers-by, unless some enterprising schoolboy should climb up and disturb him. The pollard, too, is a kind of natural flowerpot. By the rains of winter the wood in course of time is rotted into a most fertile mould; you can pour it out of the more aged when they are felled. Seeds of creeper and bush and fern, if carried to it by winds or birds, germinate freely; trailing boughs and green plants therefore draw their sustenance from the crumbling trunk. Close to High Beech is one such stump twelve or fourteen feet high, and itself long dead, and gray, and mossy. Out of the crown, as from a cup, grows a handsome holly-bush, considerably larger than an ordinary Christmas-tree. No doubt, too, these rotting pollards are favorable to insect life. One winter day I saw a couple of workmen take no fewer than sixteen of the large and handsome caterpillars of the goat-moth from an old willow they were breaking up. They were offering to sell them at fourpence apiece, but did not seem aware that already some of the boy-collectors had been doing a little breaking-up on their own account, and were amply supplied with specimens. Indeed, those youths know well how rich the woodland is in moth and butterfly, and may be seen on summer holidays roaming far and near armed with net and poison-bottle. As it happens, Mr. Cole, curator of the recently established museum at Chingford, is a keen entomologist, and has got together an admirable and well-mounted collection, so that the young student is greatly helped to name and identify his specimens. In time perhaps we shall see an equally good representation of the birds, nests, eggs, reptiles, beasts, and plants of the Forest, as a well-equipped museum affords the most effective help to the study of natural history.

Another service performed by the pollards is that of affording sleeping-places to the birds. To come down through the wood just as the darkness of a winter night is gathering is the best time for watching them all retire

to rest. A great babbling and twittering comes from groves of holly and hawthorn, as if the sparrows were scrambling for perches. They retire earlier than the missel-thrush, which is still whistling his loud, strong song from the topmost branch of a leafless tree, while blackbirds are scolding one another in the hawthorn cover. Sometimes one will fly out, looking a little confused and terrified in the dusk. The bullfinch often chooses a bush quite close to the road, and, getting to the very centre, sticks out his feathers as a protection against the cold, and with his head under his wing makes a strange little huddled-up mass, his bright colors hardly showing in the dim light. But let me walk ever so softly past the old pollards after dark, and the light-sleeping inmates—wrens and tits, I fancy—though it is always too late to identify them, fly out, often into my very face, the warm soft feathers making no unpleasant impact against the skin. A deep hush steals over the trees at last, the chirruping voices are no longer heard, and only the rustling of dead leaves and the scamper of small feet tell that the life of night is awake—that the stoat, the weasel, and the rat are busy and coursing after their victims. Finally, the king of the Forest trees is a pollard, a grand oak twenty-two feet in circumference, standing beside Fairmead Lodge.

But, after all has been said, the most beautiful woodland scenery is at High Beech and Monk Wood, where the trees are of natural growth. They were seen at their best in the autumn of 1897, when the season made one of those slow and stately revolutions that exhibit every gradation of color: first the deep green of summer, with the sunlight only breaking through in spots and bars; next, a glowing bronze, with red leaves fluttering softly down to the earth, kept bare by the shallow roots of the trees; finally, stripped boughs rising from a russet carpet, and the winter sun like a blazing fire seen through the branches. It is pleasant to watch buds expanding and breaking into leaf, equally pleasant to rest in a shady grove during summer, or to note the changing colors of autumn; but in winter alone is it possible to see the full beauty

of forest trees, the noble stem or central pillar, the bold fine limbs flung heavenward, the exquisite tracery made by the branching summit against the sky.

Even those who do not subscribe to this austere doctrine, who love color and ornament, blossoms and green leaves, and the sparkle of sunshine, more than form, will find it interesting to sit on some old tree-trunk under the beeches late in autumn. The mast tempts the shyest woodlanders. Little squirrels, with their tails over their heads, clamber down the trunks, and, after assuring themselves there is no danger, begin turning the leaves over for nuts. They have quite a large vocabulary, a curious sound between a low squeal and a cough, that they give with a jerk of the body when they eat and also as they leap about on the trees; a bark or wough when suddenly alarmed; a shrill chatter, almost as sharp and clear as a bird's, when conversing among themselves. At one time they were nearly extirpated, but are very plentiful now in the forest.

Not far off a gorgeous cock pheasant steals from an adjacent corner of withering fern and has a feast to himself. This bird, I think, exists in the right numbers. His bed-going croak is one of the familiar sounds of dusk, yet one never finds more than two in company, and only a few broods are reared annually. More would but tempt the poacher, and there are enough to lend variety to the bird-life. The partridge, of course, loves the ploughed field more than the grove, but a few come to the open spaces and may occasionally be seen even in the deepest part of the forest.

Another bird that comes for mast is the jay, of which the forest breeds myriads. Its discordant croak seems to belong to the nature of the place, like the tinkle of cow-bells and the eternal chatter of tits. The magpie, on the other hand, which has similar habits and lives on practically the same food, is seldom to be seen. Six or seven years ago there were several walks on which one was almost certain to see a magpie or two; the appearance of one now has come to be a very great rarity indeed. Mr. E. N. Buxton says that

two broods were reared last year on the outskirts of the forest, but they are never visible within. Every lover of birds must regret this. The magpie is more beautiful in form and much more graceful in flight than the ill-balanced, awkward-flying jay. One reason for its disappearance may be that the magpie builds a more conspicuous and easily robbed nest than the jay, which prefers the impenetrable thicket for its home. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to say why one species thrives and another dwindles. On the forest ponds, for instance, waterhens and ducks are in tremendous force. They are found wherever there is water; but the stronghold of the former is Highams Lake, where it is pretty to watch them in the breeding season, when the pond is white with water-lilies. The long-legged mothers look quite comical as they straggle over the broad green floating leaves, picking the insects and followed by their dusky chicks. But the bolder and greedier ducks prefer Connaught Water, where they follow the boats and gobble up the crumbled bread and biscuit freely tossed to them by the occupants. They are as tame as barn-door fowls here, though as difficult to shoot as ever when once they cross the boundary of the forest, and even when they return from their wanderings at dusk fly round and round as suspiciously as if they dreaded a decoy or a punt gun. It seems very remarkable that the coot should be rapidly diminishing as these increase in numbers. The same thing has happened in waters that used to be familiar to me as a boy. At that time the "bell-pot" was as familiar as the waterhen, and, though it can scarcely be said to have become absolutely rare, it has ceased to be common. Yet it is not shot or persecuted in any way, the sedge-margined water is less frequented than it used to be, and there seems to be no good reason why the coot should not increase and multiply.

While on this subject I may say that birds of prey take little advantage of the asylum or sanctuary offered them in Epping Forest. There are a few kestrels and sparrowhawks, but no great number, and the rest of the falconidae only occur as rare visitors. Wood-owls are occasionally seen and

heard, but they are not in anything like the number that might have been expected. Yet the small creatures on which they feed—rats, mice, moles, shrews, voles, insects, and small birds—are in abundant numbers, especially the mole, which may be seen working any day. One afternoon I witnessed a fierce battle between two of them. Like Falstaff, they "fought a good hour by Shewsbury clock," worrying at one another's throats like bull-dogs. They rather justified the expression "as blind as a mole," for when they got "out of grips" each seemed to find a difficulty in rediscovering its antagonist. It is said that there are long-eared owls in the Forest, but I have not come across one, and the barn-owl is very rare. They are infrequently seen, and a close search is never required where owls are in large numbers, for they *will* venture out by daylight and get themselves mobbed by small birds who make a racket that soon announces what has happened.

Thanks again to the many-creviced pollard one night-loving creature, the little bat, is nearly as common and plentiful as the sparrow. I saw one hunting about on the evening of January 13 of this year—a very early date and a testimony to the mildness of the winter. When searching rotten tree-trunks for caterpillars boys often get whole families crowded up in a corner. They are not very difficult to tame.

I have not left much space for the quadrupeds. Undoubtedly the finest beasts of the Forest are the fallow and roe deer; it is a question whether they are not too numerous for the quantity of food. They used to be so extremely wild that many frequenters of the Forest were sceptical of their existence; but quite recently they have become as tame as sheep, and will scarcely run a dozen yards when startled. Moreover, they have spread to parts where they were scarcely ever seen before. A herd numbering from three or four to eighteen or twenty is to be met with close to Chingford station, in the cover adjoining the "Woodman." They did not use to venture south of High Beech. I am afraid that what has tamed them is hunger. Be it remembered, the commoners' rights are exercised to the full.

The grass is kept down on the plains by cows, horses, and donkeys, till one is puzzled to see how they can get a bite. Wherever there is cover rabbits have multiplied to an inordinate extent, and these creatures do not leave much for anything that comes after. I do not like to imagine that the deer are half-starved, and yet it puzzles me to see how they can get enough in winter.

The most obviously thriving and multiplying quadrupeds are the rabbit and the squirrel. Hares occasionally make their form in the heather or fern, and may be seen limping down the rides at dusk. The small carnivora are as plentiful as might be expected where vermin are protected as much as game. Stoats and weasels are the most common; they may be seen any day hunting the rabbits round Connaught Water. So far the rarer marten and pole-cat have not been tempted back to their old haunts. Foxes are occasionally to be seen; they come on hunting expeditions from the surrounding country, and when gorged with rabbit curl themselves up to sleep. Mr. Buxton introduced a few pairs of badgers ten or twelve years ago, and they have bred and prospered. Rats, mice, moles, and

"such small deer" have a happy time of it in the woods.

Boy naturalists who in spring search the ponds and pools for "feareful eweftes" seldom return with empty jars, but the girls who with their teachers come botanizing are often disappointed. All but the commonest wild flowers are disappearing; not only do the urchins pluck them, but the vendors who go about the suburbs offering roots and flowers for sale carry them off wholesale. The primrose has in this way been practically cleared out of the Forest, so has the once common Solomon's seal; and the foxglove and others are very nearly extinct. If the anemones, bluebells, and violets still survive, it is only owing to the fact that they grow in such astonishing numbers that the armfuls carried away make no difference. The wild rose, too, in all its varieties flourishes so well on the clay soil that it cannot be destroyed by plucking. So does the hawthorn, and the bramble thickets yield a crop of blackberries large enough to provide some for the countless numbers who come gathering. In this poor man's estate therefore is as yet no lack of variety.—*Longman's Magazine*.

IN ANDALUSIA WITH A BICYCLE.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

To those few cyclers who first marked the roads of Europe and America with their wheel-tracks there comes a time in these last years when they, the laughed-at and the pelted, though now aged and wrinkled, would again start on voyages of discovery, astonish the natives, and amuse themselves. It is a common failing, this love of adventure, this passion of discovery, this desire to make a record in sport. The Alpine climber who conquered the Matterhorn was forced to conquer the Andes. Those who stormed the lesser heights have also struggled with the greater Caucasus and the mighty Himalayas; while the man who shot the rabbit and hunted the hare never rested until he had exterminated the buffalo

and had been clawed by the lion. But while the hunter of the animal and the climber of the peak won their immediate applause from their followers, and their pleasure was but for themselves alone, the cycling explorer was followed by an admiring, or a disapproving, audience worthy of the envy of the Knight of the Lyceum. And while the Alpinist and the shootist endured cold, and bad dinners, and no beds, the cycling discoverer was received as a hero and a herald. He was, and is, fêted, and his coming is a triumphal progress, at times only equalled by the circus. He, too, may, if he wishes, be uncomfortable, be miserable. He may girdle the world, or get him to Greenland or Central Asia. But why should

he? There are even yet worlds to discover which possess good roads and good inns.

I do not pretend to have been the first person to cycle in Spain, or even to tour there. But only a few months ago I rode up and down many highways and byways of that land where no one had ever been seen on a wheel.

Unless you are possessed of unlimited time and no definite object, Spain is too far away from England to ride to, and too big a country to tour all over after you get there. But at this season I can conceive of no more delightful place for a trip. You should start early enough to see Holy Week, with its religious processions and its bull-fights, mainly now the prey of the tourist-agent and his tripper, and you should stay until the sultry days of summer drive you from that lovely land.

Work took me to Spain and to Andalusia, and knowing that there were no railways where I was going, and knowing also the Spanish diligence, my choice lay between the mule and the bicycle, and having an unconquerable dread of the former and a great love for the latter, I ordered a new machine. There are three ways of travelling to Andalusia: by road, by rail, or by sea. I chose the last, which is simplest. For a considerable sum of money one will be taken by the P. and O. straight to Gibraltar, though that company's regulations for the carriage of cycles as passenger's luggage are as vexatious as could well be devised, and the promise that the bicycle will be put ashore, by them free, at Gibraltar is as empty as the Spanish proverb that "Oaths are only words, and words are only wind."

Once the cyclist has got into Gibraltar his first object will be to get out of it, and for him, there is but one way out. Though there is a cycle club in the town, its members rarely, if ever, so far as I know, wheel beyond the Neutral Ground. Even a major of Grenadiers, who, one might imagine, having been sent to protect England's interests in Gibraltar, would know something of the roads, something of the means of Spanish approach or attack, wrote: "There are no roads out-

side the Rock, nor, I understand, for many miles from here, roads that are practicable for riding; they are useless." I saw at once that I was in for a voyage of discovery; at once I was to have the delightful, if wearying, experience of the pioneer, the discoverer, which has been my lot in half the countries of Europe. My two days in Gibraltar were squandered in attempting to repair the carelessness of the English maker, who had sent my machine without any tools. But the habits of the ironmonger in Gibraltar differ very little from those of the ironmonger in the heart of Spain, and the second morning I started with a new Dunlop tire, which would not hold air, and an empty toolbag. A man in the market, who combined the functions of butcher, purveyor of drinks, and hirer of bicycles, assured me that there was a road—as a matter of fact, I knew it, though the British Government may not, and the C.T.C. does not—from Gibraltar to Cadiz. But I was told on all sides that it would cost me more to get the bicycle into Spain than it was worth.

Nevertheless, I steamed across the bay to Algeciras, and mounted upon the pier, almost the only one in Spain to which boats approach. Save for a polite hope that I might "go with God," I heard nothing from the Customs officers. If Gibraltar is altogether English where it is not Oriental, Algeciras, away from the sea-front, is as Spanish, or rather as Moorish, as it was a thousand years ago. A good road winds up and down over the hills, through the cork woods to Tarifa. All along one has glimpses to the left of the Rock piling itself up in a more and more romantic silhouette. At length, as the sudden night was coming on, for I had started late in the afternoon, I saw below me, at the foot of a long, steep hill, a white town, with its flat roofs and its mosque pale against the deep blue sea, with the mountains of Africa towering high behind it. A fierce wind blew me onward. Shrouded female figures, their faces hidden to the eyes with veils, passed. I thought this was to shield them from the cold March wind. But they had covered their heads, I learned the next morning, because it was the universal Moor-

ish custom more than a thousand years ago. I came down the hill as carefully as possible with my brake on, dodging the huge stones, big as your head, with which the drivers block their carts in climbing up, the stones which nobody would ever think of removing, from where they lie, in the middle of every Spanish highroad. Suddenly upsprang a huge hound, followed by two men. Right at the wheel and at me he charged. It was a case of going over the beast or over a boulder as high as a curb. I went straight at the stone. There was a shock, a sickening sense of smashing, a feeling that I was turning a somersault in the air, and, I know not how long after, I found myself lying on my back with my legs hanging over a small precipice. It was darker. The men and dog had disappeared. I picked myself up and then the bicycle. I thought the wheel had turned completely round; but I saw that the forks were bent as much backward as a few minutes before they had curved out in front. So much for my brand-new, specially strong, thirty-guinea bicycle. I pulled the forks back. This and the way the cycle did not take the stone were positive proof of the strength of British steel in that machine.* The wheel would scarcely turn. In the darkness I walked into the near town, and asked a policeman for the hotel. He laughed. Hotel! why there was none in that part of Spain. And yet I was barely outside the lights of Gibraltar. But I could stop there—and he pointed to a black hole in a bare, blank, white wall.

Inside it was also bare and blank; a swinging lamp, a birdcage, and two or three rush-bottomed chairs. A muffled, cloaked figure motioned me silently to put the bicycle in a corner. It was too dark to try and repair it, and I went out. Tarifa is dead at night, and in the daytime it is peopled only with stories of Moors and of Spaniards; but every one knows that it is

one of the most historic towns of Europe, for it saw the beginning of the Moorish invasion which made Spain, and almost the last act in that tremendous drama which ruined the country. From the watch-towers the smoke of combat, both at Gibraltar and Trafalgar, must have been seen, while all around are the battlefields of Taric and of Roderick. Now nothing but the diligence twice a week wakes it.

I was told that in an hour dinner would be ready. I wondered what I should get; for every one has recounted the miseries, the horrors, the terrors of the Spanish inn. Long after the hour it was served. I had brought nothing to eat. I had heard that the Spanish inn furnishes nothing. Still it did produce a dinner as good as anything one would find in provincial France or Italy, much better than anything one could ever hope for in provincial England—a dinner to which only those who do not know how to dine would object. As I brought no blanket, no cloak, I was given a charming bedroom, cleaner, fresher than many in a swell hotel, and I slept, despite my broken bicycle and the thought of the trip ruined before I had fairly started.

After struggling with the machine, and technical Spanish terms, and a delightful engineer, who assisted, the wheel was made ridable after a fashion. Slowly and cautiously I pedalled my way by the foot of the Torre de la Pena. It mattered little to me at the moment whether, close by, on one side Taric routed Roderick, the last of the Goths, or on the other Alonso overthrew Yusuf of Granada. For just at that moment the wretched machine came to pieces again. It was appropriate that Africa should be blotted out and a hailstorm sweep up from the Laguna de la Janda. If the winds brought me no wails from dying Goth and Moor, they carried from me anything but blessings on that British bicycle-maker. The head had screwed up tight on my thirty-guinea machine, and I had no tools to loosen it. But luckily, as Fate would have it, by came the diligence, and the bicycle and I were hoisted to the top. And drenched with rain and baked with

* This is the only English bicycle perfectly rotten I have ever had from a decent firm, and this firm the only one I ever came across so careless as to send out a machine without tools, imperfect bearings, and with worthless tires, and so completely indifferent to my comfort, my pleasure, and my safety.

hot sun, for the storms rush with incredible rapidity down from the Sierras, we finally, long after night, entered Cadiz. The road, I may say, for any one who is an experienced tourist, with a strong, reliable machine, is fairly good, and for more than half the distance it follows the coast-line, and then runs inland to San Fernando, and thence across the great sea-dyke to Cadiz.

That night before Easter, the streets of the city I had last seen scorching in the summer sun were crowded with the Confraternities which, during Holy Week, parade, with their saints and their insignia, every town of Andalusia, which amaze you, out of Seville, with their splendor, whether in the lonely village of the mountains or the populous city of the plain. If gorgeous pomp in ceremonial and form is art, and the chanting, prayerful wail always recurring is religion, art and religion in Spain are more imposing and impressive than anywhere else in the world.

Next day, though I could have hired bicycles, or bought bicycles, I could find no one who could repair bicycles, until finally I made a descent upon a manufacturer of iron bedsteads, and repaired the machine myself, which shows the advantage of being a craftsman. I must say, however, that I had so little confidence in my own mechanical skill that I put the wheel in the train and took it to Seville, and thus traversed the two longest stretches of good road in Andalusia, the one in a diligence, the other by rail, which was a splendid commencement to a bicycle tour. At Seville, however, things were made as right as was possible, I thought, though I seriously considered trading my new English cycle for an old Spanish one, and, as far as my tour went, I wish I had.

I stayed in Seville for several days, and assisted at that most outrageous of humbugs and swindles, the Holy Week. The only function which is at all worth the twenty-five pesetas a day charged at the hotels is the bull-fight. However, my main object was to ride over the old route from Seville to Granada, the route made famous by Washington Irving, though it has been

travelled by almost every character in Moorish, Spanish, or early American history. No one accompanied me out of the city on that bright April morning, but, as Irving in his journey to the Alhambra, whither I was bound, had so little difficulty in finding his way, I anticipated even less. And I followed, gayly enough, the side path by the Moorish aqueduct, which still furnishes the city with water, for most of Spain's luxuries are but the wrecks of Moorish necessities. By-and-by the road degenerated. I thought it was only a few miles to Alcala de Guadaira. But it was nearly twenty ere I saw the Moorish Alcazar high above the ancient town. The morning was so bright and so fresh that I thought I would push on, as Irving did, to Gandul. The tolerable inn which was there in his day seemed to have disappeared, and instead of "the fat curate and the gossiping millers resting at midday," at nine or ten that morning the populace turned out and stoned me. And, cursing them as well as I was able in Spanish, I rode away straight across the rolling plain bounded by the mountains of Ronda. The road was good, and I expected, as I had merely about thirty miles to ride, that at the worst I should do it in some four hours, for I am not one of those who, on a tour, pretend to make records. But as I went onward the road turned, and I was struck full in the face by a cold blast from the mountains. It swept across the plain harder and harder. The dust and the sand, and even the small pebbles rose up and stung me and blinded me. Hour after hour I pegged on; I could have walked almost as fast. It was two o'clock—it was three, and I had had nothing to eat since five in the morning. A solitary shepherd greeted my question for the nearest inn with a burst of laughter, and I realized just as rain was added to the wind, that I was in "one of those vast plains common in Spain, where for miles and miles there is neither house nor tree. Unlucky the traveller who has to traverse it exposed to heavy and repeated showers of rain. There is no escape nor shelter." By the time I had lived through one shower I could see another slowly, but inevitably, approaching, and, though the sun

shone between them, it neither dried me nor warmed me, and the cold wind chilled me to the bone. There was nothing to eat; there was nothing to drink; there was not a soul upon the road, which I could see for miles ahead. Fainting, blinded, wet, and famished, after about six hours of incessant shoving, I reached the foot of the hill upon which Arahal stands, white and shining. Had there been a trap to cart my machine, or a boy to shove it, or any place to leave it, I should not have struggled a foot farther. But not a soul did I see until I was well in the town, and there the first person saved my life. He was a small boy with a basket of oranges. Whether they were for sale I do not know. But I grabbed three and devoured them on the spot. By that time the intelligence of my arrival had been communicated to the Alcayde, who, if he did not come himself, sent an emissary in the shape of a policeman to arrest me. The moment he saw me, however, he was convinced of my total harmlessness and speechlessness. I do not remember ever having been so awfully done up in my life.

But though half the town accompanied me to the inn, I had no trouble then, or ever afterward, from Spanish officials, whom I have always found to be courteously polite, when not absolutely indifferent. The landlord and I had our dinner in solemn state. A tremendous conference was held in the evening as to my next day's route, for throughout this part of Spain the roads are quite new, and no one would think of attempting such a cross-country trip without a map, and this is not to be obtained. Every one advised me to get up at midnight and take the railway. Still, I was off on my bicycle pretty early the next morning, after eating—I cannot say drinking—my chocolate; this time with a large bag of oranges and bread among my luggage.

By noon I had got to Puebla le Cazalla. Here I again tried the inn. Opening on the street was a great room like a crypt. All around the muleteers and the carters were sleeping through the midday heat, for it was getting hot, or eating from a great bowl with their fingers and knives. Tired, for the

wind had kept on blowing, I sat down in the cool, part stable, part dining-hall, part bedroom, and fell asleep, only to be wakened and to find on the stone table a beautifully clean cloth, the coldest and freshest of water, the strongest of wine, and the most delicious fruit, only to be asked to take my lunch in company with three or four rather too sociable people, who may have been Dons, but I think were commercials; to be given an excellent breakfast of an omelet, garbanzos, a fish salad, some cutlets, and the wonderful gaspacho, which is like nothing outside of Spain—and all for about a shilling.

But after this little town, dominated by its mosque and its minaret even to-day, the road ended, and thence, almost to Osuna, I followed the mule track. It might have been excellent riding—it was hard enough and broad enough—if only mules in these Spanish tablelands did not like going up and down-stairs. About every hundred yards there was a wash-out or a dried-up stream, which the long train of mules, in their gay trappings with their single driver away behind, seemed to enjoy plunging into, but such a road is not suited for cycling. Every one else who has cycled in Spain, though no one apparently had ever been over this trail—and until the road is finished I should advise no one to go—tells of frightful encounters with the maddened drivers of frightened mules. For my part, while I did scare the mules, I found their drivers, whom I once or twice upset, far better mannered than those of London.

The next day from Osuna I again followed the trail. It was simply unridable. It is true I might and should have taken the train, only there was none that day. By noon I had crossed the great plain which stretches from Seville to the mountains of Ronda, and was on the good road, just made, at La Roda, near Bobadilla, the station famous for its restaurant, where no one ever has time to breakfast—only to pay for it. Now I was really coming to the finest part of my ride.

The great plain I had crossed was a wilderness. It always has been a wilderness, the fighting-ground of old Ali-

Atar, of the Caliph of Cordova, of St. Ferdinand of Seville, and of all the real and mythical heroes of this wonderful country. In the spring it blossoms with roses, and the skies are most glorious; but still it is a stern, melancholy land, bounded with rugged mountains, "a long, sweeping plain destitute of trees and indescribably silent and lonesome. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing birds. Yet its scenery is noble in its serenity, and possesses in some degree the solemn grandeur of the ocean." And it is rarely that one sees even a straggling herd of cattle or "a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste, like camels in the desert." As you approach the kingdom of Granada you enter upon another wilderness—a wilderness of mountains—grand and snow-crowned. At their foot lies Antiquera, where I stopped on my third night. The railway now runs through this town to Granada, but it is still out of the track of travel, and the inroad of the tourist has little effect on the people. The landscape is as strange and silent as they are. Beyond Antiquera huge rocks, like the Rock of the Lovers, spring upward, while each of the lower summits is even now crowned with its Moorish watch-tower, or fortress. The towns themselves are all but inaccessible, and it was the hardest work to shove up the long hill to Archidona. Once I had got up, my coming was noised abroad, and I was received as the honored guest of the Bicycle Club, which turned out and paraded me in great style, to their great delight, through the main street. I imagine its members never go out of their town, and they warned me I would have a terrible ride, so they had heard, to Loja. The whole way lies through the mountains, and finally brings one through a steep and narrow defile, the Pass of the King, over which Ferdinand led his army against Boabdil. Here I came upon the great high-road from Malaga to Madrid, and all at once the wildly picturesque Loja rose into view. Above it towered the barren mountains, below was the great *vega*, or valley, the plain of Granada, the most fruitful part of Spain. Away in the distance I saw the Sierra Nevada,

its summits looking more like silver than snow in the shimmering landscape.

Surely now, I thought, from here all will be easy riding. For this was the Moorish Paradise, the Promised Land which Ferdinand had conquered, the one bit of Spain that remains prosperous and happy.

The next morning I started briskly over a splendid road. I had journeyed into another land. There were palm-trees in the valley and great fields of sugar-cane ready for cutting. Up on the hills were little towns, each with a history of its own. Suddenly as I bowed along I noticed some trees growing in the road, a dense wood really. A straggling track went down to the swift-flowing Zenil, which I had been following, and then I saw that years before the bridge had broken. There it lay, blocking the river. Nobody had attempted to mend it. I took off my shoes and stockings and commenced to wade. I had not gone two steps when the bicycle sank out of sight. If I had not had a good grip on it I never would have seen it again. There was nothing to do but to go back to shore, take off my clothes, feel round with a stick until I found the ford, and wade over, carrying the machine on my head. As I was getting dressed on the other side, a man came up and told me he had seen me, and "it was only by the grace of God I had not been drowned." After that the road was sometimes used by the farmers as an irrigating canal when it was lower than the fields, and sometimes as a dyke when it was higher. The mules which travelled it did not seem to mind, but I did. Still, I finally bumped and struggled into Sante Fé, the city built by Ferdinand and Isabella when they were besieging Granada; to-day a miserable village without a sign of its former greatness, but at one time the military, if temporary, metropolis of Spain. It was from here that Ferdinand and Isabella directed the movements of their army; it was from its watch-towers they could see their reinforcements coming from Jaen in the north, or the Moors chasing the faint-hearted foreign allies through the pass of Lope. It was from Santa Fé that Columbus, wearied and

discouraged in his attempt to prove to Isabella that the New World was worth finding, set out, broken-hearted, to hunt for a more sympathetic sovereign. It was from here were sent the messengers who overtook him at the white bridge at Puente Pinos, on the left, and brought him back, and made Spain into that Power the remnants of which to-day are dragging her to her death.

Every writer who has travelled this road tells you of the glory and splendor of Granada as it is first revealed from Santa Fé. But from no point, save one, is the approach to the city impressive. For it is built low down at the foot of the mountains, and the fortress is hidden among them. It may be that at one time the Alhambra and the great mosque were covered with shining tiles and with glittering crescents. But to-day the fortress looks like, and is almost indistinguishable from, the spur of the hills behind it, and the city is swallowed up in its gardens, which flourish while it decays.

From Granada, which I entered by the great gate of Elvira, I made endless excursions around the great plain and into the neighboring mountains: to Jaen, to Almeria, to Alcalá, to Lucena, and then finally to Malaga, along the coast to Motril and back to Granada. All these little journeys gave me, or would have given me, continuous pleasure and incessant delight but for the wretched bicycle that broke down on every occasion I tried to ride it.

Though not my last ride, the most interesting was that to Malaga. Starting from the groves of the Alhambra and leaving the town by the gate of the Zenil—this river, a month later than when I waded through it, being almost dry—I passed, at the end of the Alameda, the little chapel which marks the downfall of Moorish rule in Spain and records the commencement of the short hundred years of Spanish prosperity. It is but a tiny whitewashed building by the roadside; it is almost bare within; it has none of the lavish richness that surrounds the tomb of the great sovereigns; and it is all the more suggestive because of the neglect into which it has fallen. In the wall there is a little plaque which tells how

at this spot Boabdil, on the fateful January 2d, 1492, gave up the keys of his palace-fortress, and with them Moorish dominion, to the Catholic sovereigns, and destroyed a kingdom which had lasted for a thousand years. One hears of the Spanish peasant's love of history, which has been handed down through the ages in song, but there is little evidence that he cares for the traditions of his country or that they are more to him, if he even knows them, than empty words. The chapel is closed and locked, and the tablet is a mark for the passing muleteers to shy stones at and cast filth upon, just as the Alhambra is turned over to the photographer, and the vulgar tourist, and the restoring curator, who peddles toys and antiquities to gullible trippers and British Prime Ministers, and who allowed it to burn owing to his unpardonable carelessness. It is like this everywhere throughout the country. The monuments and palaces of Spain are the abodes of beggars, and its churches the spoil of thieves and the seats of money-lenders. From this chapel, looking back—as Boabdil the Unlucky looked for the last time—one does see, though decayed and blasted and riven, the mighty towers of the Alhambra striding over the mountain summits, the fortress palace which has been the spoil of every army that has invaded Spain in the past, and which may—who knows how soon?—be the prey of still another. Who knows how long it will be before the flag of the country of Columbus floats from those very towers? But from beyond the lovely oasis, beyond the mass of dense cypresses lit up by glowing oleanders, there stretches to the mountains of Alhama a sandy desert that might again, as it once did, blossom as the rose. And across this desert, through deep sand and mud, I pushed my useless bicycle. I climbed and coasted the steepest of mountains and waded the most rapid of bridgeless rivers, and at length toiled up to the pitiful, almost deserted, earthquake-rent Alhama, a city of woe and desolation, once the strongest outpost and the greatest enemy of Spaniard and Moor in turn. A splendid road leads back again to Loja, and thence onward, a marvellous

feat of engineering, to Malaga, through an absolute wilderness.

In the whole distance there is but one solitary village and a single inn. The road springs thousands of feet up from one mountain top to another, for the country all the way is riven and twisted into the deepest and darkest of narrow valleys, dominated by almost inaccessible heights. Finally, after a long ride of almost fifty miles without a stop, for there was no place to stop save a solitary inn, I wheeled out of that most terrible of wildernesses, in which the pride of Spanish chivalry in 1483 suffered a deadly defeat at the hands of El Zagal, the Moorish commander of Malaga. The Spaniards must have come by almost this very route. They marched all day and night through the passes of the mountains. Their way was often along the bottom of a rocky valley or the dry bed of a torrent, cut deep in the Sierras and filled with shattered fragments of rock. These roads, says Irving, were often only dried-up streams, and were overhung by numerous cliffs and precipices. As the sun went down on the second day, the army came through a lofty pass of the mountains, and saw below them, as I did at the same hour, a distant glimpse of a part of the fair valley of Malaga bounded by the blue Mediterranean. As night closed in they found themselves in a confused chain of little valleys, imbedded in these rocky heights, known by the name of the Axarquia. At length they came to the edge of the mountain, down which the road now climbs, completely broken up by *barrancos* and *ramblas*, of vast depth, and shagged with rocks and precipices. It was impossible to maintain the order of march. The horses had no room for action and were scarcely manageable, having to scramble from rock to rock and up and down frightful declivities, where was scarce footing for a mountain goat. The Moors, who had taken up their position in the watch-towers, shouted when they looked down on the army, struggling and stumbling among the rocks. Sallying from their towers, they took possession of the cliffs that overhung the ravines, and hurled darts and stones upon the Spaniards, who

fell without the means of resistance. The confusion of the Christians was increased by the shouts of the Moors, multiplied by the echoes of every crag and cliff, as if they were surrounded by innumerable foes. Being entirely ignorant of the country, in their struggle to extricate themselves, they plunged into other glens and defiles, where they were still more exposed to danger. The guides, who were ordered to lead the way out of this place of carnage, either through terror or confusion, instead of conducting them out of the mountains, led them deeper into the fatal recesses. All day they made ineffectual attempts to extricate themselves. Finally, the Spanish leaders, the Marquis of Cadiz and Don Alonzo de Aguilar, with a mere handful of their followers, alone were left, and even this fragment of a Spanish army was scattered. Some wandered for days in the dismal valleys, and a few finally returned to Loja and Antiquera. But most perished miserably among the mountains. These mountains are still held by the descendants of the Moors, and an enemy's army which attempted to enter Spain from Malaga might suffer at the hands of the rude mountaineers a still worse, a more overwhelming defeat. The minute one leaves the fertile, tropical sea coast of this part of Spain to gain the interior, one finds one's self in a pathless Alpine wilderness.

From the summit of the mountains the road zigzags down to Malaga; thence to Velez-Malaga and Nerja there is a road as well constructed and as delightful to travel over as the Cornice. At Nerja it ends, and at Almunecar a boat, with three or four stout oarsmen, must be taken. A splendid road runs onward to Salobrena, with its great coast castle, and, as I passed this seaside fortress palace of the Moors, to-day peopled, as are all Spain's finest monuments, by the poorest of the poor, I saw suddenly, unexpectedly, for the first and the last time, the Spaniard at work. Before the unfortunate Cuban business, the magnificent road, high upon the mountains, had been planned and partly carried out, to skirt the whole Mediterranean shore; but now the enterprise has been quite aban-

doned, now the money and the men are wasted in that endless struggle. Yet here the tracks into which the road degenerates were crammed and jammed with mules, and donkeys, and horses, and oxen and men, carrying the ripe sugar-cane. From the great fields they came, loaded, to the huge smoking factories, and returned again for fresh loads, in an endless procession, a solid mass of men and beasts, which one could only fall in with, smothered at one moment in dust, at the next sinking deep in the mire. Through the widest of the fields a great river flowed; there was no bridge, and there never had been one. The horses waded, and I and the machine were seized upon by an army of unemployed, who fought to carry me over. The heat was awful. The dust was worse. The yells of the drivers, the smell of sugar-cane, and the braying of donkeys filled the air.

In Motril the crowd was greater. It was like a market-day, only a market which I believe goes on for weeks. Sea captains—whose ships, now that the old Moorish harbor is in ruins and filled up, lay far from shore—planters and merchants from all over the world spoke a babel of tongues in the corridor of a big hotel, which replaced the usual little inn. There may be other cities of Spain filled with the same life and go, the same vitality, but I have never seen them. And what was the cause? I soon found that this energy was something new in the kingdom of Granada, something the people had not been accustomed to for the last three hundred years. It was easily explained. It did not take long to learn that the wreck of Cuba was Andalusia's prosperity; that the destruction of the plantations in that Island had made those of the Mediterranean coast; that, as no tobacco was arriving from Havana, equally good could be grown round Motril. It has been said that the Spaniard is too lazy to work and too ignorant; here he was working as no laborer would anywhere else. If the war in Cuba has drained most of the country of its youth and its strength, here, from the youngest to the oldest, every one was as busy and as full of life as in an American town on the boom. And the wish that I

heard on all sides of me, though mainly expressed by foreigners, was that the war in Cuba might go on. For, if it was ruining the rest of the country, it was making the fortune of the sugar-planters and the tobacco-growers of Andalusia. The whole thing was a practical demonstration that the Spaniard would be a splendid workman if only he had the chance to work, if he was not ground down by a Royal Family which sits upon him, and the German generals and money-grubbing Jews who have drained his life-blood. It was an object-lesson in Spanish life and character which I shall never forget. As it was only about forty-four miles to Granada, I thought I could easily get there in an afternoon. The road is as well engineered as those in Switzerland, and about as badly kept up. It climbs to the great tablelands through tunnels and by viaducts. One of the bridges over the Tablete is almost as fine as that of the Devil on the St. Gothard; thirty miles of this road, however, were all I could cover between one in the afternoon and eight at night. The "bikist" may fail to understand my pace, a little more than four miles an hour, but those who have toured will sympathize. A schoolmaster put me up in his house in a little village by the roadside, and I must say treated me remarkably well. And the next morning I descended to Granada, by way of that Mecca of the tourist to the Alhambra—the Last Sigh of the Moor. I meant to ride much more, but the machine was thoroughly played out. I had meant to stay longer in Granada, but, being kindly relieved of every cent of my money by a pickpocket, I was exported as so much luggage by the British Consul and a hotel proprietor.

Thoroughly experienced tourists would, no doubt, enjoy Andalusia, which, away from the big hotels and their touts, is quite unspoiled. But they must take a strong and reliable machine with them; they must carry extra parts, as there is no chance, save in Malaga, Granada, and Seville, of getting it repaired if anything breaks. They must be prepared to push through from one large town to another, as there is often no place to stop between.

The roads are capitally engineered, but there are broken bridges, stretches where there is no highway, and also the surface is liable to be loose, as there is so little wheel traffic to grind in the stones, and dirt kicked up by the mules and donkeys, and for months it never rains. In the central part of Spain, around Madrid and Toledo, the roads are very good, and much cycling is

done; while in the north, near the Pyrenees, they leave little to be desired. But Spain is no country for those who do not know the Spaniard, his ways, and a little of his language, who have not a strong pair of legs, who do not love mild adventure, and are not thoroughly good riders.—*Contemporary Review*.

ENGLAND'S DUTIES AS A NEUTRAL.

BY JOHN MACDONELL.

By the time that these remarks are published, war will be begun between the United States and Spain, and we shall be in the position of neutrals, spectators of the struggle, but with duties, neither few nor light, to both belligerents; and some of the doubts and difficulties which I here discuss may be settled by the rush of events. One cannot help recalling an ominous circumstance: in the past the action of these two Powers led to all the great changes in our neutrality laws; Spain and the United States have constrained us as neutrals to modify those laws. When the colonies of Spain rose in revolt against the mother country a crowd of Peninsular veterans hurried to their support. The names of Bolivar, Miranda, and Alvarez fascinated a generation that remembered the excitement of the Napoleonic wars and was wearied of the tedium of peace. Money was subscribed by sympathizers with the insurgents in the war of liberation. A foreign legion raised in England served under Bolivar, and an expedition fitted out in England and commanded by Englishmen captured Porto Bello, a Spanish possession. The Spanish Government remonstrated; and in consequence of these remonstrances, and in face of the opposition of some of the Whig statesmen of the day, was passed the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819; the first measure to make the fitting out of naval expeditions from our shores an offence. In the American Civil War the imperfections of that statute were revealed. It proved powerless to prevent the escape of Confed-

erate cruisers; it failed to ensure the conviction of the builders of such cruisers, when stopped in time. The remonstrances of the United States—in the beginning of the century a strenuous advocate of the rights of neutral Powers, but more recently the champion of belligerent rights—brought about the passing of the Foreign Enlistment Act, 1870, which expresses our chief present obligations as a neutral Power. The history of our relations with both Spain and the United States is a warning as to the magnitude of the obligations of a neutral State.

I. THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT.

Some of our duties under the Foreign Enlistment Act are plain. The Government will no doubt issue a proclamation stating that happily we are at peace with all the world; that unhappily Spain and the United States are at war; that we propose to observe strict and impartial neutrality; a proclamation which will set forth the Foreign Enlistment Act, and charge all Her Majesty's subjects to conform to such laws. This statute is the outcome of a long struggle. The history of maritime law for more than a century has been a contest between neutrals and belligerents. Sometimes—it may be said generally—the latter have had it all their own way; they compelled neutrals to submit to grave inconvenience; they created rights or usages of war obstructive to commerce, acquiesced in when neutrals were weak and divided, but from time to time be-

coming so intolerable that neutrals united to resist them.

At the opening of the American Civil War, ideas on this subject were in a state of confusion, and the law corresponded to that state. The interests of commerce and the duties of friendly nations were in conflict; and the Courts were called upon to reconcile the irreconcilable. Here and in America it had been said in effect by the highest authorities: "You may sell to every State, whether at peace or war, guns or munitions of war, but you must not fit out a naval armament. You may offer to all the world the productions of your naval dockyards; but you must not let your ports or dockyards be used as a naval basis, or be a party to proximate acts of war. You must not hinder shipbuilders, cannon founders, and gunmakers from using their capital or their plant. Neutrality must be observed, but Birmingham must have its profits out of a foreign war." *

One sees the conflict of these ideas in the correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams with respect to the *Alabama*; the former relying on the dicta of American Secretaries of State and lawyers as to freedom of commerce in articles of war, the latter dwelling on the manifest warlike character of the gunboat No. "290," and the unfriendliness of our inaction. As a lawyer, I am inclined to think that Earl Russell was right; but Mr. Adams was the spokesman of a higher ideal of neutrality which was slowly being formed, an ideal of neutrality which international law will one day recognize. The *Alabama* was not stopped. Somebody blundered, or loitered. Mr. Adams's letter of July 24th, 1862, accompanied by affidavits proving conclusively her nature and destination, and an opinion by Sir Robert Collier to the effect that there was a violation of the Act, was received at the Foreign Office on the 26th; the opinion of the law officers was not received until the 29th, and on the morning of that day the *Alabama* sailed down the river on the pretext of a trial trip to begin her career of devastation. Probably had

she been stopped, her release, in the state of the law as it was then construed, must have followed. In 1862 the *Alexandra*, which was being built by Messrs. Miller of Liverpool for the Confederate Government, was arrested. There was no doubt that she was constructed to be used as a gunboat. A trial took place, and on the direction of the Chief Baron, who took a narrow and, as the law officers thought, an erroneous view of the statute, the jury had no option but to acquit the defendants. The Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819 was proved to be utterly unsuited to the conditions of modern warfare. So thought the Neutralization Commission, consisting of Lord Cranworth, Baron Bramwell, and other distinguished lawyers; and they recommended changes in the law which were embodied in the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, which is the law of to-day, and regulates our chief duties to the United States and Spain.

The chief part of section 8 is as follows:

If any person within Her Majesty's dominions, without the license of Her Majesty, does any of the following acts:

1. Builds or agrees to build, or causes to be built, any ship, with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe, that the same shall or will be employed in the military or naval service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state; or

3. Equips any ship with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe, that the same shall or will be employed in the naval or military service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state; or,

4. Despatches, or causes or allows to be despatched, any ship with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe, that the same shall or will be employed in the naval or military service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state;

he is guilty of an offence. The burden of proving that a ship built for and paid for by a foreign State and employed by it in naval or military operations does not come within the statutes, is thrown on the builder (sect. 9); and to provide for a difficulty which arose in 1861-63, a penalty is attached to adding guns or equipments of war.*

* If any person, etc., by adding to the number of guns, or by changing those on board for other guns, or by the addition of any

* See Lord Selborne's *Memorials*, ii. 423.

Here ended the doctrine of commercial freedom as defended by Jefferson and our statesmen and lawyers. There could be no longer talk about a ship-builder being no more responsible for the use to which his ship is put than a shoemaker is responsible because a burglar uses shoes of his making. The law turned a lawful business into a crime; it reversed presumptions of innocence; it saddled all concerned with heavy responsibility. Not a ship or torpedo boat built here, if suited for warfare and likely to be used in naval operations, can safely, in time of war, be permitted to leave our ports. A vessel may have been building for years on the Tyne or Clyde; the Power which ordered it may have paid for it by instalments thousands of pounds; there are heavy penalties if the vessel is allowed to sail.

Sir James Mackintosh defines neutrality thus: "Strict neutrality consists merely, first, in abstaining from all part in the operations of war; and, secondly, in equally allowing or forbidding the supply of instruments to both parties."* That definition no longer expresses the whole duty of the neutral. Nor does this statute show the full measure of our liabilities. With unequalled abnegation we bound ourselves to the United States to be judged for conduct in 1861-63 by rules not formulated until 1871. We did more; we agreed to "observe these rules in future, and to bring them to the knowledge of other maritime powers and to invite them to accede to them." Neither England nor the United States has done so; but it would be rash to assume that the famous three rules† are inoperative. I am aware that many writers question

equipment for war, increases, etc., the warlike force of any ship which at the time of her being within the dominion of Her Majesty was a ship in the military or naval service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state (sect. 10).

* Works, iii. 508. The definition is taken from Martens's *Précis*, 524.

† "A neutral government is bound: first, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a Power with which it is at peace, and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure

their validity, and that some nations have declined to accede to them. A distinguished American writer on international law, Mr. Wharton, has characterized them as temporary and exceptional and as an intolerable burden on neutral States:

These rules, though leading immediately to an award superficially favorable to the United States in the large damages it gave, placed limitations on the rights of neutrals greater even than those England had endeavored to impose during the Napoleonic wars, and far greater than those which the United States had ever previously been willing to concede. If such limitations are to be strictly applied, the position of a neutral, so it may be well argued, will be much more perilous and more onerous, in case of war between maritime powers, than that of a belligerent.

The interpretation of these rules—the greatest price ever paid for peace—adopted by the majority of the arbitrators at Geneva binds no one. But I am inclined to think that they express the prevalent opinion of jurists; that they have been substantially incorporated in international law; that in carrying out the Foreign Enlistment Act our Government will be bound to act with the diligence of a *bon père de famille* or as a *diligens paterfamilias*; and that the culpable negligence of their officials in suffering the escape of a torpedo boat or cruiser might lead to unanswerable demands for damages.

II. THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

It will be the duty of our Government to observe certain rules as to the admission of the ships of war of both belligerents. They will not be permitted to refit, increase their armament and use our harbors as bases of operations. The careers of the *Florida*, *Shenandoah* and *Sumter* are a warning

from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction to warlike use. Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men. Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations, and duties."—Ed. *Nineteenth Century*.

as to this; and there are pretty well understood rules as to the amount of coal which ships of war are permitted to receive in neutral ports.

One belligerent right is clear. All our merchant vessels must submit to the right of search for contraband if Spanish or United States cruisers choose to exercise it; and but for the readiness of the United States to observe the articles of the Declaration of Paris, there could be no question as to their right to search our vessels for Spanish goods. It is significant of the change of opinion in this country that English merchants and shipowners should be indignant at the idea of the exercise of a right for which England fought against the world, and which Nelson declared must be defended with our last shilling and the last drop of our blood.* It would be extremely inconvenient for almost every English trading vessel quitting the Mersey or approaching New York, Bilbao, or Barcelona, to be overhauled for enemy's goods. Odious though the right of search seems to neutrals, and comparatively worthless though in most cases it is to belligerents, it has been recognized by every Power. The circumstance that we are parties to the Declaration of Paris affirming the principle

which we long contested, "Free ships make free goods," cannot fetter Spain or the United States, not parties to that Declaration. Besides, that Declaration expressly excludes contraband of war. The export of contraband of war is not a municipal offence, except so far as it falls within the terms of the Foreign Enlistment Act.* Such articles, however, are subject to seizure by the enemy's cruisers, and for this a right of search is necessary. Should England ever be at war with France, no doubt we should overhaul American or Spanish vessels in order to ascertain whether their cargo included contraband of war. And under that term would fall many articles not obviously connected with war: coal, hay, horses and timber are included among articles "conditionally contraband;" and "it is part of the prerogative of the Crown during the war to extend or reduce the list of articles to be held absolutely or conditionally contraband, subject, however, to any treaty engagements."†

It has been suggested that the right of search should be denied to privateers. This may be only an academic question; the United States have intimated that they do not intend to commission privateers, and Spain will incur the enmity of neutral commercial nations should she issue letters of marque to privateers authorizing them to "sink, destroy, and burn" the vessels of her adversary. But it does not appear that in this respect any difference exists between ordinary vessels of war and privateers. Many special rules were applicable to the latter; none such as has been suggested existed when privateering was common.

To English shipowners and merchants the question of practical interest is not so much what will be adjudged contraband (as to which English and American views are similar), as the question, Will the United States apply to contraband articles the startling doctrine of "continuous voyages" which they enforced during the Civil War, greatly to the inconvenience of neutrals? A belligerent destination is

* I may state the rule—which comes down from the time of the *Consolato del Mare*—in the quaint words of a writer of last century (Richard Lee, *Treatise on Captures in War*, 1759, p. 202): "Reason tells me I may take the goods of my enemy though they are found in the ship of my friend; because I take what is my enemy's, and what by the laws of war belongs to the conqueror. It may then be objected that I cannot rightly seize the goods of my enemy in the ship of my friend, unless I first seize the ship of my friend, and I shall do violence to the ship of my friend, that I may catch the goods of my enemy; and that this is no more lawful than for an enemy to go into the port of a friend, or to commit depredations in the territory of a friend. But it appears by all maritime laws that it is lawful to stop the ship of a friend, and to examine his papers, whether she belongs to a friend or to an enemy; for you cannot judge of her colors, because the enemy might have put up false colors; and if this is just, as it certainly is, and is always practised, it is also lawful to examine the papers relating to the goods, and to learn from them whether any of the enemy's goods are hid in the ship, and if they are hid there it is lawful to seize them."

* See Lord Westbury's statement in *ex parte Chavasse* 34 L.J., N.S. Bank, p. 16.

† *Manual of Naval Prize Law*, p. 21.

an essential of contraband ; and a merchant who puts munitions of war on board a vessel bound for a port belonging to one of the belligerents cannot fairly complain if his goods are confiscated. But in the *Springbok* and other cases the American courts condemned goods found in vessels sailing to neutral ports, because the ultimate destination of the goods was belligerent. In the case of the *Springbok*, the court condemned the cargo of a vessel the ultimate destination of which was Nassau, a neutral port, because, to summarize the effect of the judgment, it was highly probable that the cargo would be transhipped at that notorious rendezvous of dealers in contraband and forwarded to the Southern States by some other vessel. This decision, pregnant with alarming consequences to neutrals, has been questioned in every country in which it has been discussed. Its effect would be to render almost nugatory the Declaration of Paris as to "effective" blockades, and to seriously hamper the trade of neutrals. The cargoes of vessels sailing from England to West Indian or Mexican ports would run great risk of being captured if the doctrine of a "continuous voyage" for the cargo as distinct from the voyage of the ship were acted upon. Many American lawyers are opposed to the doctrine enunciated by the Supreme Court in the *Springbok* ; and our Government could not fail to protest against its application. Scarcely less important is the character of the procedure and rules of evidence as to ownership of cargo in force in prize courts. A prize court, it has been said, is but the admiral's quarterdeck. These tribunals are accustomed to apply rules highly favorable to the captors and sure to call forth, if this war is prolonged, murmurs from neutrals.

III. COMMERCIAL BLOCKADES.

International law is changing rapidly ; and if prolonged the present war may show the world that the weapons used in the Napoleonic wars, the Brown Bess and muzzle-loaders, are not more antiquated in these days of Lee-Metford rifles and quick-firing guns than some of the rules and practices which

bulk large in classical writers and authorities on international law. This is peculiarly true of commercial blockades. The chief expositor of those rules is Lord Stowell. Any one reading, as I have done lately, his judgments, will be struck by the luminous reasoning clothed in noble diction which puts to shame the rugged, tatterdemalion style of most of his predecessors and some of his successors, his lofty impartiality, the presence of a mind looking before and after, and his superiority to the passions of the hour. He speaks the language of Chatham ; but, no jingo, he rebukes disorderly rapacity, bids English captors give back spoil unfairly won, and vindicates on due occasion against his country the principles of justice. One understands how his judgments were received by his generation as the voice of law and reason itself. But with admiration mingles the sense that his wisdom was for a world unlike ours ; one in which commerce was comparatively small, in which each country was self-sufficient for its wants, and in which the interests of neutrals might be pushed aside with impunity and little inconvenience. To Lord Stowell a commercial blockade seemed a perfectly natural weapon. Almost everywhere now prevails a feeling that it cannot fail to be vexatious to neutrals, and that it cannot materially advance the paramount objects of belligerents. There have been no recent examples of a blockade on a large scale and continued for a long period ; and experience in our wars with France has little application to modern commerce and our complicated industrial system. There are reasons for believing that an exaggerated opinion of the efficacy of such measures prevails, and that, even if they seriously injured the nation against which they were employed, they would be as mischievous to the country blockading. In 1861 Cobden gave it as his opinion that railways had to a great extent nullified blockades as instruments of warfare. His remark has now much more point than it then had. Even in our war with Russia, when railway communication on the Continent was undeveloped, the feeble coerciveness of blockades was

demonstrated.* Exports to that country fell off after the blockade was established; but the reduction was to a large extent accounted for by the increased imports into Prussia of goods which found their way overland into Russia. It is usual to mention the blockade of the Confederate States as proving the efficacy of a rigorous commercial blockade. Undoubtedly they were reduced to dire straits as months went on, and as the cordon of cruisers drew closer. Shut out from a market for their staple article of export, which was left unpicked to rot in the fields, or given to the flames on the approach of the Federal troops, the Confederate States could not procure, except so far as blockade runners could provide, commodities of luxury or comfort. But the privations of a community mainly agricultural, dependent on the exportation of cotton, and with no domestic manufacture, are no safe guide as to the effect on countries with highly developed manufactures and able to supply their own wants. In such cases even a stringent blockade might not be more injurious than a Tariff Act on

McKinley lines. Only naval experts can speak decisively as to the possibility of squadrons remote from their "coal base" effectually preventing the going out or coming in of merchant vessels steaming almost as swiftly as the cruisers. The ease with which Greek vessels passed the blockaded zone round Crete—only about 150 miles in length—though patrolled or guarded by a fleet of unprecedented size, makes one doubt whether a blockade of a long coast such as that of Cuba or Spain can be rigorously maintained. But suppose the contrary; suppose that all Spanish ports were sealed by an American fleet, would there be a serious diminution of imports to or exports from Spain? There would be a diversion of trade to Bordeaux and Marseilles. The consumer might pay some part of the additional costs of carriage by land. Captures by American cruisers might embitter and ruin some individuals, of whom probably few would be Spaniards, and raise premiums of insurances. They could not shorten the war, or appreciably determine the issue. It is conceivable that a blockading squadron

* See debate on Mr. Collier's motion on Trade with Russia, Hansard, 136, p. 1659, and Dr. Waddilove's paper in *Journal of the Statistical Society*, 1885, p. 21. "To blockade the coast of a country having such a frontier as Russia is a mere absurdity. Of what avail is it to seal up Revel and Riga and to leave open Memel, Dantzic, and Königsberg? To guard one door and throw open others! What possible object can be gained—not by preventing, but by diverting the enemy's trade? The roads leading to Memel and Königsberg are at this moment encumbered with interminable convoys, and the streets and squares of these towns are filled with Russian caravans, which, after a few days, return with merchandise for Russia." (*The War Policy of Commerce*, by J. L. Ricardo, p. 14.) We did not injure the trade of Russia any more than it would have been injured by war without the exercise of that right, while our merchants paid double price for every article they required from that country, by Russian shippers being thereby obliged to send it to us through Germany, Holland, or France. It was estimated that the extra cost paid on Russian produce belonging to British merchants for its transport in Memel was no less than £2,500,000, exclusive of the cost of transport to other ports, which our blockade enforced." (Extract from pamphlet by Mr. W. S. Lindsay, p. 108.) A blockade of the Elbe or Baltic ports in the event of war with Germany or Russia would

not improbably produce much the same results as an unusually long or severe winter. Imports into these countries would go by more circuitous trade routes; they would take the routes which they follow when ice closes the Baltic ports; the total amount of exports even from England for these countries need not appreciably fall off. The experience of 1870 goes far to prove this. Summing up the effects of the blockade of the German ports by the French squadron in that year, the *Economist* said: "To a country like Germany with so large a frontier, blockading the sea line is no vital injury. The loss ensuing compared with the other losses of the war is trifling, amounting to nothing more than the increased cost of transport; and in the case of many articles, and to some extent of all, now that there is so general a system of railways, the additional cost is not much. Actually, the cost to some ports of Germany was reduced to a minimum, the ports of Holland being almost as useful to those ports as the ports that were blockaded. The truth is that unless a country can be isolated as the South was during the American War, a blockade is 'no good.' Then it is serviceable, being almost as effective in reducing a nation as the complete investment of a town or fortress in forcing its surrender; but unfortunately such cases are of unfrequent occurrence. If we went to war now with almost any European Power singly, it would simply laugh at our blockade."

could practically prevent the exportation of bulky articles of raw produce, which cannot readily be carried long distances by rail. Unfortunately we, a nation of manufacturers, live by the abundance and cheapness of such articles. Imagine a blockade by Spanish cruisers of the eastern seaboard of the United States so stringent that no cargoes of grain found their way to Europe. One of the first effects would be the embarrassment or ruin of English exporters dependent on the American market. A second effect would be a serious rise in the price of bread stuffs. As to this the experience of the cotton famine in Lancashire is a warning. Mills were shut, workmen were discharged by thousands, a great industry lay prostrate, because millions of bales of cotton stored at Charleston and elsewhere could not be landed at Liverpool. We are not so dependent on the United States for wheat as we were dependent in 1861 on them for raw cotton. But an early effect of such a blockade must be a rise—if we may judge from the effect on Mark Lane of the imminence of war, an immense rise—in the price of wheat, discontent among our workmen, and a serious blow to our industries. The strongest objection to blockades on a large scale is that they injure both the nations resorting to them, and all neutrals. England probably suffered as much as Russia from the blockade of 1854–56, and it was found necessary to relax our strict rights and to permit the sailing of vessels laden with corn for England and France. So close are our commercial relations with America that were this or any future war to result in a blockade of American ports, public opinion would probably insist on our Government disregarding it. Those who recall the commercial blockades which our fleets once enforced, forget that an essential part of the system was “the rule of 1756”—a rule which prevented neutrals from entering into new trades—to the detriment of belligerents. Our Government were pressed during the Crimean War to revive this rule, and to apply it to goods intended for consumption in Russia, but conveyed to Dantzic and Stettin. Our Government refused to comply with

this request; and “the rule of 1756” disappeared from international law, to the great advantage of neutrals, but to the impairment of blockades. One State might indeed be conceivably crippled by a commercial blockade; a State which cannot obtain supplies across a land frontier, and which is dependent not merely for luxuries, but the food of its people and the raw material of its manufactures, on foreign countries. The only Power so situated is England.*

From the point of view of jurisprudence there is a serious objection to commercial blockades. Though long recognized as a legitimate usage in war, they have never been placed on a very clear legal basis; they imply an exercise of the rights of occupation without the fact thereof, even if the blockade be “effective;” they appear to derogate from the right of all nations to freely traverse the high seas; and they do not fall into line with the practice as to land blockades.† The chief objection, however, is that they hamper commerce, injure neutrals, and do not advance the chief objects of war.

IV. PACIFIC BLOCKADES.

As one form of blockade is falling into disuse, another form is becoming common. In the present century, what is called “pacific blockades have been exercised freely,” as appears from the following list of the principal “pacific blockades”:

1827, Turkish ports by France, Great Britain, and Russia; 1831, the blockade of the Tagus by France; 1833, the ports of Holland by England and France; 1837, New Grenada by England; 1848, the La Plata by France, and (later) by England; 1838, Mexican ports by France; 1850, the Piræus by Great Britain; 1884, Formosa by France; 1860, Gaeta by the Sardinian fleet; 1886, ports of the Greek coast by Great Britain and other Powers; 1893, Siam by France; 1897, Crete by the combined squadrons of the Great Powers. It has been suggested that,

* See Lawrence's *Essays on Modern International Law*, p. 291.

† See Professor Westlake's classical essay on Commercial Blockades.

instead of declaring war against Spain, the United States should have established a pacific blockade of Cuba or Porto Rico. In the eyes of statesmen a "pacific blockade" needs no justification. It may avert war or stop war when begun. It avoids the responsibility of declaring war. It may be just the exact amount of pressure required to bring a small Power to reason. It is described in a recent work of international law as "a convenient and salutary method of coercing a weak but aggressive power, and preventing it from presuming on its weakness." The nations against which this measure has been employed have been Powers of a second order. This is in the nature of things; such coercion employed against an equal would mean war. Some of these recommendations of "pacific blockades" seem to me positive objections. They enable a strong nation to resort to war without bringing upon her all the consequences. All the precedents above cited indicate evolution, but it is to be feared in the wrong direction; the growth of a form of international law to be used by strong States in dealing with weak. We stand here at the top of an inclined plane down which public morality may slide to a level below that on which international law has hitherto built. The doctrine of the equality of States was never expressive of a literal fact; but it enshrined an ideal which has been, on the whole, to the advantage of the weak. We have heard much of late of the need of a revision of that doctrine; and in the Far East we have seen the revisers at work. The legalizing of "pacific blockades" may be one more blow struck at the theory of the equality of States.

Moreover "pacific blockades" seem, in a legal point of view, open to grave objections. Whether this form of blockade is recognized by International Law, is apt to turn into a question of words; the changes being rung on "uses" and "abuses." It is easy to draw up a list of jurists who have strongly condemned the practice in all forms. Some of the latest writers on the subject are emphatic in condemning this "monstrous doctrine" as based on no sound principle and as a

deplorable retrogression.* Still, no doubt, another list of writers, no less eminent, who have approved it subject to restrictions could be compiled. The Institute of International Law has by a majority passed a resolution approving of pacific blockades, if qualified by certain conditions. It is no disrespect to say of a body which has done very much for International Law, what Lord Stowell said of the opinion of another body not less illustrious: "Great as the reverence due to such authorities may be, they cannot, I think, be admitted to have the force of overruling the established course of the general law of nations." If pacific blockades are legalized, what are the rules thereof? The law applicable to blockade was reduced to order about the beginning of this century, chiefly by the luminous genius of Lord Stowell. He found fragmentary rules, uncertain practices, and no clear principles. By a series of decisions, as much creative as the genius of the great men of letters who were his contemporaries, he perfected a coherent system. What part of it, if any, applies to a pacific blockade? Is a captured vessel to be sunk or otherwise dealt with as the admiral of the blockading squadron thinks fit? Are there to be no prize courts? When a blockade is notified, and war really though not nominally exists, are the governments of neutral States bound to refuse the use of their ports to either belligerent as a basis of operations? Will the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act apply? If a blockade may exist in a time of peace, what was the value of the contention of England, that Lincoln's proclamation of blockade necessarily implied a state of war?

Of the examples above given, France has been a party to the majority; France has insisted upon her right to exclude from the blockaded zone the vessels of all Powers; she has repeatedly exercised this claim, and in the last diplomatic correspondence on the subject she reiterated this contention. And we may expect that other countries will make claims similar to those

* "Un véritable mouvement de recul." Fauchille, *Du Blocus Maritime*.

which France has often made. This indeed is a necessary contention if a pacific blockade is to be of much use. The organ of the shipping interest in this country puts this point distinctly :

That it (such blockade) must be binding on all States, certainly appears to us to be equally clear. Its effect would be so weakened as to be useless otherwise. If the ships of any Power not actively taking part in the blockade were entitled to sail through the lines with provisions, arms and ammunitions, troops, general merchandise and so on, the whole object of the blockade would be neutralized, and the end would be that the blockading power would be forced to declare war, the very result to avoid which the scheme of pacific blockade was instituted.*

Suppose that an English vessel had been stopped in forcing the blockade of Crete ; suppose that, refusing to be overhauled, she had been fired upon, and that a shot had injured her hull or killed one of the crew. If civil proceedings were taken against the officer who ordered the guns to be fired, it is not easy to see the answer to an action for damages by the owners. The orders of the Government or their ratification of the officer's conduct might not avail him, if the act were unlawful. *Buron v. Denman* shows such an action would not lie at the suit of a foreigner ; it decides nothing more. "The decision leaves the right of action as between subject and subject wholly untouched."† If one of the crew of the English ship had been killed by a shot from a cruiser, and the officer in command on his return to England had been indicted for murder, it is also a little difficult to understand the answer to the charge. The royal prerogative, it has been said, is wide enough to cover such a case ; the officer's conduct would be an "act of State." Undoubtedly judicial phrases sanctioning it may be found ; but whatever color may be given by dicta uttered in other times than ours to the opinion that there is an unexhausted and inexhaustible residuum of prerogative, legalizing every act deemed necessary for State ends, it would be hard to point to a clear judicial ruling since the Revolution to the same effect. For

at least two centuries the current of decisions has run strongly against the idea of prerogative being able to modify or annul private rights. The emergencies of actual war the Courts know ; the authority of the Crown to do all that military necessities demand is recognized. The right of one subject to destroy the property or take away the life of another subject in time of peace in pursuance of State policy is dubious. The very writers who defend "pacific blockades" admit that they raise all sorts of questions, criminal and civil, private and international, to which no clear answer can be given ; a proof that they are out of harmony with existing jurisprudence. With or without their abuses, they are a legal anomaly, what the Roman lawyers termed an *inelegantia juris*.

V. THE OUTLOOK.

Whether this war will impair or improve international morality, one cannot foresee. But there are hopeful signs. The assurance by the United States Government that they will adhere to the four articles of the Declaration of Paris marks an enormous advance in international law. In the last few days it has become plain that the breaking strain of peace is greater than it was ; that the burden of war falls heavier on neutrals, the assertion of strict belligerent rights becomes more intolerable. We are perhaps in sight of a time when war at sea will spare non-combatants as much as does war on land. The fragmentary phrases of international law are being slowly formed into a coherent system. Some old rules, barbarous and useless for the paramount ends of war, are obviously falling into discredit and disuse. At all events the whole subject of maritime belligerent rights needs reconsideration in the light of the new conditions of commerce. At the close of war there could be no worthier subject of inquiry for a Royal Commission—appointed not to collect platitudes or register the foreknown opinions of its members—than the rights and duties of belligerents and neutrals. — *Nineteenth Century*.

* *Shipping Gazette*.

† *Feather v. The Queen*, 6 B. & S., p. 296.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN FRANCE AND IN ENGLAND.

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

THE Government's promise to deal, in the coming Session, with that pressing but much delayed subject, Secondary Education, is welcome news, though expected. The point of speculation lies in the kind of Bill which we are to have. Secondary education is a term of somewhat vague import. The poorest provincial Grammar School—but one remove from the Board School—claims to provide Secondary Education. The present-day descendant of Mr. Squeers's home of learning would place itself upon the list of providers. Secondary Education may take a number of varied forms, and each of them be useful; and it is quite possible to have something that can be called Secondary Education which is also absolutely futile.

Secondary Education divides itself roughly into three branches: Technical Education, Commercial Education and extended Literary Education. It is to the second of these branches that I propose to call attention here. The need for Technical Education is great—perhaps greater than that of either of the others. But among commercial people Commercial Education must also take its place. We are keepers of shops as well as makers of tools and fabrics; the manufacturer is often humbly dependent upon the merchant for the success of his business; and it behoves England to see that those of her sons who are to engage in commerce are thoroughly well equipped for the business. That is just what she fails to do; and it is just what her rivals are most particularly careful to do, thereby explaining not a little of the intensity of foreign competition. Go into the first stately block of offices you come to in the City, and question the scores of clerks scattered up and down the various rooms concerning their mental equipment for the work of conducting a world-wide commerce; and how many of them will you find capable of corresponding in two other languages save their own, or possessed of a sound knowledge of commercial history and

geography and political economy, or adept in practical mathematics? You will be lucky if you find one out of a hundred so equipped. If you do find one he will probably be a Belgian or a German.

For they do these things better across the water. I will take France by way of example, because Mr. James Graham, who is working hard on behalf of commercial education in Yorkshire, has written a report of commercial education in Paris, lately put into circulation by the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, which is well worthy of notice. From France, by the way, came the taunt against England that she was a nation of shopkeepers. Let us see, then, how France treats the question of preparing her own children for the counter or the counting-house.

A most cursory examination of Mr. Graham's report suffices to show that, though France may taunt, she regards the shop-keeping faculty and its tangible results as so very well worth the having that she has put forth systematic and determined efforts to equip her own children with practical and theoretical learning of a kind which must go far to make of them ideal merchants and merchants' assistants. The French Government supervises and aids nine High Schools of Commerce, the management being in the hands of the local Chambers of Commerce. These schools are situated at Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Rouen, Havre and Lille. They do not exhaust the list of French commercial schools; there are many others, both public and private. It is, however, in the State-patronized High Schools that the French system of commercial education attains its crowning distinction. (State patronage, it may be parenthetically remarked, does not mean State support in the ordinary pecuniary sense; for these schools are more than self-supporting—in 1895 the Paris schools had a balance of £2000 remaining after all expenses were paid.) The aim of these schools is to give the students the special training which will

qualify them most efficiently and rapidly for the direction of commercial, industrial and banking houses, and to prepare for the work of teaching those who intend themselves becoming professors of commercial subjects. The schools also aim at training students for the Consular Service—a point which should appeal with special force to all classes of mercantile Englishmen who do business abroad, and who complain—often, it is to be feared, justly—that the last thing a British Consul is selected for is his capacity to further British trade in his district.

State patronage is in evidence in the diplomas which are granted to students who pass their examinations successfully—the diploma gives the holder the privilege of serving one year, instead of three years, in the army; and in competitions for certain Government posts a candidate, if he holds one of these diplomas, is given a number of marks on that account.

And what is the special character of the teaching at these schools? Foremost is the study of languages. Two foreign tongues are obligatory, the choice ranging between English, German, Spanish, and Italian; and that the teaching is thorough, and not the paltry smattering so common in English schools, may be gathered from the fact that weekly conferences are held, when the students are only allowed to speak in the foreign language. The subjects claiming second place in the curriculum are arithmetic, algebra, book-keeping and accountancy. Next in importance come object lessons on merchandise, which are supplemented by practical work in testing and analyzing all sorts of articles of food, etc., in the laboratory, and by the handling and observing of products under the microscope. Economical geography and commercial shipping and industrial law also occupy conspicuous places. The other subjects are the history of commerce, the elements of public and civil law; foreign commercial legislation; political economy; customs and budget legislation; handwriting; mechanical apparatus in commercial use; transport and factory legislation. The course extends over two years. In the case of the Paris School (the others

have similar arrangements)—the State, the Municipality, and the Department of the Seine grant Exhibitions valued at £40 each; and there are a number of foreign travelling Exhibitions tenable for two years and open for competition by students who have obtained diplomas. Their value ranges from £100 to £160 for the first year, and from £80 to £120 during the second year. An interesting feature of the schools is the museum, which contains among other exhibits specimens of the products of French Colonies, of textile fabrics, metals and similar commercial articles presented by merchants and manufacturers. The Paris school receives boarders at £112 per annum, day boarders at £52, and boys who do not dine, at £40 per annum. The other schools are considerably cheaper. Attached to the School is an Old Boys' Association, which finds employment for ex-students, and, it is said, finds it with little difficulty.

The other commercial schools mentioned above are also worthy of note. Mr. Graham describes one which he says is a type. It is a private school, and pays particular attention to the practical side of commercial education. For that purpose it is made into an exact reproduction of a merchant's office, with desks, copying presses, telephones and all the other paraphernalia of the counting house, and has besides a model bank, post-office, railway parcel office, etc. The teaching is considered so valuable that the Municipal Council of Paris grants the school a subsidy of about £100 a year, and the Minister of Commerce pays for the education of twelve pupils. The fees range from £2 to £6 per quarter. Merchants set so high a value upon the education thus afforded that (so Mr. Graham avers) there are ten applications for the services of every pupil. Another most interesting feature of these schools is the Ladies' Section attached to them: departments organized on similar lines, and conducted by lady teachers.

There is nothing of this sort in England, though a few far-seeing and patriotic enthusiasts are striving hard to promote such education. The work of the Institute of Bankers, for example, is an admirable attempt. The Insti.

tute is not a school properly so called, as it caters for youths who have already begun their commercial lives in banks; but it provides excellent courses of lectures, and does its best to put students in the way of working up such subjects as banking law, political economy, arithmetic and algebra, the French language, etc., and it provides examinations in these subjects which a glance at the papers shows do not err in the way of being too elementary or smattering. Certificates are granted to those who pass the examinations successfully, and in some banks promotion depends not a little on the success of clerks in the examinations. The Institute's scheme is making most satisfactory progress. In 1881 the number of candidates presenting themselves for examination was twenty-two; it has progressed steadily since then, and reached a total last year of 512.

But a few isolated and individual efforts are quite unequal to the task of properly educating our youths in business, and it is the duty of the State to take the matter in hand. The Bradford Chamber of Commerce has recently prepared a memorial for presentation to Lord Salisbury by the Associated Chambers of Commerce. The memorial is well worth study, as it gives an excellent synopsis of what is being done abroad, and of what should be done in England. The facts relating to foreign countries are of startling significance. Of schools and institutions devoted to elementary, secondary and higher commercial training, Germany, the memorial points out, has 200, France 120, and Russia 32; there is also a fair number in other countries, including elaborately equipped schools in the United States. Even Japan is in the running, and in some respects goes beyond European schemes of commercial education.

There are also in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna schools for the study of Oriental languages, and including the habits and prejudices of the peoples. These schools enable European students to write trade circulars in the Eastern languages, and visit the people, talking to them in their own tongue. In view of England's immense Oriental Empire the lack of such instruction here is a serious reflection alike upon our Imperial duty and upon the business instincts of our merchants.

The memorial points out that the Government has in some way recognized the need for commercial education by making grants for commercial instruction of a very elementary nature in evening continuation schools, but such aid is ridiculously inadequate. The recommendations of the Chamber of Commerce are summed up in a plea that the Government will (1) place commercial education of the thorough Continental type on the same footing for earning grants in aid as is now done with Science and Art subjects; (2) nominate a central authority to distribute such grants; and (3) authorize such authority to formulate and supervise systematic commercial courses. The Government should put these recommendations into legislative form in the Secondary Education Bill.

The press of foreign competition becomes tighter each year. Circumstances we cannot control account for much of this competition: the growth of foreign industrialism is an irrevocable fact. But many of the causes of successful competition are within our power to check, and among the most potent in this category is the backward state, or, to be more accurate, the positive lack of commercial education in Britain as compared with any other industrial country.—*Saturday Review*.

A MARCH HARE.

BY CHARLES STRACHEY.

I.

THE possession of a princely fortune, and an unshakeable disinclination to accept the advice of others with regard to its disposal, had rendered Sir Peregrine Brooke the despair of philanthropic associations, and of those scientifically charitable bodies who prefer (it would seem) the exposure of one impostor to the clothing of three shivers. Early in life, on succeeding to the possessions and title of his last surviving relative, he had been quickly made aware of the attitude commonly taken by the world toward persons of great wealth, especially when, as in his own case, they happen to be free from what are brutally, though only too correctly, known as "family ties." But almost as quickly he had come to regard this isolation as his most valuable defence against the onslaughts of humbugs and bores; a bewilderingly universal devotion to the female sex had enabled him to reach, free of the embarrassment of matrimony, his five-and-fiftieth year; and as for the other assaults to which his position of necessity exposed him, he had contrived, by sedulously cultivating a reputation for eccentricity, to keep the number of his acquaintances within manageable limits—a rare achievement for a rich man. After a long and severe struggle—conducted, on his side, at any rate, with scrupulous politeness—he had achieved this satisfying result: he was able to enjoy his leisure without fear of invasion by importunates who had no right to the title of friends.

This fortunate gentleman was sitting alone one fine morning in his London house. March was making, that year, a really lamb-like exit; and the welcome salutation of sunrays twinkled pleasantly on the brown and gold of the library, on the table set with breakfast-things, and on the baronet himself, occupied in peeling a rosy apple. His clean-shaven face, with bright eyes peering from below iron-gray eyebrows, gave to him, in the opinion of some of

his friends, something of a monkish look; others mindful of his erect bearing and of a certain unobtrusive elegance in his costume, maintained that he had more the appearance of a soldier. Sir Peregrine had, in fact, been an athlete; he was still a scholar, and the room in which he sat was lined from floor to ceiling with his unique collection of seventeenth-century literature.

Sir Peregrine had not finished the peeling of his apple when his Turkish servant came into inform him that Miss Nevil had arrived, with apologies for so early a visit, but that she was very anxious to see him. Directions were given to admit the lady without delay.

II.

Miss Jane Nevil was a young lady of attractive appearance, independent tastes, and no fortune, whose acquaintance with Sir Peregrine had begun only some few months before her visit to him on that fine March morning. Their first meeting had been accidental, and the medium of introduction a tipsy cabman, noisily reiterating his opinion both of her and of the strictly legal fare which she had handed to him. The street was a remote one; ribald little boys and saunterers from the "pub" at the corner were beginning to gather round, when Sir Peregrine, who happened to be driving past, perceived a lady in difficulties, grasped the situation, and in a moment had convoyed Miss Nevil across the vicious circle of beery vituperation which had enveloped her so embarrassingly. Arrived in a less turbid atmosphere, he told the grateful girl his name, and carried her off in his brougham to her home in Bayswater. A cup of tea was offered and accepted; and Jane's mother, the worthy but commonplace relict of a Colonel with whom Sir Peregrine had been on nodding terms, was manifestly delighted to receive so important a personage in her drawing-room.

Since that first meeting a genuine

friendship had grown up between Sir Peregrine and Miss Nevil. He liked her unconventionality, and was especially pleased when she fell, quite naturally, into the way of treating him without any of that deference which is supposed to be due to the old, but which is, in fact, a very tiresome substitute for intimacy; besides, she had a sense of humor and a pretty taste in English poetry.

Miss Nevil was admitted into the sunny library by the obsequious Turk. Sir Peregrine greeted her warmly, and was informed that she had already breakfasted. She was nevertheless persuaded to accept an apple, and while he was peeling it for her he asked the reason of her welcome arrival at that early hour.

Miss Nevil opened her purse—which, like all other ladies, she invariably carried in her hand—and took from it a folded sheet of note-paper. “Read that,” she said. Sir Peregrine handed her the peeled apple on the end of a fork, glanced at the paper—murmured “Good Heavens!”—and read to himself the following remarkable composition:

Those looks of love I late did live upon
Gaze now with scorn upon my overthrow.
That spring of joy that knew not ebb or flow,
Has vanished, and the beacon-fire that shone
No longer shines to point me up and on.
What wonder, if the source of life should go,
That life itself must disappear also?
How shall the light stay when the lamp is gone?

Therefore I hasten hence into a place
Forever wrapped with darkness as a veil,
Yet moon-lit, love-lit, in my memory;
Now I have seen the greater light grow pale,
’Tis time the mortal moon should hide her face:

You and the world will get no more of me.
C. E.

Sir Peregrine’s expression during his silent perusal of this precious production was that of a man who is swallowing a very nasty drug. Having read the verses to the bitter end, he laid the paper on the table, and contemplated it with a kind of sideways glance, as though he were looking at some interesting yet repulsive anatomical specimen. Then he drew a deep breath and said:

“That is the most abominably bad sonnet I ever read. Apart from the disgraceful jerry-building of its construction and the poverty of its ideas, it is cramfull of bits from other authors. *You get no more of me*, is Drayton; *Up and on*, is Browning; *Mortal moon*, is Shakespeare; *Into a place*, is some Elizabethan—perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh—” He rose, as though to verify his suspicions by a reference to the library, but checked himself. “The author deserves a flogging. By the by, who is the author?”

“The author,” she replied reluctantly, “is Mr. Ernsshaw. You have met him sometimes at our house. ‘The fact is,’ she went on hurriedly, ‘we were, in a kind of way, engaged to be married.’”

Sir Peregrine’s consternation at the idea of anybody, and Miss Nevil in particular, marrying the author of such a bad sonnet prevented him from asking her to be more precise. Noticing his look of horror, she hastened to add: “But he never wrote anything of the sort before, upon my word of honor! It must be a symptom. It is all of a piece with his strange behavior last night; in fact, it may be all fancy, but I’m frightened about him, Sir Peregrine!”—she spoke with evident emotion—“and I came here; not to ask for your sympathy because such a dreadfully bad sonnet had been sent to me, but to get some advice as to what ought to be done. Mother’s no good in an emergency like this.”

He said encouragingly: “Tell me all about it.”

“I will,” she replied, “and as quickly as possible. Oh, I feel that I may be wasting time, and that something ought to be done at once! When I said that I was not exactly engaged to Mr. Ernsshaw, I meant that when he asked me to be, last year, I told him that I liked him very much indeed, but that I was not certain that I liked him quite well enough to marry him. So I refused to consider myself bound to him in any way. Well, you know, he’s in the Foreign Office.”

“A genteel, but unremunerative, occupation,” observed the baronet.

“Exactly. And he has just enough money to live upon comfortably as a

bachelor. Of course mother couldn't bear the notion of my marrying him. She calls him a *detrimental*—I can't think where she picked up the word—and she can't understand the kind of engagement that I got him to agree to. She says 'a girl is either engaged or not'—as though I should submit to be governed by a home-made maxim! However, I took no notice, and all went well until she tried to make me break definitely with Charles. Then, all at once, I felt much more inclined to marry him, especially when I began to suspect that she wanted me to accept that tiresome Mr. Topham, who has lots of money."

"Amos Topham," observed Sir Peregrine; "I remember him, too, at your house. A gentleman with barley-sugar legs, and with a peculiar combination of jowl and side-whisker which I believe to be absolutely incompatible with the literary or artistic temperament. Well, so you don't like Amos?"

"I detest him! When I guessed what mother was thinking about I thought the time for action had arrived, and, as Charles had always wanted a more definite agreement between us, I naturally expected that he would be pleased to hear that I was ready to make one. I told him so yesterday, but to my surprise he didn't take it at all nicely; perhaps I chose the wrong moment for making the announcement, because he had just been having some difficulty with the head of his department, and was in a very depressed state of mind. I thought it would console him to hear that I liked him enough to marry him whenever he wished. But it didn't."

"Very odd," said Sir Peregrine. "How did he take it?"

"He began talking in an injured tone, and said that I had insisted on an indefinite engagement although he had always objected to it—that it had been all very jolly for me, no doubt, but that he had had a most disagreeable time of it, and so on. Then he actually hinted that I had only changed my mind because I had begun to consider him as a kind of refuge from Mr. Topham—as if I could ever be made to marry against my will! Of course I couldn't stand that, so I said—

Well, I needn't trouble you with what I said; but he didn't like it, and began to talk a lot of nonsense about resigning his post at the office, and going to Australia to prospect for gold."

"Ridiculous," said Sir Peregrine. "His chief, Sir Julian Blunt, told me the other day that he was one of the most promising young men in the service. I confess I find it hard to believe, after reading that unhappy sonnet. Is it possible that the other young men at the office could write anything worse? However, I suppose he perpetrated it out of office hours! What happened next?"

"I told him that he was silly. No man can stand that; and Charles is dreadfully sensitive to ridicule, so he lost his temper and talked more nonsense. At last he said that I had treated him disgracefully, that all was over between us, and rushed away, saying that I had seen him for the last time."

Sir Peregrine smiled. "I don't think the situation is so very terrible," he said.

"Well, of course, I thought it would be all right again next day. But this morning, instead of an apology, I received that dreadful sonnet. It was brought by his servant, who told me that Mr. Ernsshaw had left London and had not said when he would return. Now, you may think me absurd, but you must remember that I like him, in spite of his nonsense, better than any one else in the world"—Sir Peregrine raised his eyebrows in momentary surprise at this confession—"and when I had read the verses I began to wonder, and wonder what they could mean, and what it was that he was going to do, till at last I began to feel afraid that he might—that he might do something rash."

Sir Peregrine asked himself if she could possibly be thinking that the young man was such a jackass as to be contemplating suicide. He did not want to suggest the notion to her, so he inquired diplomatically—

"You don't really suppose that he is likely to—to do anything irretrievably foolish?" She hesitated.

"Well," she said, "I am not so sure; in fact, I can't say exactly why

I am afraid or what I am afraid of. But he might by some precipitate action ruin his prospects—by going off to Australia, for instance.”

“Not at a moment’s notice, surely?”

“I hope not, but he was always rather abrupt in deciding on a course of action. But that’s what I’ve come here for, Sir Peregrine! I want you to advise.”

He did not attempt to laugh away her apprehensions, which, indeed, appeared to him to be sufficiently ill founded. He rang the bell. “The first thing to do,” he said, “is to go to his rooms—Jermyn Street, is it?—find out where he has gone, if possible, and discover anything else that may throw light on his proceedings. Achmet! call a hansom.”

She was evidently anxious to take part in prompt action of some kind.

“Let me come with you,” she said.

“Of course,” he replied; and, having put Mr. Ernshaw’s sonnet in his waistcoat pocket, he handed her into the cab.

III.

Mr. Ernshaw’s servant seemed at first disposed to be somewhat reserved in his communications to Miss Nevil; he knew her well, and regarded her with that instinctive distrust which is felt by all bachelor’s servants toward a person whom they consider to be a danger to the permanence of a comfortable establishment, as yet happily free from the irritating supremacy of woman. It was clear, however, from his manner that he was uneasy on his master’s account, and on hearing the name of his other visitor he readily enough submitted to impart all that he knew. He said that Mr. Ernshaw had come home late the night before, “and not in the best of tempers, sir.” He had walked straight up to his bedroom, banged the door, and had been heard walking up and down for a long time after.

“And this morning, sir,” said the servant solemnly, “Mr. Ernshaw was up and dressed at half-past seven.”

“Was that an unusually early hour for him?”

“It was, sir, Mr. Ernshaw not being what you might call an early riser.

But he did something still more unusual when I brought him his breakfast; didn’t touch a morsel—not to eat, that’s to say.”

“He did drink something, then?”

“Drink something! I believe you, sir. And it wasn’t *café*, nor yet *tea* neither. I wouldn’t have believed it, sir, if I hadn’t been in the room at the time, having brought the cruets which I’d forgotten, what with breakfast being so *extry* early, and he such a sparing gentleman with his drinks.”

Miss Nevil, who was becoming a little impatient, put in “Well, what *did* he drink?”

The man continued deliberately, with an obvious feeling for dramatic effect, “He took down that bottle, miss, from that sideboard and filled a tumbler—a *tumbler*, sir; and drank it off in three gulps.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed the Baronet, who had inspected the bottle. “Why, it’s Benedictine!”

“It is, sir. Never saw such a thing in my life—and nigh on half a pint!” Sir Peregrine gasped.

“And what did you do?” asked poor Jane, rather weakly.

“Do, miss? I did nothing. But what I *expected* to do was to put him to bed and send for a doctor. So I just made belief to be arranging something at the sideboard, and stopped in the room.”

“And what was the effect of this extraordinary breakfast on Mr. Ernshaw?” asked Sir Peregrine with genuine curiosity.

“Why, sir, he just sat as still as a stone for about ten minutes, and then he turns round sharp, and tells me to bring him a *Bradshaw’s Guide* and a *Whitaker’s Almanack*. Yes, sir, he looked as if he’d been turned into stone, and every bit as steady! Well, I gave him what he asked for, and as I was a bit nervous about him—as you may suppose—I just peeped over his shoulder when he was looking into *Whitaker* to try and find out what he was after. But he only runs his eye over the “Calendar for the month of March,” and then puts the book down on the table. What he wanted *Bradshaw* for I can’t say, because I had to go off again and fetch him ink and pen

and writing-paper, and when he'd got them he told me to leave the room. I just hung about on the landing, still feeling very uneasy; and after another ten minutes or so he rang his bell and told me to take a letter to your address, miss, and say he was going out of town. Then when I got back I was just in time to see him stepping into a hansom, and heard him tell the man to drive to Waterloo Station."

"At what time was that?"

"About half-past nine, miss."

"Did he take any luggage?" she asked.

"No, miss, nothing at all, except—that's to say—" the man looked doubtfully from her to Sir Peregrine. He would evidently have preferred to complete his explanation to the gentleman only, but Jane stood waiting for it.

"Go ahead," said the baronet.

"Well, sir, that's the worst of all—I shouldn't have thought much of all the rest of it but—he's taken his pistol with him, sir. I looked into his room after he'd gone, and thought he'd taken nothing at all with him, and then I saw the empty case. The pistol was there this morning, because I'd only been cleaning it yesterday, and had put it back last night."

Sir Peregrine glanced apprehensively at Miss Nevil. She looked rather pale, but all she said was: "We must make haste."

The baronet began to feel somewhat uneasy. Had it not been for the revelation about the Benedictine, he would merely have added to his originally light-hearted view of the case the theory that the sulky young man had gone down to the country for a little target practice with his revolver. But that extravagant potation introduced a new element into the problem which it was dangerous to ignore. He pondered.

"He has gone to Waterloo station, and thence to some place on the London and South-Western line, for which a train started at—let me see—about ten o'clock. Let me look at *Bradshaw*." He found that on opening the book at haphazard he had chanced upon a page of trains from Waterloo to the West of England.

"I should not be surprised," he said, "if this should prove to be the

very page that Mr. Ernsshaw was looking at this morning. The book has a tendency to fall open here; that looks as if it had been held open at this place not long ago. And here's a train leaving Waterloo at ten minutes to ten! I'm afraid we can scarcely call this a clue, but it's all the clue we have—except that confounded sonnet," he added, and, pulling out the paper from his pocket, read the verses over with a laborious attention which their intrinsic merits would never have gained for them. Having finished his scrutiny, he motioned to the servant to leave the room, and turning to Miss Nevil, said—

"Mr. Ernsshaw has gone to some place, on the South-Western line, which is (he says) 'forever' dark, yet moonlit and *love-lit* in his memory. Now, Miss Nevil, can *you* suggest any place—probably in the West of England—to which that description would apply?"

"Why, yes," she answered quickly—"let me see the list of stations—yes! There is Burnt Down—the station for Burnt Moor, and it was there, on the top of the Tor, that he asked me.—He was staying with us last summer—there was a full moon, and—and—he looked at *Whitaker* to see what the moon is doing to-night," she added suddenly, turning to the Almanack. "There! March 27—the moon is just past the full. Oh, Sir Peregrine, he must be perfectly mad; let us follow him by the next train!"

"Mad! I should think so. What else can you expect after a tumblerful of Benedictine at half-past seven? And the moon at the full, too. At any rate, this clears him of direct responsibility for the sonnet, for when the half-pint of Benedictine is in, the wit is most decidedly out. But that is the danger of the situation, for if it could make him write a sonnet like that it can make him do anything! The question is—and we've no means of answering it—how long will he remain mad?" He paused for a moment, and added: "Yes, I agree with you. We'll follow him by the next train to Burnt Moor—though, of course, it's by no means certain that he has gone there." Sir Peregrine referred to *Bradshaw*. "He'll get there at a quarter to four—it's a slow train. How far is the Tor

from the station? Five miles? Why, the moon doesn't rise till nearly seven! He'll have a lot of time on his hands. We'll start at one o'clock precisely, arriving at 6.15, and be in good time to prevent him making a fool of himself—that is to say, if the effect of the position has not worn off, for if it has I'm certain that there will be no need for our interference. Now we've just time to make a few arrangements. I will telegraph for some sort of a gig to take us from the station to the Tor, and I'll have the Tor watched, so as to be on the safe side, and the local police shall keep an eye on the station, and—but I'll tell you all I have done when we are in the train. Now you must go home at once, get some wraps, and pack up your night-gear, because we certainly shan't be back till to-morrow. You'll have to deceive your mother a little, but of course you won't mind that! Tell her I insist on taking you down to Exmoor to choose a pony, or any other likely story that you can invent. You will have lunch with me in the train. Away with you, keep up your spirits, and be on the Waterloo platform, main line, not later than five minutes to one. I believe I was intended by nature to be a detective. I did some work of the kind when I was a young man, and the regular police did not like it at all—said I was taking the bread out of their mouths! And that," he added thoughtfully, "has always struck me as such a very unpleasant figure of speech."

* * * * *

Sir Peregrine's arrangements, the relation of which in detail would be tedious, were made with the rapidity which invariably characterized his actions. Before he arrived at the *rendezvous* on the platform at Waterloo he had instructed his own servant and Mr. Ernschaw's to meet him there with bagfuls of necessaries, and had paid a visit to Scotland Yard, where, in an interview with a friend in high position, he briefly explained the facts of the case. From this personage he received the assurance that instructions should be sent by telegraph to the Inspector of Police at Burnt Down to look out for the arrival of Mr. Ernschaw at the station, and to keep an

eye, in an unobtrusive plain-clothes way on his subsequent movements. The Inspector would also be told to station two constables near the summit of the Tor at nightfall, whose duty would be to lie in wait, and watch the proceedings of a gentleman who might be expected to repair thither; and should he display suicidal intentions, to seize, disarm, and convey him to the little local police station near the foot of the Tor, where his friends would be waiting to receive him.

On arrival at Waterloo, Sir Peregrine inquired whether any passengers had been booked for Burnt Down by the 9.50 train that morning, and was informed that one such ticket had in fact been issued; and as Burnt Down was not a place to which the London public flocked in any noticeable number, Sir Peregrine was pleased to consider that the hypothesis on which he was acting had received some of the support which it so greatly needed.

Miss Nevil and the servants were punctual in their arrival; and Sir Peregrine, who had decided that the adventure should be carried through in the presence of as few witnesses as possible, explained to the men that their further services were not needed. To Mr. Ernschaw's servant, who was evidently disappointed at being left behind, he made some encouraging remarks, and advised him to be reticent on the subject of his master's proceedings. Jane took her place in the compartment, the baronet followed her, and the train moved out of the station. Where they were to sleep that night, and what to do with Mr. Ernschaw if they caught him, were subjects to which they had not given any consideration.

The English valet stared gloomily at the train as it drew out of sight, and, after a moment's silence, observed to his companion: "I don't know what your opinion may be, but even if I could feel sure that Mr. Ernschaw was all right I should call this a rum go."

Achmet, who was ignorant of the object of the journey and to whom no proceedings on the part of his master ever caused the least surprise, only smiled assentingly. Perhaps he was dimly conscious that the luxuriance of

an Oriental vocabulary would be inadequate to the task of summing up the situation so succinctly as to bear comparison with the Englishman's masterly monosyllables.

IV.

Burnt Moor is a part of that bewilderingly tumbled assemblage of hill, valley, and plain which occupies so large a portion of the county of Devon. Few houses are visible, and but one road, which, winding up from the railway station, takes a bold curve round the base of the Tor, and stretches away across the moor like a narrow yellow ribbon. About half a mile short of the Tor this road passes a little group of cottages, one of which is distinguished by the words "County Police" on an enamelled iron plate over the door. To this modest rallying point of law and order—which was also the abode of Mr. John Quincey, the local Inspector of Police—Sir Peregrine Brooke and Miss Jane Nevil were conveyed, on the completion of their railway journey, in one of those curiously antique wagonette-shaped vehicles which are still to be found tottering about in remote country districts.

Mr. Quincey (as appeared from a note which had been delivered to Sir Peregrine on arriving at Burnt Down Station) had done his best to carry out the instructions sent to him from London. In one particular, however, he had been unable to fulfil them. "The gentleman from London," as he called Mr. Ershaw, had not arrived at Burnt Down, as anticipated, by the train of a quarter to four. The Inspector had been at first somewhat nonplussed by this unexpected alteration of programme, but an exchange of telegrams with the neighboring stations on the line soon established the fact that the suspected stranger (described as "tall, with dark mustache, but without luggage") had alighted from the train at Buddleton, the station next before Burnt Down, distant some ten miles from the Tor. In consequence of this move on Mr. Ershaw's part the Inspector had been unable to keep a watch on his movements. He learnt, however, that he had started walking

from Buddleton station in the direction of the Tor, and Mr. Quincey had made the necessary arrangements for his reception there by placing two constables in hiding near the rocks at the summit.

It was cold and it was dark, though with a pale indication of approaching moonrise behind the blackness of the hill-slopes eastward, when the baronet and Miss Nevil arrived at the police station, where, being persons of manifest distinction, they were invited by Mr. Quincey into the parlor and provided with tea. The Inspector, after a brief conversation, left his guests to themselves, and walked up the road toward the Tor, "just to see how things were going." Sir Peregrine was pleased with Jane. The suspense of a situation which would have been farcical but for the possibility of a tragic *dénouement*, must have been painful to her, but she accepted it as a necessity and displayed no inclination to whimper. Strangely enough, she felt no fatigue. As for him, in spite of his outward cheerfulness, he was in fact somewhat perturbed at finding that Ershaw's mad resolution had not evaporated *en route* to Devonshire. Sir Peregrine had expected that the effect of that copious draft of potent *liqueur* would have worn off during the long railway journey, and that the extravagant and erring young man would have returned with all speed to London from one of the train's many stopping-places. But it was now quite clear that he had not done so. Ershaw's intentions, suicidal or otherwise, remained unaltered, and for safety's sake it was necessary to assume the worst. Sir Peregrine looked out of the parlor-window and saw the moon's silvery disk just clear of the hill-side. "Could there be something, after all," he asked himself, "in the notion that the moon had a disturbing effect on human brains?" He turned to Jane, and said:

"Mr. Ershaw will approach the Tor from the further side, and he should be nearly there by this time. If we had arrived at this place earlier, I would have tried to meet him on the Moor. As it is, I should be certain to miss him, whereas he can't possibly

miss the Tor ; it's visible for miles. I don't see what I can do ; everything depends now on the promptitude of Mr. Quincey's men. But what's that ?" he exclaimed suddenly.

A confused sound of steps and voices was heard approaching the house. Sir Peregrine and Jane hurried to the door.

Clear in the moonlight, on the white road, they saw the black figures of three men, walking abreast, closely followed by a fourth, whom they recognized from his voice to be Inspector Quincey. The man in the middle of the group of three was evidently acting under coercion from his companions, who held him by a wrist and a shoulder on either side. All the men were talking at the same time. The Inspector was understood to be urging the captive to restrain his wrath until he had seen the friends who were waiting for him, and "who would explain everything." The prisoner was denying the possibility of any friends of his being in the neighborhood, and making forcible and uncomplimentary remarks about the imbecility of the British rural police. Sir Peregrine smiled to Jane, and said, "What shall we do with him now that we've got him ?"

The group approached. Miss Nevil looked hard at the central figure, and exclaimed desperately : "They've got the wrong man !"

The policemen relinquished their hold ; the captive stood free. He was a good-looking youth, with no resemblance to Mr. Ernsshaw, except that he bore a dark mustache.

"You hear !" he said furiously ; "you've got *the wrong man* ! Why didn't you believe me ? A set of blundering idiots ! I told you it was all a mistake. I'm greatly obliged to you, madam"—he turned to Jane with a sudden change of manner. "These fellows are enough to destroy the mildest person's equanimity. There was I, an innocent walking tourist, who had stepped up on to the Tor to see the moon rise. Before I left the top I pulled out my flask with the intention of drinking a thimbleful to keep me warm on my walk down to the station ; I was just lifting the flask to my lips, when these two chaps bounced

out of hiding, knocked the flask out of my hand—it went skipping away into the quarry-holes below—and collared me. Of course I thought they were thieves, and struck out a bit—"

One of the constables pointed ruefully to a damaged eye.

"Yes, that's one comfort, at any rate. When I found they were policemen I was quiet enough. I know mistakes must occur sometimes. But what annoyed me most was the way they refused to accept my explanations ; kept on saying that they had often heard that sort of story before, and insisted on bringing me here to see my friends ! Perhaps you, or you, sir—if these fellows are under your orders—can tell me what it all means. My name is Cumberbatch, St. Austin's College, Oxford. Why, I believe I might bring an action—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Miss Nevil, "but you say you are on a walking tour. Would you be so kind as to tell me whether you arrived this afternoon at Buddleton, on the South-Western Railway, and walked to the Tor from that station ?"

"Buddleton ? Certainly not ! I came southward from the other side of the moor ; left Pinsford this morning at nine."

Sir Peregrine did not wait for more information. He, as well as Jane, had thought it possible that this young man was the person "with dark mustache, but without luggage," whose departure from Buddleton on foot had been telegraphed to Mr. Quincey. Ernsshaw was still unaccounted for ; the Tor unwatched.

"Send back your men to their posts as fast as they can go," he said to the Inspector. "Our friend is overdue, and if he has arrived already—" He broke off, and turning to Mr. Cumberbatch, laid a hand on his arm and drew him into the parlor. The crestfallen policemen, each accusing the other of the sole responsibility for the *fiasco*, moved off in the direction of the Tor.

Mr. Cumberbatch was a gentleman ; he quickly became aware that accident had led him into a situation where his presence was an embarrassment. He also realized that his unfortunate arrest had inconvenienced others as well as

himself. He asked if he could be of any assistance; his offer was courteously declined, and, after a few minutes' conversation, he went on his way completely mollified, and carrying in his breast-pocket a silver flask, full of fine old French brandy, which Sir Peregrine had insisted on his accepting as a memento of the adventure, and to replace the flask which, glittering in the moonlight, had been taken for a pistol by the precipitate policemen.

Sir Peregrine and Miss Nevil stood in the road, listening to the retreating footsteps of the courteous Cumberbatch. The sound grew fainter and fainter, and soon receded out of earshot. An intense silence followed; one of those murky, vicious silences which so commonly precede a very horrible sound. Then came—not loud, for it came from the top of the Tor, half a mile away, but clear and abrupt, final as the full stop at the end of the Apocalypse—the report of a pistol.

V.

Along the upper windings of the road, breathless, speechless, ran Jane Nevil; her grasp of Sir Peregrine's hand, as he raced by her side, seemed to keep her alive; fingers of ice held down her heart. Shadows, flung forward by the radiant splendor of the moon, preceded the flying pair with incessant dancing grotesques.

A man, coming at full speed down the slope, approached, stopped with difficulty, and with difficulty found breath to ejaculate gaspingly: "The gentleman—your friend—he's all right!" That was all Mr. Quincey was able to say at the moment, but it was enough. The horror was over. Sir Peregrine and the Inspector helped Miss Nevil to reach a convenient pile of brushwood.

When further speech became possible, Mr. Quincey explained that he and his men, on their way back to the Tor, had heard the pistol-shot, and had hurried up the road and up the steep path which led from it to the summit, within a few yards of which they had met "the gentleman from London." He was coming gayly down the path, humming a tune, "evidently in the best of

spirits," said Mr. Quincey, who, having no doubt of the gentleman's identity, had wasted no time in talk, but had simply turned round and sped away to carry the news.

"Let us walk on and meet him," said Jane, rising with complete self-possession from her seat by the roadside.

Before reaching the point where the path turned off from the highway, the road led them past a level patch of greensward where a party of gypsies had camped for the night. A low round-topped tent and a rickety caravan stood furthest from the road; near to them a horse was tethered. In the foreground a fire was burning brightly, and around it stood, sat, and sprawled a little group of men, women, and children. A kettle hung over the fire from an oddly shaped iron pot, and a yellow dog lay watching the flying steam. One of the women, brilliantly illuminated by the fire, as though by the footlights of a theatre, stood cutting slices from a large loaf of bread.

As the party of three approached this picturesquely disposed scene, themselves unobserved, they saw the gypsy woman suspend the cutting of her loaf and turn away toward the side of the Tor as though some sound in that direction had attracted her attention. A moment later, from the dark shadow behind the tent, emerged a figure. It was Mr. Charles Ernshaw, elegantly dressed in frock coat, gray trousers, and a top hat. He carried a neatly folded umbrella in one hand; the other was concealed behind his back. Sir Peregrine and Jane stood still for a moment, watching. He whispered: "What can have happened? Is it possible that he *missed himself*? Perhaps he had better not see you until I have assured myself of his sanity." She stood back in the shadow.

Mr. Ernshaw advanced into the full glow of the firelight, bowed to the astonished company, and, with the air of a conjurer completing his most successful performance, produced from behind his back a fine hare. Grasping it by the ears, he held it up at arm's length. A murmur of admiration arose from his audience, but at that moment the young gentleman caught

sight of Sir Peregrine, who had by this time drawn near on the opposite side of the fire. Ernshaw stood for a few seconds without moving a muscle, still holding out the dangling body of the hare. Then he tossed it across the fire to one of the gypsy men, exclaiming:

"Take the *kanengro*, brother! *Chumani* to *hol* for you and the *tiknos*. Oh dear, what an ass I have been!"

Sir Peregrine was not disposed to contradict the last assertion, but the fragments of Romany speech sounded agreeably in his ears; he too had lingered in that sweet-scented woodland by-path of philology. So he waved his hand reassuringly to the young man, and, with the double aim of testing the readiness of his wits and of cautioning him against unwarily revealing the names which had hitherto been kept concealed, addressed him thus:

"*Frater, ave atque cave: nostra vera nomina celata tenere debemus.*"

Ernshaw, who had at once recognized Sir Peregrine, replied without a moment's hesitation:

"*Rectus es, amice nobilis Peregrine! Cautus ero.*" Then, with a glance at the two policemen, who were standing by, somewhat bewildered by the curiously polyglot conversation which had passed, he added:

"*Et, quia constabularii rurales nimiam non habent gumpionem—*"

The rest of the sentence was lost in an outburst of laughter from the baronet. The yellow dog emitted a series of sharp barks, as though appreciative of Mr. Ernshaw's command of canine Latin. The two men shook hands.

"We will not bother each other now with explanations," said Sir Peregrine. "But there is somebody else here with whom you must make your peace. For heaven's sake, do it as quickly as possible, for we are starving, and we haven't yet decided where to dine—or sleep either." He pointed across the road. Jane came out of the shadow into the moonlight. Ernshaw crossed over to where she stood, bent low before her, and raised her hand to his lips. Sir Peregrine turned away to talk to the gypsies.

They were urgent in their invitation

to the whole party, including (this with a twinkle in the eye) the policemen, to stay and sup off the hare. The urgent necessity of finding lodgings for the night, and—in the case of Mr. Quincey and his men—the requirements of professional etiquette, prevented the acceptance of this hospitable offer, and the Inspector proceeded to disband his forces.

Mr. Ernshaw in the meantime had made his peace with Miss Nevil by means of a series of representations which it would be impertinent and unnecessary to reproduce. He had, and did, cut a ridiculous figure; she, knowing his sensitiveness to ridicule, spared him as well as she could.

Turning to Sir Peregrine, he said: "I propose that for suppers and beds we go to 'The Choughs' at Yeominster—it's only half an hour by train; a capital inn, kept by a former butler of my father's. The rascal *buttled* to such good purpose that he retired with quite a little fortune, and set up as an innkeeper in his native town. I have a suspicion, too, that he retired with some of the contents of my dear father's cellar, because he has some excellent Steinwein in *bocksbeutel*s—"

"What is a 'bocksbeutel'?" asked Jane.

"A kind of flagon, many specimens of which were in my father's possession. But wherever it came from, I can recommend the Steinwein at 'The Choughs.'"

"Very well," said Sir Peregrine. "Of course you two will be my guests. Perhaps Mr. Quincey will be kind enough to walk on and have the wagonette brought round. There is a train to be caught." The party moved off down the hill, leaving the gypsies happy with a hare and a half-sovereign to the good.

VI.

"Your proceedings," observed Sir Peregrine to Mr. Ernshaw, as he replenished his glass with Steinwein, "were very like those of a person acting under hypnotic suggestion. You placed yourself voluntarily under the influence of the Benedictine—that appears, from your own account, to have been an act of pure folly. Your re-

sponsibility ended there. The result was to impress upon your over-excited brain the fixed idea of suicide. Why? It is impossible to say, for the factors in the problem are unknown. Perhaps some fantastic notions of the kind were floating in your mind just as you swallowed the liqueur, and became fixed, frozen, stereotyped, to the exclusion of all normal processes of reasoning. Perhaps it is a peculiarity of Benedictine, taken in excess, to induce suicidal mania; perhaps you have an inherited tendency in that direction." Ernshaw shook his head. "Ah, but you can't be certain. It is just in these abnormal conditions of the mind that one is apt to be dominated by a rascally group of corpses whose character was determined by some freakish ancestor of, say, five generations ago. Anyhow, it is clear that your mind was (temporarily I hope) deranged, and mental derangement is often accompanied by suicidal tendencies. Persons so affected not uncommonly display the most extraordinary forethought and cunning in order to achieve their ends! Allow me to send for another *bocksbeutel*."

Sir Peregrine and Jane had discovered that Ernshaw had no distinct recollection of anything that had happened from the moment of drinking the Benedictine up to the time when he found himself standing on the top of Burnt Tor with his pistol in his hand. When questioned concerning the sonnet, and when that atrocious specimen of versification, in his own handwriting, was placed before him, he admitted that he had a faint memory of having committed that literary offence—to paper. "It was as if he had been reminded of some incident in a dream," he said. His view was that he had been, in fact, in a somnambulistic, but half-conscious, state. The liqueur had acted like a magic potion; it had left him a certain mechanical adaptability to circumstances, but had made a clean sweep of his moral responsibility, "though that," he added, "you may find it hard to believe."

"Why so?" said the unwary baronet. "I have already produced a theory to account for it."

"Because," replied the frivolous

youth, "a *sweep* is of all things the most difficult to make clean. But seriously, I think that whether I was subject to temporary suicidal mania or not, I certainly showed a good deal of that cunning and forethought that you speak of. I must have got out at the station before Burnt Down because I had been to the other station before—last year—and I was afraid of being recognized. In fact, I remember feeling all day long a kind of nightmare terror lest I should meet any one I knew." He paused to pour out Steinwein to Jane and himself.

"And how did you feel when you found yourself on the Tor?" she said.

"I felt no surprise at all. I can't explain the feeling, but it was not like waking from sleep—rather as though some thick sort of muffler had been withdrawn from my brain. I had 'come to' in the same way for a minute when I was crossing the moor, but before I could realize the situation the muffler was round me again. But I was surprised, and rather alarmed, when I found my pistol in my hand. I felt as if some bogey had been playing with me, and I was awfully afraid of dropping back into his clutches. I must have been standing stock-still for several minutes—struggling, as it were, against the bogey—when I noticed that luckless hare sitting on his haunches in the moonlight, out of range I fancied. However, by a sudden impulse I raised the pistol and let fly at him. I never did any poaching in my life before; the game you get in that way is rarely worth the scandal! Nevertheless I brought him down, and the charm was broken. I was myself again, and there was one March hare the less on Burnt Tor. Kindly pass the bottle."

"And now," said Sir Peregrine, "let us for the moment say no more about your aberrations, and consider our future policy."

"I have already telegraphed to my man to say that I am all right. He is discreet. We will return to town by an early train to-morrow, and I'll concoct some fable to account for my absence from the office. That will be easy enough; I have done it before."

"I mean that you should consider

your position with regard to Miss Nevil."

A smile passed between the two young people.

"Why," said Jane, "we settled all that when you were talking to your gypsy friends on the Tor."

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Yes," said Ernshaw, "we are going to announce our engagement in the *Morning Post*, and intend to get married as soon as a reasonable number of presents have come in."

"The deuce you do! And without asking my consent? I'm not sure that you ought ever to marry with a record of criminal lunacy behind you; why, it was not only your life that was in danger, for even after escaping your own pistol you might have been carried off to jail or to an asylum."

"I have been told," said Ernshaw, with apparent seriousness, "that a man doesn't know what real comfort is until he has tried living in a padded room. Just think—what luxury! The walls, the very floor itself, all padded! And as for going to prison, have you ever considered what an admirable vehicle that is which is known by the name of *Black Maria*? How dexterously it contrives to combine the privacy of the bathing-machine with the democratic universality of the omnibus?" Sir Peregrine checked the flow of levity with a question to Jane:

"But will your mother agree? And how shall you persuade her to discard that fellow with the barley-sugar legs—Mr. Topham?"

"Topham," put in Ernshaw abruptly, "may go to the De-Deccan, or any other distant land, and remain there! I beg your pardon, my dear Jane, but the mere mention of the man's name is inexpressibly galling to me! I can't tell you, Sir Peregrine, what I—and Jane—have suffered from him. He is a prig of the most bore-some description. Just think, he once insisted on reading aloud to us from a collection of platitudes which he very properly calls his "commonplace book." And he has written a play called *Queen Anne*—*The Queen Anne*, you know—in which, I believe, he informs the world of her decease! An-

other bocksbeutel, if you please, waiter."

"It is quite true," said Jane. "He has a dreadful lot of money, you know, and the extracts that he read to us were mostly about what he called 'the serious responsibilities attaching to the possession of wealth.' He was horribly solemn about it."

"What nonsense!" said the baronet. "Look at me. Here I am, as rich as Croesus, and as jolly as a sand-boy—whatever that may be. But as for his play, I don't think that you, Ernshaw, are quite in a position to indulge in literary criticism, after this specimen of your own compositions"—he pointed to the sonnet, which lay beside him on the table.

Ernshaw snatched it up and tore it into fragments.

"It's no use, my boy," said Sir Peregrine, "Miss Nevil and I have every word of it by heart. Why, we gave it the same sort of attention which a German commentator gives to a sonnet of Shakespeare's. However, I must admit that it showed some acquaintance with English literature, though perverted to a base use. With regard to Amos, I find it hard to believe that Mrs. Nevil can want him for a son-in-law."

"I don't care a bit whether she does or not," said naughty Jane.

"But we must try not to annoy her, if we can possibly help it. It would spoil the party. I think," Sir Peregrine went on deliberately, "I can suggest a plan which will smooth away all difficulties—that is, if you will agree to it. I will make you my heiress." Seeing their astonished faces, he added: "Not my *sole* heiress, you know; I have about a dozen of 'em already. It is one of my notions as to the responsibilities attaching to the possession of wealth."

The two looked confusedly at him and at each other. He proceeded:

"My system is, that my heirs and heiresses start inheriting at once. You see, I've not the least intention of dying, and I can't understand why a ridiculous convention, which ought not to exist between friends, should prevent me from doing them a service until I am occupied in quiring to the

young-eyed cherubim (or otherwise) and possibly unable to get any amusement out of my bequests. My motives are to a great extent selfish ones. Besides, the amounts are not large: merely a competence. Catch me cutting down my own expenditure! So say the word, and I will go and propitiate the fates (my solicitors, Messrs. Stokoe, Lancaster & Antrobus, of Moira Place) the day after we arrive in town."

Miss Nevil was ready to say the word without demur. But it took a good half-hour's argument, and repeated applications of Steinwein, to extort Mr. Ernshaw's consent.

"Not that your consent is at all necessary," said Sir Peregrine to him. "Only I don't want to spoil the party. And remember—a word from me, and your proceedings to-day will be the talk of the town!"

The poor young man murmured something about the humiliation of being a pensioner.

"You, my dear Ernshaw, will get nothing out of me except (if you are a good boy) whatever help I can give you in your profession. Your wife will have a little dowry, instead of none—that is all. And she and I are not going to be deprived of our legitimate amusements because of the ridiculous scruples (pardon me if I speak too plainly) of a hare-brained—"

Mr. Ernshaw's resistance collapsed.

"There is one point on which I must insist," said Sir Peregrine, "and that is, that from this day forward you become a total abstainer—from Benedictine, and I should like to add from sonnets also, unless you wish to bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the Woking Crematorium! That is understood? Very well."

He turned to Miss Nevil, and addressing her for the first time by her Christian name, remarked: "My dear Jane, the Steinwein stands with you."

—*Longman's Magazine.*

AN OLD FAMILY PORTRAIT.

BY H. N. M.

If you could think, if you could speak,
I wonder how your voice would sound!
And what opinion you would hold
Of those who idly crowd around!

Why are your eyes, with passive gaze,
Fixed on us as we laugh or weep,
As though you seemed to stand aloof
And mystic self-communion keep?

Can all we say, and all we do,
And all we are or might have been,
Be nought to you, as though we were
Unknown, uncared for, and unseen?

'Tis ages since the artist's brush
Upon a snowy canvas drew
Your features; then revered and loved,
Now only known by name to few.

It may be ages since you left
To enter on your endless trance;
But day by day we love to build
Around your face some fresh romance.

THE RUIN OF SPAIN.

BY E. J. DILLON.

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!"

—LAMENTATIONS i. 1.

IN few decaying empires is the contrast between the glorious past and the sordid present, between fantastic dreams and repulsive facts, splendid possibilities and hateful realities, so striking and so cruel as in the land of Cervantes, Cortez, and Calderon de la Barca. That once mighty kingdom is now but the merest shadow of its former self; its cities, shrivelled and shrunken to the dimensions of mere villages, are noted only for their mouldering monuments of long-departed power, wealth, and glory; and the footsteps of the foreigner, as he crosses the broad public places and ill-paved streets, or moves along the mystically sombre aisles of the majestic cathedrals, echo and re-echo with a weird ultramundane sound, till he starts and turns to assure himself that the ghosts of the past, whose presence he distinctly feels, have not suddenly risen from the historic dust. In the period of its greatness the University alone of Salamanca numbered more students than the entire city possesses inhabitants to-day. And nearly all the other once famous towns resemble it in this: arrested development is the curse they have inherited from the past; decay and death the principal process visible in the present. Walking along the deserted streets of Valladolid, Salamanca, or the dead city of the Cid, the imaginative stranger seems to hear the very wind chanting the requiem of the warriors, statesmen, princes, and poets who built up the greatness of Spain, and who, having sighed in vain for the obscurities of happiness, rotted in prisons, hungered in garrets, or were burned at the stake, in the days when hope was buoyant and faith was strong.

But this century, of all others, has proved the most unlucky for Spain since her venturesome mariners first

opened up America to the Peninsula and the world. The ills and misfortunes which formerly followed each other at long intervals during a hundred years have been since crowded into the space of a single decade; colonial, civil, international wars, urban riots, provincial risings, national revolutions, have succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity, demoralizing the rulers and exhausting the people. At home, agricultural, industrial, and educational progress was arrested, while monarchs were abdicating, being expelled and recalled, while constitutions were being couched in eloquent terms, solemnly sanctioned, and summarily abolished, while rights were ruefully doled out and gleefully suppressed again; and abroad, greater Spain shrank and collapsed like a punctured windbag, Chili and Colombia first gaining their independence, Florida passing by sale to the United States, Peru and Mexico severing their connection with the mother country, until now that Spain, about to lose her last and most precious possession beyond the seas, has virtually ceased to be an American Power. Nor does the evil end here: it has disastrously affected the Peninsula itself; Spain still has millions of noble sons who can display at will

"The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unclaimed blood,"

but whose miserable lot it has hitherto been either to vegetate at home in ruinous ignorance, steeped in poverty to the very lips, or else to be drafted off to the Philippines or Cuba, there to perish ingloriously, the victims of fever, of treachery, or of war's vicissitudes; she still possesses heroic soldiers, worthy of olden days, but owing to the short-sightedness and negligence of her self-appointed leaders they have long since ceased to conquer and to triumph, and can now merely offer the vain sacrifice of their lives on the altar of their country; she still has artists, but they have ceased to create and are

satisfied with humbly imitating; she is rich in statesmen, but they have lost the knack of thinking, planning, acting, and are contented to be ranked as artistic orators; she still possesses a race of noble peasants, heart-whole, simple-minded, and sober, who gladly pay their last peseta to be spent in the defence of abstract ideals, but they are indignant to find that it is squandered by self-seeking hidalgos, whose way is corruption and whose name is legion.

The causes of this calamitous breakdown of one of the mightiest nations of modern times are numerous, and, as some of them are open to controversy, it would serve no useful purpose to discuss them exhaustively. One of the principal evils which Spaniards themselves always admit and occasionally lament is the extraordinary lack of instruction which characterizes the people as a whole. Out of eighteen million inhabitants the number of illiterates exceeds sixteen millions! It is only fair to add, however, that the difference between the two classes is one of form rather than of substance, and is contained less in the greater number of ideas possessed by the educated than in the elegance with which they express the every-day notions and pathetic delusions which are common to all. Take university education, for example, which in the palmy days of Salamanca University was fully abreast of the European times: we find that, in the opinion of friendly French experts, it is calculated to inspire, without justifying, the pride of superior knowledge which teems with the germs of every species of misfortune. The administrative authority possesses the right of regulating the lectures and programmes, and the printed textbook, which in every case must supplement the oral instruction given by the professor, is vetoed, or even directly chosen by the Government, in deference to considerations which have nothing in common with science. M. Paul Melon, a Frenchman who made a special study of higher education in Spain, writes: "The Bachelor who has terminated the course of the *institute* knows not one word of Greek, extremely little Latin, and, judging by the expositions which one

hears at the university—even at the close of a year of study—he is utterly ignorant of contemporary history."

Modern languages are likewise unknown in Spain to a degree which has to be realized before it can be believed. Politicians, statesmen, physicians, journalists, courtiers, and even merchants are content with speaking their own sonorous language—and can very seldom express themselves in any other. I have seen Englishmen and Frenchmen in the Foreign Department of the Central Telegraph Office wandering disconsolately hither and thither unable to find a single official conversant, in any degree, with the French tongue. The Liberal Government of Señor Sagasta, having introduced censorship of foreign telegrams such as has never been practised in Russia,* was at its wits' ends to find a censor capable of reading messages written in German, and finally it was decided that they should go as they were, unexamined. I frequently saw two identical telegrams, of which one was in French and the other in German, handed in at the Telegraph Office, and on the following day I learned that the French message had been suppressed by the Censor, and the German telegram transmitted without remark.

Monumental ignorance of contemporary history and modern languages has left its abiding mark on the ruling classes in Spain, and is to a large extent answerable for the irreparable calamities which have overtaken the brave, patient, and noble-minded people. It is dangerous for one blind man to lead another; but it is utterly calamitous when the sightless leader has visions, and is under the delusion that he can see. And these are exactly the relations which, ever since the days of Queen Isabella, have subsisted between the rulers and the ruled. The results thereof are writ large in every page of

* The Spanish Censor refused to allow the speech of the Marine Minister to be telegraphed to London even in the Minister's own words. If this prohibition could have assured the absolute suppression of that remarkable explanation, I should warmly approve the measure in the interests of the Spanish Government. As this was impossible it had merely the effect of a superfluous and damaging comment.

contemporary Spanish history, in every step of successive Spanish Governments, in the dangerous mixture of wanton rigor and unpatriotic license which was meted out to the colonies, in the paralysis of all healthy enterprise in the Peninsula, in the neglect of national interests, and the step-motherly treatment of the army and the navy.

The sixteen million illiterates and a majority of those whose modest literary accomplishments entitle them to rank with the "classes" care nothing for politics, and have but one fervent wish: to be allowed to work in peace, to better their lot and the lot of their children, and to be permitted to enjoy as much as possible of the fruits of their own honest labor. For politics, domestic, colonial, or international, they have neither taste nor understanding. Cuba never affected this class of Spaniards in the least. The colonial wave never reached them in any form but that of a mighty destroyer, whose human victims were more numerous than those of Moloch, and whose cruelties exceeded those of the old Mexican gods. These peasants are of different races, they possess their own tribal customs and traditions intact, and the main links that bind them all in one more or less homogeneous whole are devotion to their religion and fanatic love of their native land. Their inborn mental and moral qualities are apparently of a high order, but owing to a deplorable lack of development have never been properly utilized and are, therefore, as the Schoolmen term it, *in posse* rather than *in esse*.

The minority of five or six hundred thousand are the politicians, the mighty Archimedes who intend to move the world, as soon as they themselves are cozily settled in snug little Government offices. For every petty post in the gift of the Government, which brings in but £30 or £40 a year, there are from eight to twelve candidates impatiently waiting for the moving of the waters, and ready to preach the Conservative, Liberal, Republican, or Carlist gospel according to the outlook at the moment. The number of these trusty followers is much larger than the loaves and fishes with which the triumphant party can hope to feed

them, and amounts in all to about 420,000 men, with stentorian voices and minds open to political conviction. Heretofore the Liberals and Conservatives divided the spoils of office in a manner so refreshingly novel and simple that one wonders it was never hit upon in other countries. When one party had had a fairly good innings, and the other had remained long enough in the cold outside, the principle of live and let live was always appealed to and enforced, the Government resigning on a pretext, and the Opposition coming in for a share of the good things of office. To give an idea of the extent to which Parliamentary institutions have taken root in the country, I may say that it was the chief of the Conservative party, Canovas del Castillo, who, desirous of acclimatizing party government in Spain, actually and deliberately founded the opposition to his own Cabinet, and placed Señor Sagasta at its head! The Conservatives having had a long spell of power, and showing no signs of natural decay, Sagasta declared that unless he and his merry men were given a chance of partaking of the loaves and fishes they would have to organize a revolution. Thereupon Señor Canovas sought out the King, explained matters to him, and said: "Sire, I will furnish the necessary pretext. I will ask you to give me your confidence for ten years in advance, and you will naturally refuse to agree to the absurd request. Then my Cabinet will resign, and your Majesty will call in the Liberals." And the plan was carried out! This puerile play, the costs of which the wretched people must pay, is the substance of what is called "Constitutional Government" in Spain. It need hardly be said that the elections, which are "secret and free," invariably send a majority of the party which happens to be in power at the time. A brief description of how this "free and independent expression of the enlightened opinion of the country" was provoked a few weeks ago by the Liberal Cabinet of Señor Sagasta, which a Spanish writer later published as typical of all elections, may prove instructive if not edifying.

The Cabinet, and in this particular

case Señor Sagasta himself, the Apostle of Liberal principles, who had been for years a revolutionist, decided beforehand how large a majority he needed, and this done, he considered how the seats of the minority should be distributed, for a Spanish Prime Minister, like Napoleon, leaves nothing to chance—when elections are in question. Not only had the adversaries to be counted but also weighed; for it is not enough that the Minister should resolve to allow a certain number of Republicans, of Carlists, of Conservatives, etc., to be returned, he must also determine which of them. It is a delicate task, but *noblesse oblige*, and a Prime Minister can only do his best; still, one would think he would severely draw the line of anti-dynastic parties. But not at all. During the recent debates in the Cortes, after the disaster at Cavite, Count Romanones taunted the Republicans with having been snugly installed in their seats by the Government of his Majesty the King, and with forgetting what they owed the Cabinet. Count Romanones is not a simple unofficial individual: he is the Alcalde of Madrid, who “presided over” the elections, carefully controlling them, and who occupies the position of right-hand man to the Minister of the Interior, which, as the *Nacional* puts it, is “the Central Manufactory of the Parliaments.” “What will the country think of the Government?” asks that organ. “What will it think of the Parliament in which even the very anti-dynastic oppositional factions owe their seats to Government favor?”

This, however, is by the way. The manner in which the elections are carried out is further described by the Spanish writer in a manner which suggests the question, Is it right, is it loyal, is it moral, for a party calling itself Liberal to preach Constitutionalism to the people, and, having acquired power by the advocacy of this doctrine, to drill and drive this people, in defiance of the fundamental principles of Liberalism, as if they were so many head of cattle? The critic declares that people who have no right whatever to record their votes are conducted early to the polling-booths, where they vote, of course, for the Government's

candidates. The real voters, taught by painful experience, generally remain at home, their names being assumed by the others. If, however, a voter appears and insists on exercising his right, he is boldly accused of having already given his vote, and therefore of a criminal attempt to poll twice over, is hurried off to prison, and a wearisome investigation is begun. It may end in his favor, no doubt; but before it concludes he will probably wish he were at the bottom of the Dead Sea. Many deceased electors arise from their tombs in order to record their adhesion to the Government in office—or, at least, people assuming the names of defunct citizens come and exercise their rights without let or hindrance. The dead thus vigilantly watch over the welfare of the living, which, strange to say, is invariably and indissolubly bound up with the success of the Government of the day. Now it may be, and probably is, true that the people are not yet educated up to the standard which would qualify them to judge for themselves; but to an unsophisticated European mind it would seem that to act upon this supposition, and at the same time to discourse eloquently on the contrary assumption, is unworthy of any party calling itself Liberal or ethical. Nobody in Spain, however, has as yet declared or felt that tactics of this kind are at all out of keeping with the Liberalism of SS. Sagasta, Moret, and Gullon; and Spaniards are by far the best judges of the question.

Despite the doubtful ethics of politics and the low ebb of intellectual culture, if not precisely in consequence of these, the gift of tongues is possessed and cultivated by Spanish statesmen to a degree unknown in contemporary Europe. Eloquence of a high order is the one light visible in Spanish politics, as phosphorescence is the characteristic of decaying woods and forests. The Peninsula possesses some of the greatest orators of modern times, whose rich and varied imagery flows softly, smoothly, soothingly over the finest intellectuals and without a single original thought to break the pleasing monotony. Don Emilio Castelar, the eminent Republican, for instance, or Señor Moret, the Colonial Minister, who was

the soul and brain of Sagasta's Cabinet, is capable of holding forth for hours and hours upon any subject under the sun in sonorous and musical periods which tickle the ears and hypnotize the minds of their mystically disposed hearers. Spanish politicians love eloquence as Midas loved gold; and their taste is gratified as his was. They have never yet felt the want of statesmanship; and it may well be doubted whether at the present moment there is one statesman of even the third-rate order among the many politicians who claim to possess a panacea for the grave disorders of their ill-starred Fatherland and clamor for an opportunity of experimenting with it. There is, indeed, one strong man in the country, a *man par excellence*, one who knows his own mind, adjusts means to ends, sees things as they are without green spectacles or blue; and that man is General Weyler. Whether he also possesses the makings of a statesman it is as yet too early to say, but it is hardly too much to affirm that the very errors of such a man would probably prove more advantageous to his country than the thorough realization of the deliberate plans of the professed politicians. Those great artistic talkers whose mellifluous phrases are to thoughts as the thinnest gold-leaf is to the most solid nugget of gold, have "governed" Spain for half a century, and to the stranger who desires to see the visible and tangible results of their administration, one may repeat the words of Teufelsdröckh's epitaph on the monument of Count Zähdarm: "*Si vis monumentum, adspice*"—impoverishment, stagnation, hunger, ruin. Doubtless other and more subtly solvent forces have likewise been at work, but a third-rate politician could and would have stayed their action; and the immediate and proximate causes of the national catastrophe are, without doubt, the polished rhetoricians who painted with their richest oratorical colors the sepulchres of mouldering bones.

Don Emilio Castelar is a perfect type of the political orator who would heal a nation's ills with magniloquent words, as Bishop Berkeley sought to cure all human disorders with tar-water. Like

the once celebrated Pico de la Mirandola, he has written countless volumes in folio, in quarto, and in octavo, which might with average precision be labelled: "*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," the numerous supplements being entitled "*Paralipomena*." History, poetry, romance, politics, theology, art, and science have all been whipped by this latter-day literary confectioner into oceans of sugary cream, an infinitesimal quantity of which cloy the critical palate.* This professor, politician, and poet was for some time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and once attained the high dignity of Chief of the State, with results which will not soon be forgotten in Spain.

Señor Castelar is an out-and-out Republican, and he speaks of his doctrine with the natural pride of a political Paracelsus, who has discovered an important truth which is destined to save and ennoble humanity. The one infallible nostrum for all the ills of Spain is the Republican form of Government. Nor does Don Emilio mean a Republic like that of Sparta, or even after the model of that of Switzerland. By no means. His principle is, little causes and great effects. So vast and thaumaturgical is the virtue of the mere form that it alone would suffice to reform men, morals, and manners, and, to use a hackneyed Hibernicism, transform arid mountains into smiling valleys. He would change absolutely nothing but the form. Last year he explained his views on the subject to a French friend of his, who made them public shortly afterward at the risk of their being plagiarized by others. He said: "*Spain is a Republic already*."

* Among Señor Castelar's works I may quote: "*Lucan: his Life, his Genius, his Poems*," "*A History of Civilization during the First Five Centuries of Christianity*," "*Portraits of European Celebrities (Semblanzas)*," "*Souvenirs of Italy*," "*History of the Republican Movement in Europe*," "*The Religious Revolution*," "*Historical Studies on the Middle Ages*," "*The History of a Heart*," "*Historical Gallery of Celebrated Women*," "*The Formula of Progress*," "*Political and Social Questions*," "*The Ransom of the Slave*," "*Letters on European Politics*," etc. His work on Russia contains more astounding errors in a comparatively small compass than could be conveniently corrected in two bulky volumes.

If one day it should fall to our lot to bestow upon it this name, *we should leave everything as it is*, and would merely accord to the President certain executive rights over and above those which the King possesses.* That is to say, Spain is suffering from misgovernment, from administrative corruption, from incompetent statesmen, from financial exhaustion, from the want of a clearly defined policy, from a vast nosology of political diseases; but they will all vanish as at the waving of a magician's wand if, instead of calling the country a monarchy, we give it the nickname of Republic, and speak of the ruler as President! And Don Emilio Castelar is one of the most brilliant lights among the contemporary politicians of the Peninsula!

Another eminent Spanish statesman is the famous Pi y Margall, whose ardent Republicanism is of a shade apparently very different from that which Señor Castelar advocates; but whether it is more or less radical is, I fear, a question that others must decide. Señor Pi y Margall has frequently assured his eighteen million fellow-countrymen, whose knowledge of technical terms and of Greek roots is presumably very limited, that the Republic which, in his opinion, could alone save the country ought to be based upon a compact which must be "synallagmatical, bilateral, and commutative." If it be all three, then his countrymen may sleep peacefully in their beds at night, confident that everything will prosper in the best of political communities. Pi y Margall was a member of the Cabinet at a very critical period of contemporary Spanish history, and one day coming into the council-room, he announced to his colleagues, in a sad and serious tone of voice, that he had something of great urgency and transcendent importance to submit to their consideration. The Ministers looked anxious and listened. The orator then informed them that he had lately been forced to the unwelcome conclusion that the Mohammedan Mosque at Cordova belongs of right to the Moors, and ought in common honesty to be re-

stored to them by one of those spontaneous acts of justice which, however unpalatable at the moment, invariably redound in the long run to the credit of the Government which possesses the courage and the integrity to accomplish them! The State at that time not being founded on the synallagmatical, bilateral, and commutative compact, turned a deaf ear to the proposal of its faithful servant, and went on to consider the current questions of the day. Another of the pillars of the Republican party is Señor Salmeron, who has played important parts in the grand political drama of Spain in the facile and florid manner characteristic of most Spanish statesmen. This eminent orator was once called upon, in his capacity as Secretary of State, to sign the death warrant of a condemned criminal. Like another very famous Republican of Arras in France, Señor Salmeron hesitated, refused, tendered his resignation, and left his colleagues in a most embarrassing position at a very critical juncture. Robespierre, it is true, got over this morbid tenderness very quickly, and became, as it were, to the manner born; but Señor Salmeron, who has since had very little experience of affairs, is presumably of the same opinion still.

Statesmen of this calibre might successfully govern places like Pitcairn's Island, or possibly Plato's Republic, but a sorely afflicted country like Spain has little to hope from their principles or their practice. They know exactly what is going to happen to England, France, Europe, the world, in a hundred or a thousand years, but are stone blind to the imminent dangers that threaten their own country to-day and assume the form of national calamities to-morrow. I was especially struck with a curious instance of this abnormal short-sightedness just before the present war broke out. It was at the beginning of April. I called on Señor Castelar, whose eloquent articles in French reviews on the political situation were just then being spoken of as masterpieces of style. In the course of conversation I broached the subject of the coming war. Don Emilio started. "War?" he said. "War," I repeated. "Between whom?" "Be-

* Gaston Routier: "L'Espagne en 1897," p. 184.

tween Spain and the United States," I answered. "Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. Then, growing suddenly serious, "Utter rubbish!" he exclaimed; "excuse me, but the thing is so absolutely impossible, so completely inconceivable, that I cannot give it another name. I refuse to entertain the notion even as an abstract possibility. A war between Spain and the United States is impossible. Take my word for it." Señor Castelar's feelings, a few days later, may have resembled those of the American general who, during the War of Secession, having sought to take a certain fortress in the South and failed, came back to the House of Representatives, of which he was a member, and there made an eloquent speech, showing very clearly that the fortress in question was absolutely impregnable. The highly applauded discourse was only once interrupted, and that was for the purpose of reading a despatch, which had just been received by President Lincoln, announcing that the fortress was taken with little loss to the assailants. Paradoxical though it may appear, it is none the less true that the cause of the dynasty gains almost as much through the opposition of the Republicans as it loses through the advocacy of its friends.

The Liberal party in Spain, many of whose leaders graduated in the Republican or Revolutionary school, differ from the regular Republicans only in being much less unpractical, in being "wise in their generation," and in never refusing to make friends with the Mammon of Iniquity; and from the Conservatives they are distinguished in this—that they reject with holy horror the illiberal and old-fashioned principles preached by that party, while imitating and even intensifying the utmost rigor of their anti-Liberal practices. Anything more brilliant, humane, and hollow than the phrases of the Liberal party, anything more plausible or more dangerous than their diplomacy, anything more specious and ruinous than their financial schemes, anything more loyal and compromising than their defence of the dynasty it would be impossible to frame and difficult to conceive. A foreign diplomatist with whom I lately conversed charac-

terized their work as follows: They assumed the reins of power at a time when the insurrection in Cuba was at its last gasp, when the means of trampling it out in a few short months were at their disposal, when it was still possible and even easy to confine the misunderstanding between Spain and the States within the limits of diplomacy, when not a suspicion of danger threatened the dynasty, when the finances of the country were capable of being placed on a sound and stable basis, and when a new and prosperous era might have been inaugurated. Yet within less than six months they had deliberately abandoned all these advantages without receiving anything in return; had submitted to what all Spain has unanimously characterized as unparalleled humiliations; had denounced the most loyal, devoted, and successful Spanish general as a cruel assassin; allowed a trusty and respected diplomatist to be insulted by the Yankees, and then punished him in order to please their country's enemies; had condemned the colonial policy of their predecessors as inhuman and rapacious; had prostrated themselves and the kingdom at the feet of the American war party till the statesmen of the Republic had good reason to expect from them any and every concession, however humiliating; they had laughed to scorn the idea of a war, and cracked daily jokes on the subject with lively correspondents; they had refused to listen to the advice of generals, admirals, and journalists to see to the defences of Manila; they had withdrawn large numbers of troops from the Philippines; they had declined to purchase coal till its cost rose to over 250 per cent; they had imprisoned Spanish citizens for shouting "Hurrah for Spain!" they had drifted into war while dreaming of peace; they had solemnly promised victory to the people, and when dire defeat was announced instead, they "doctored" up the official despatches causing the unsuspecting population to go wild with enthusiasm at the alleged defeat of the enemy; they remained listless spectators of the exportation of the people's food, and proclaimed martial law when the hungry wretches complained of

famine; they sought to raise funds by ruining the finances for generations to come, and thus sowed the seeds of a future civil war which may seal forever the fate of Spain. If the country had been in a state of utter anarchy it could not have fallen an easier prey to the enemy. The 700 brave Spaniards who lost their lives at Cavite remind one less of men killed in battle than of human holocausts hewn to pieces on the altar of an angry god. The sin of King David in sending Uriah the Hittite to the "forefront of the hottest battle," in order that he should be killed, was a trifling peccadillo in comparison with the crime of ruthlessly sacrificing the gallant Captain Gadarso and the best blood of Spain. The same view has been expressed over and over again, even by such Liberal organs of Madrid as the *Imparcial* and *Liberal*, to say nothing of the press representatives of the other parties.

What is absolutely certain, however, is that the Liberal Cabinet wholly reversed the policy of their predecessors, not on the merits of the case, but because of the overweening confidence they placed in the success of their own diplomatic action. The reasons for this childish self-trust are various, but chief among them is the exaggerated importance which Señor Gullon, the Foreign Minister, attributed to certain counsels and opinions offered him by foreign diplomatists. The Spanish "statesman," like all Spaniards, is endowed with a high degree of inborn tact, which is an invaluable quality in a professional diplomatist, but, imperfectly acquainted with foreign languages and peoples, and incapable of reducing the various "assurances" and "intimations" of French, Austrian, Russian, or other statesmen to a common diplomatic denominator, he is always tempted, and frequently led, to construe their words in the sense that best harmonizes with his own thoughts and wishes. Undoubtedly Europe desired to avert the war—each country for reasons of its own—and Señores Moret, Gullon, and Sagasta concluded that where there's a will there's a way. Therefore they adopted the policy of carrying out Europe's suggestions. The question whether Europe could

and would share the responsibility for the consequences, if the counsels proved inefficacious and the consequences disastrous, seems never to have been seriously considered. Yet it would have been only natural, statesmanlike, and patriotic to make ready for war. The United States were preparing with a vengeance, and, to those who are acquainted with the United States, it was very clear, long before the *Maine* exploded, that the arbiter of peace and war was the people there, and neither General Woodford nor President McKinley, and that the feeling of the people was strongly in favor of war. The Spanish Government also lost much owing to the circumstance that certain of its diplomatic representatives abroad are just as unacquainted with the language, customs, and psychology of the people in whose midst they live as are the "statesmen" who have remained at Madrid.

I had the honor to converse with Señor Gullon on the subject of Cuba and the United States about a fortnight before the war broke out. He was optimistic, buoyant, and jovial. The impression he left on me was that of a very healthy, happy, and clever tight-rope walker who, when standing over the Falls of Niagara, allows himself to slip and hang down by his feet, just to give a further proof of the thoroughness with which he has mastered all the tricks of his calling, and to indulge in a pleasant laugh at the nervousness of his audience. He was still, of course, a firm believer in peace. Some days later—in fact, almost on the eve of the departure of General Woodford—the same exhilarating buoyancy prevailed at the Foreign Office, where, as I have reason to know, it was fully expected that in three or four days more, at the very outside, everything would be peacefully and satisfactorily arranged with the United States. I should not have believed it possible for sane men to entertain such optimistic views at that critical moment; but it is impossible to doubt the fact, seeing that it has since been publicly confessed by Señor Moret in the Spanish Congress, and has unfortunately also been vouched for by the massacre of over 700 brave Spaniards at Cavite, for

whose efficacious defence no attempt at preparation was made.

The Government which thus firmly, but groundlessly believed in peace and staked the national existence upon the correctness of this superficial forecast could hardly be expected to conduct war with much confidence or any success. It is psychologically interesting to note, however, that it was not the confidence which was lacking—merely the grounds to engender and the facts to justify it. Señor Sagasta's Cabinet actually expected victory in the war with the United States; and yet they knew much more about the lamentable conditions of the conflict than outsiders ever suspected. But they are firm believers in miracles. Take the defences of the Philippines as an instance. Foreigners knew little or nothing about them, but Señor Sagasta's colleagues, the Ministers of War and Marine, were well aware of the bitter truth. They knew, for example, having been to'd over and over again, that the approaches to the Bay of Manila were provided "with the same defences which the first discoverers of the country had found when they arrived there 400 years ago. Down to last August," says Admiral Don Joaquín Lazaga, "there was not one single cannon, not the smallest defensive or offensive work there. Everything was and everything still is in its primitive condition: for nobody has given attention to this vital matter."* Everybody who had studied the subject knew that the entrance to Manila could be rendered practically impossible by erecting heavy batteries on the coast of Mariveles, Corregidor, and Punta Restinga. "The defences of Cavite consist," says Admiral Lazaga, "in a weak and unfinished rampart, deficient in guns, and in a naval battery at the extremity of the arsenal, with four Armstrong guns. This is the best that we have to rely upon. At the extremity, Sangley, a battery is being constructed, which was planned at the time of the Carolines conflict, and is not yet finished."†

Letters had been written to the Government, articles had been published in the press calling upon the authorities to put the Philippines into a satisfactory state of defence. But in vain. The Government pledged their reputation that peace would be preserved—which was quite permissible—and they also staked the lives and fortunes of thousands of Spaniards on that event, which their fellow-countrymen hold to have been less permissible. The press, re-echoing the wishes of the country, then called upon the Prime Minister to part with his colleague of the Marine, whose perfect urbanity and child-like naïveté are delightful and refreshing qualities in the *salons* of Madrid, but hardly sufficient to enable him to conduct a naval conflict with the United States. But Señor Sagasta only smiled with that curious smile of his suggestive of December sunshine in a Siberian wilderness, and held fast to the Minister of Marine.

Then came the news of the approaching naval combat at Cavite, at which, as the Government was well aware, Spain's squadron consisted of mere wooden shells provided with guns which were but toy pistols as compared with those possessed by the enemy. It was also aware that torpedoes could and should have been placed in the Bay of Manila; that mines should have been laid down to contest the approaches, but were not; that searchlights should have been provided, and that, none of these things having been done, the impending engagement would be less a naval battle than a ruthless, needless slaughter of brave men. It is difficult for the average European to fathom the winding depths of the official mind in Spain. What is certain is that when a Deputy, Señor Gasset, mentioned the defences of the Philippines in Parliament on the eve of the engagement at Cavite, the bland and good-natured Marine Minister arose and said that he had left nothing undone to render those defences what they should be, and that "very shortly the splendor of victory would burst forth and illumine the country." And people believing him, were consoled, for they are more easily played on than a pipe. It cannot be doubted that the

* Cf. *La Correspondencia de España* and *El Nacional*, May 11th, 1898.

† *Ibidem*.

Minister himself was convinced that the Spanish squadron would triumph over the warships of the enemy, for we have his word for it. And on the fateful first of May, when the bad tidings were received in Madrid, the Ministers reading the telegram athwart the roseate spectacles of their hopes actually interpreted it to mean a victory over the Yankees! The two newspapers, *El Nacional* and *El Herald*, however, made the true significance of the dispatch perfectly clear. One Cabinet Minister then went off to soothe his suffering soul at a bull-fight, and another set about drawing up the "official" account of the engagement in *usum Delphini* for the edification of the provinces. The Censure suppressed private telegrams, and the ministerial dispatch was so cleverly worded that the people of Havana, as well as the inhabitants of many towns of Spain, ran wild with patriotic enthusiasm at the signal defeat of the Yankees! Why this was done nobody ever knew, but it can hardly be attributed to child-like *naïveté* on the part of the Ministers who are the official representatives of the political party which boasts its love of light and truth.

Forty-eight hours after having prophesied the victory of the Spanish squadron Señor Bermejo, the good-humored Minister of Marine, rose in Parliament to tell his tale. He had been attacked by the Republican Señor Salmeron and the Carlist Señor Lloren because the "victory" which had resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish squadron was not quite up to what he had promised. And the Minister's explanations were very clear and exhaustive. He said that the Bay of Manila could not be protected at all, and his colleague of the War Department added that the ships fought at such a distance that the land batteries could not reach them, and that it would take long years to mount effective guns on the coasts. The Marine Minister also laid great stress on the important fact that it would have been worse than useless to lay down torpedoes in the Bay; and in his peroration he added that he had just sent 150 torpedoes, which were now on their way to the Philippines! "In jolly good

time too!" exclaimed the Deputies. He and they seem to have forgotten to underline the fact that the torpedoes which were worse than useless before the "battle" was fought should have been dispatched after it was over and there was nothing more to defend. The Marine Minister publicly regretted that the entrance to the Bay is six miles broad, but he quite forgot that the island of Corregidor and the positions of El Fraile and La Monja shorten that width considerably. The Congress set to work then to discuss the question not of immediately hindering the recurrence of similar blunders during the war, but of distributing responsibilities: Señor Salmeron and the Republicans accused the monarchy of having caused the disaster; the Ministers accused Providence or nature, which had formed the entrance to Manila Bay in a manner unfavorable to cheap and effective defence; Señor Romero Robledo asserted more truthfully than opportunely that the Liberal party was to blame; the Parliamentary majority declared that either nobody was to blame or else that it could only be Canovas del Castillo, who is mouldering in his grave. Meanwhile the average man thought and said that life in Spain will never again be worth living until all those parties and institutions which, having taxed the much-enduring peasant to the level of famine for the defence of the kingdom, and squandered the money in bribery and corruption, and brought the country face to face with political ruin, were themselves once for all swept away. A military dictator who would purge the land of politicians suffering from rhetorical catarrh and worse maladies, and would govern with a firm hand and a clear head, was often and often prayed for by honest men who cared nothing for politics or parties.

The Liberal party in general, and the Ministers Moret,* Sagasta, and Gullon in particular, have, competent Spaniards affirm, succeeded in giving the *coup de grace* to parliamentary institutions in Spain by reducing them *ad absurdum*. As I have already point-

* Late Colonial Minister and the champion talker of the Peninsula.

ed out, the parliamentary system was never seriously applied in the Peninsula, where it is said to have been little more than an agency by means of which some 400,000 hungry men were enabled to satiate their appetites and support their families at the expense of the hard-working population. Other knowledge and experience of the system the Spanish people has had none. Year after year youths fresh from the Universities, where sciences, modern languages and history are known as mere names, arrive in Madrid, nothing in their pockets but their hands, and nothing in their heads but clap-trap phrases; yet in a remarkably short time their pockets are filled with pesetas, and their heads crowned with parliamentary laurels. Most of the members of the Sagasta Cabinet, which drifted into this lamentable war, were men of talent and promise, who thus came, saw, and conquered fortune. Until they obtained office after Canovas' death, parliamentary government had been a huge farce; they speedily transformed it into a tremendous tragedy.

It was these pseudo-parliamentary institutions, and the statesmen who presided over them, that prepared the way for the rebellion. The rising of the Cubans had been foreseen. It was provoked by the home rule speeches of Spaniards like Maura, and fostered by the criminal laxity and license, rather than by the severity, of successive Spanish Captains-General, who foolishly gave *carte blanche* to the restless natives to organize the movement with care and foresight. Thus General Salamanca had allowed Maceo, the rebel chief, to return to the island, where he once forgot himself so far as to threaten General Chincilla that he would betake himself to the mountains with 10,000 rebel infantry and 200 mounted men, and proclaim the independence of the country, if a certain sum of money were not given to him. The General took no measures to prevent him, but connived at his seditious after-dinner oratory, which went on *crescendo*. General Polavieja, a soldier of the military school of Weyler, expelled Maceo in 1890, but was punished for his rigor by the Madrid Govern-

ment, which recalled him at once. General Calleja reversed the policy of his predecessor, and allowed armed bands to shout, "Long live independent Cuba!" in the streets of Havana. His own physician, a native, assured him that the Cubans were about to strike a decisive blow for separation, but the good-humored General still remained an inactive spectator, on being assured that the deluge would not come until he had shaken the dust of the island off his feet. These things seem incredible to foreigners who have been daily assured that Spanish oppression was intolerable. Oppression there was none, merely corruption, but neither was there any system. Abuses were numerous and disgusting, but they were zealously perpetuated by the Cubans themselves. It is an eloquent fact that, of all the officials in the island of Cuba, only 20 per cent were Spaniards, while the remainder were natives. Force and the appearance of violence were what every Spanish Cabinet was morbidly anxious to avoid at all costs, and this was the ruin of the kingdom.

When the insurrection broke out a little over three years ago, everybody except the Spanish "statesmen" felt that the beginning of the end was at hand, and that, unless speedily suppressed, the rising would spread, thrive, and culminate in the loss of the last of Spain's American colonies. It was well known that the one energetic officer who could be implicitly trusted rapidly and effectively to stamp it out was General Weyler, the Marquis of Teneriffe. But the General was not a *persona grata* in the highest circles of Madrid, whereas Martinez Campos enjoyed their implicit confidence and favor. The latter, therefore, was despatched less to stamp out than to talk out the insurrection, somewhat after the manner of Browning's Ogniben, with gold as an aid to the arts of suasion.

That Weyler was never liked at Court is a misfortune for Spain rather than a discredit to the General. The reason is intelligible, and instructive, and characteristic of all parties concerned. When Spain was a republic, Martinez Campos, Weyler, and Daban

were appointed to various commands by the Government, whose orders they solemnly bound themselves to carry out. When, owing to the agitation of Canovas del Castillo and the violence of General Pavia, it became obvious that the days of the Republic were numbered and Prince Alfonso was likely to become king, many politicians turned their backs upon the setting, in order to worship the rising, sun. But Martinez Campos, being a soldier, was not expected to take sides in politics. As a matter of fact, however, he did, suddenly proclaiming Alfonso XII. King of Spain, and having him acclaimed by the army. Weyler, who was no more a Republican than Campos, subordinating his "views" or sympathies to his duties, and adjusting his action to his promises, set out, in obedience to the commands of his superiors, to resist Campos and Daban and their adherents. He was well aware at the time that the Republic was doomed, and that he could not better serve his material interests than by imitating Campos and seceding to the Alfonsists, nor do his career more lasting harm than by remaining faithful to a Government that could no longer punish nor reward. But General Weyler is a straightforward, chivalrous, and resolute man, who would fulfil his promise faithfully to the archfiend himself, had he the misfortune to bind himself to that personage. Fortunately the Government disappeared before the two commanders met, and bloodshed was thus avoided. In all this Weyler behaved as an ideal soldier, whose first law is obedience to the commands of his lawful superiors and fidelity to his oath, and his conduct seemed to deserve the hearty approbation of all Spaniards, without distinction of party or class. He would have resisted the establishment of a republic under Alfonso XII. with the same determination, had he received the order to do so; for he is not a politician. The average monarch, however, being human, is more disposed to reward personal attachment to himself, whatever its underlying motive, than fidelity to an abstract principle, however disinterested; and Weyler's loyalty to his superiors and courageous discharge

of his duties have to a large extent contributed to deprive his country of his services at a time when those services would have been inestimable and their loss has certainly proved irreparable.

Martinez Campos, on the contrary, has ever since been an official guide and a prophet laureate to the reigning dynasty, which has thus in some sort, acquired a claim to share the aureole of his possible successes, without, of course, contracting any of the grave responsibility attaching to his disastrous failures. Suave manners, considerable tact, a practical knowledge of the seamy side of human nature—of the fickleness of friendship when opposed to interest, and of the untrustworthiness of promises when their fulfilment involves self-sacrifice—he has ever prudently sought the triumphs of peaceful diplomacy rather than courted the doubtful victories of arms. Thus, at the close of the first great Cuban insurrection, which lasted ten years, he turned the insurgents' love of gold and reluctance to undergo further privations to advantage, and readily arranged the Convention of Zanjon, by which the rebellion, already exhausted, was brought to a seemingly definite end, at the cost of mere money instead of human lives. This success, had it proved as durable as it was brilliant, would have endeared the military diplomatists to all true friends of humanity throughout the world. But, unfortunately, in affairs of State no less than in trade, the cheap is generally the enemy of the good and lasting. By treating as friends the insurgents, who had destroyed millions of hard-earned Spanish money, and tens of thousands of the youth of Spain, he lessened their respect for the mother country; by giving them rewards in money which were denied to the heroic and patient soldiers, he unwittingly put a premium on disloyalty and insurrection, and disheartened the professional defenders of the fatherland. It is not surprising, therefore, that the great rebellion was speedily followed by the *guerra chiquita* (little war) which in turn was succeeded by the insurrection of to-day. All Spaniards naturally felt offended as soon as they discovered that the mili-

tary system of Martinez Campos imposed enormous burdens upon the patient defenders of the State, and reserved all the prizes for the colored rebels who did their very utmost to ruin Spain. The usually inarticulate soldiers complained that they were being treated like enemies of their country, while the unscrupulous insurgents were paid or pensioned as public benefactors.

Another example of this curious system was given during the Melilla troubles which arose between Spaniards and Moors. General Martinez Campos was also dispatched to Melilla for the purpose of arranging the matter peacefully. And he succeeded. His chivalry toward the enemy was unparalleled, and, many of his countrymen erroneously add, unpatriotic. An instance will enable the reader to form an independent judgment on the system. A Moorish spy was wont to visit the Spanish camp in the guise of a pedlar every day, taking note of everything he saw and inquiring about the things which he did not see. A Spanish soldier serving in a convict battalion discovered the rôle the Mohammedan was playing, and felt strongly tempted to deal with him as Ulysses and his comrades had dealt with Dolon; but, on second thoughts, he contented himself with lopping off the spy's ears. The Moor deserved, according to military rules, to be summarily shot, and General Weyler, had he been in command, would have unhesitatingly shot or hanged him. General Martinez Campos, however, for good reasons, no doubt, ordered the execution not of the spy, but of the Spanish soldier. And it was duly carried out, to the wonder and delight of the Mohammedans, and to the intense disgust of the Spaniards. In this and analogous ways General Campos got the better of all the enemies of Spain against whom he had been sent. It was in this way that he came, saw, and conquered Carlists, Cubans, and Moors. His services were naturally resorted to again.

Everybody felt that the present Cuban insurrection was bound to be the last, and that Spain's success or failure in quelling it must determine the future of the kingdom. Martinez

Campos received *carte blanche*, therefore, to end it as speedily as he could, and the Conservative Government of Canovas del Castillo refrained from hampering him in any way, as he himself has since publicly acknowledged. It should have been stifled without a week's delay, or a trace of maudlin weakness. For there is but one way to put down an insurrection of any kind; and when the insurgents happen to be cutthroats, incendiaries, and dynamiters, over and above, it is neither opportune to delay nor wise to modify it. Martinez Campos, however, went to work with amnesties, palavers, parleys, appeals, promises, and all the stock-in-trade of his military diplomacy. If Marti, the white rebel chief, had lived, General Campos might possibly have succeeded in buying him over to Spain, for Maceo, the colored chief, was jealous of Marti; but the rebellion would have gone on all the same. The insurgents were not seriously molested by the General, and therefore they increased and multiplied, received food and ammunition from abroad, organized a civil and military government in the island, appointed "prefects," compelled the peaceful inhabitants to contribute food, fodder, horses, lodging, medicaments, and even to serve as scouts, postmen and spies, and inaugurated the work of "reconcentration" for which General Weyler was afterward made responsible. Martinez Campos himself confessed in writing: "The Government did not hamper my action, military or political, in the slightest degree; I have not succeeded in employing the means and the vast powers which were granted to me, . . . nor have I hindered the war from spreading to provinces which remained quiet during the ten years of the former rebellion."*

This is a very damaging avowal to have to make, whether the person pleading be a general or a diplomatist. But it is far too vague to convey to the outsider an adequate idea of the state of anarchy in which Martinez Campos left the island. His *interim*

* Extract from a cablegram addressed by Martinez Campos to the President of the Council of Ministers (Canovas del Castillo).

successor, General Marin, describing to the War Minister the weakness, confusion, and helplessness of the Spanish authorities, expressed himself as follows: "In the Province of Pinar del Rio especially, all officially organized bodies have totally disappeared."*

General Suarez Valdés, in a telegram dated January 6th, 1896, gives a most lugubrious account of the situation and outlook in Cuba. Among other passages, the following is interesting:

"Further details which I intended to communicate to your Excellency have not arrived, owing to the difficulty of communications, which *in fact do not exist in the island*. The telegraphs are all cut, and destined to be cut again as soon as repaired; they work with difficulty on the main lines, and little or not at all on the branch lines. Even the Southern Cable suffers interruptions owing to the wires being cut that connect Batabanó with Havana. . . ."

The rebels, practically masters of the island, established a civil and military government there, which, had General Campos remained a little longer, would have put an end to Spanish domination altogether. They divided Cuba into six provinces, with prefects, sub-prefects, governors, etc., almost all of whose duties were identical with crimes. These officials were bound to extort salt, sugar, medicines, arms, ammunition, etc., from the peaceful farmers; some of them to issue passports to inhabitants desirous of going from one place to another, and all of them to incorporate in the rebel forces every man, armed or unarmed, who should dare to travel without such passport. Besides this, they had to burn down houses, wreck trains, and blow up harmless women and children.

At the prefectures, workshops were constructed for the manufacture and repair of arms, bombs, infernal machines, cartridges, saddles, sword-belts, shoes, etc., and those inhabitants who were known to possess skill in work of this kind were forced to give their services to the rebels. The post maintained spies and messengers in the towns occupied by the Spaniards, and many of the peaceful inhabitants (*pacíficos*) were pressed into the dan-

gerous service. The country people, who for the most part cared only for their fields, their cattle, their harvests, and their agricultural produce, were forced, by means of the most barbarous kind, to ally themselves with the insurgents. Thus, they were not allowed to cultivate what paid them best, but only those kinds of produce which were calculated to serve as food for the colored fighters: the farinaceous yucca, for instance, malanga, bananas, etc. The prefectures appointed a "body of victuallars," whose duty it was to visit the farms of the neighborhood in turn, and to collect tribute in kind. The losses of the insurgent forces in their skirmishes with the Spaniards had also to be made good by those same peaceful inhabitants, who were unceremoniously pressed into the rebel army, and horribly tortured to death if they refused to enlist, or deserted. And even when they obeyed all those orders with alacrity, as was generally the case, they were not by any means sure that their goods, their daughters, or their lives, were safe from the avarice, the lust, or the vengeance of the colored men. Farmhouses, manufactories, huts, were frequently burned down by the rebels, not only because the occupants were supposed to be unfriendly, or even because they were suspected of being lukewarm in the service, but, in many cases, the dwellings were reduced to ashes solely because they were too near a Spanish fort or too far from a Cuban prefecture.*

The following extract from the instructions officially given to the insurgent prefects and sub-prefects by the Provisional Government will enable the reader to understand the determination of the rebels to force every inhabitant of the island to join in the revolt against Spain:

"Circular A 1. Republic of Cuba. Government Council. Delegation. For the purpose of improving the service of the prefectures and sub-prefectures, and in order to introduce better order into the services of the Revolution, I hereby give you the following instructions: You will make clear to all the inhabitants residing in your zone the obligation imposed upon them of working for the Revolution, calling their attention to the fact

* General Marin's report to the Minister of War, January 23d, 1896.

* Cf. the "Memoirs of Antonio Gonzalez Abreu."

that once they live under the protection of the Republic, they are considered to be soldiers of the liberating army. . . . At all times you are invested with the right of utilizing the individuals of your zone in everything connected with the service of the prefecture or sub prefecture, whereas no excuse whatever on their part is admissible. Sluggishness will not be allowed under any pretext, and all those inhabitants who, in your judgment, are not desirable in this place, will have to leave in seventy-two hours, for which purpose you will give them notice in advance. . . . When the prefects or sub-prefects deem it opportune, they will form companies of inhabitants for the purpose of '*lighting the candles*,'* destroying houses, granaries, railways, telegraphs, telephones, of lifting cattle, and of doing anything else that may seem serviceable for the Revolution."†

The means by which the *pacíficos* or peaceful farmers of the interior were forced to become rebels are fairly well known by this time. The following letter will help to recall them, and at the same time to reveal one of the abundant sources of the stream of *re-concentrados* whose number and sufferings has been laid to General Weyler's charge. The letter, be it remembered, was written by a rebel official named Rubio, to the Prefect of Sanidad on July 2d, 1896 :

"My dear Luis—Three days ago the wife of Benito Rabasa came here—Rabasa who was taken prisoner along with Rafael Gonzalez, both *pacíficos*, respectable and laborious. They were arrested by Enrique Perez, who accused them of *not serving the cause with enthusiasm*. The poor lady came to implore Brigadier Ducasse to release her husband. We here knew what their unenviable end had been. May God be merciful to them, if they were guilty.

"To return to this wretched lady, who is embarrassed with four little children. After having eaten all the animals on the farm there remained but two cows that had recently calved, and these were supplying the food for the children when Enrique Perez came and took them away. And as if all this were not enough to punish the faults of her husband—if he really committed them—on the following day the negro Flores came and took away her sewing-machine. She has now no other remedy than to ask for alms, or to go to the enemy's trenches to eat the biscuit of the Spanish soldiers."

Such was the state of things in Cuba which General Martinez Campos be-

queathed to his successor, and which the Prime Minister, Canovas del Castillo, resolved to put an end to. The Spanish Government had given General Martinez Campos full liberty of action, and the General had tried his hand at diplomatic arts only. They had proved not merely useless, but disastrous ; for the signal successes of the insurgents had led American jingoes to espouse the Cuban cause more warmly than ever before, and had induced or compelled more peace-loving Americans to contemplate independence as possible, and look forward to autonomy as absolutely certain. The relations between Spain and the United States became somewhat strained in consequence, for the latter country seemed resolved to make the insurgents' cause their own, to the extent at least of guaranteeing home rule. And herein lay the evil of diplomatically toying with a rebellion which should have been crushed out at once. The difficulty of neutralizing its results was enormous, and was intensified by Spanish Liberals, who encouraged the rebels by their ill-considered speeches, but the Government set about it in the right way. And the leading idea entertained by the Premier, which has never yet been given to the public, Spanish or foreign, was this.

Canovas del Castillo, the only Spanish Minister who had any serious claims to be considered as a statesman, perceived that Martinez Campos had let things go much too far, and so far indeed, that it was impossible to repair that General's errors, and that Spain could never again hope to recover her old position in Cuba. Home rule of some sort was, therefore, become a necessity, and indeed the only alternative to war with the United States. The Cubans were not ripe for autonomy, it is true, but then the question had to be considered, and solved, solely from the international point of view. And Canovas del Castillo resolved to grant the measure and avoid war with the United States. But, on the other hand, there was also the possibility of civil war to be provided against at home : civil war resulting from popular dissatisfaction at such vast concessions being made by Spain to Cuban

* "*Lighting the Candles*" means burning down farm houses and villages.

† This circular bears the date of March 20th, 1896, and is signed Doctor Santiago Garcia Cañizares.

rebels, just at the moment when the rebels were victorious, and also arising from the economic collapse which was to be feared after the war, when the Cuban debt, repudiated by the autonomous islanders, would exhaust the financial resources of the Peninsula, and result in bankruptcy and ruin.

The solution of the difficulty which suggested itself to Canovas del Castillo, but was known to very few even of his most intimate political friends,* may be briefly sketched as follows: the insurrection must first of all be crushed out completely, and the rebels brought to their knees. Then the fullest degree of autonomy compatible with the suzerainty of the mother country would be offered to them, in return for a deed agreed to by the Autonomy Government whereby the islanders should take over the entire Cuban debt, leaving Spain with a financial burden which, however heavy, would at least be bearable. This was Canovas' plan in outline.

To General Weyler he confided the first half of the scheme, together with the arduous task of crushing the rebellion. And everybody knew full well what that meant, for General Weyler's name was a programme. He had taken part in every war waged by his country since he first donned the military uniform, and war conducted by him was worse than a plague, a famine, or an earthquake. Not that we ever overstepped the line of demarcation that divides wanton cruelty from legitimate war, but that he generally touched it. His vigor was invariably extreme; but I am assured even by his enemies that injustice never formed any part of it. Numerous instances prove that he was always fair to his enemies; and one or two curious stories make it clear that he has been extremely exacting from his friends and relations in matters touching military service. From what I personally know of the man, I honestly believe that if in war-time his son and a private soldier committed an act of disobedience, he would consider them both merely as military men, and the

only difference he would make between them would be to punish the officer more severely than the private. This is no mere phrase, and one, at least, of the concrete facts underlying the statement has, to my knowledge, provoked the exclamation—on the part of a civilian—"That man has no heart, he is a cast-steel soldier!" It occurred to me at the moment, that if his country had many more such heartless soldiers, and if his Government possessed the wisdom to employ them, Spain would not be in the straits in which she finds herself to-day.

Weyler accepted the mission, reached Havana on February 11th, 1896, and energetically set about reorganizing the Spanish forces, which, to use his own phrase in his report to the War Minister, were "in need of a thorough reform." He found Cuba in a state of demoralization, the extent of which may be gathered from the following passage of one of his reports:

"On the day of my arrival I was unable to inform the authorities of the island that I had entered upon the discharge of my duties for lack of telegraph wires and of railways in working order—a train from Havana to Batabon6 carrying rations and ammunition had just fallen into the hands of the enemy. The principal bridges on all the railway lines had been blown up with dynamite, and the stations burned down by the rebel masses on their rapid passage across the island. The patriotic spirit of the Spanish element was so crushed and broken that, despite my character, I doubted for a moment of my ability to raise it."[†]

Cuba, in fact, was a hell paved with the good intentions of Martinez Campos.

Weyler's plan of campaign was at once comprehensive and effective. The frequent little skirmishes, which always worried and occasionally decimated the troops, were to be sedulously avoided; the insurgents were to be attacked wherever they were concentrated in considerable numbers, and when routed, were to be pursued with energy and perseverance. They were to be split up into three groups by means of the trochas,[†] and at all costs

* Weyler's letter to the Minister of War, dated February 20th, 1896.

† The trochas which General Weyler had practically to reconstruct were fortified lines running athwart the island from shore to shore.

* Canovas del Castillo was assassinated in the month of August last year at Santa Aguada.

hindered from combining. They were to be treated as the inhabitants of a city are dealt with during a siege, and prevented from receiving supplies from any and every quarter. Therefore the *pacíficos*, the inhabitants who at one time had been neutral, but from positive sympathy or abject fear had, as we have seen, become valuable allies of the rebels, and *reconcentrados* in the insurgent sense, were henceforth to be brought within the sphere of Spanish influence and rendered harmless. Assassins, train-wreckers, dynamiters were to be summarily put to death the moment their crimes were proven against them, and no mercy whatever was to be shown them.

In all this there is nothing inhuman, nothing barbarous, nothing more than every country and nation has done over and over again—sometimes, indeed, with accompaniments which smack of the traditions of Dahomey. I am not now concerned with the general question of the ethics of war, which most Churches are able to harmonize with the purest forms of Christianity, but am simply comparing Weyler's methods of putting down a rebellion with those in vogue among contemporary Christian peoples, such as the Belgians, the French, and the Germans. And so far as my knowledge goes—and I have slowly waded through whole reams of official Spanish documents, and taken other measures to enable me to form a judgment—Weyler's system is more strictly in accordance with the usages of civilized warfare, and far less cruel than any of the others. He found the *pacíficos* partly massed in places within the rebel sphere and wholly devoted to the rebel cause; and he resolved to bring them within Spanish influence, into which a variety of other causes likewise contributed to draw them, independently of his deliberate action. Mere rebels he did not shoot in cold blood, but sent before a specially constituted tribunal: assassins, dynamiters, and train-wreckers he summarily sent to the other world, without, however, causing even these the slightest needless suffering. In this way he undoubtedly put a good many colored Cubans to death as murderers; but no European nation, in

time of war or peace, would have hesitated to do the same. Colored Cubans, when engaged in rebelling, are a curiously cruel and savage race, if one may judge them by their professed maxims and their deliberate acts. Without seeking to justify or excuse the lamentable lack of system which characterized the Spanish government of that fertile island, it is difficult to peruse the following extract from the insurgents' "Journal of Military Operations" without wondering why men found it necessary to invent a personal devil, so long as such human beings live and thrive upon earth.

The journal which deals with the "operations" of the Northern Brigade of Matanzas contains a number of dry entries ranging from March 1st to October 19th, 1896, is signed by the secretary, Rogelio Roque Hernández, and bears the *imprimatur* of the Brigadier, José Roque:

"March 9.—Between Bolondron and Gijira volleys were discharged at the passenger train. The machinery of the plantation of Diana was completely reduced to ashes, and a great quantity of the sugar cane of Santa Filomena.

"March 11.—The sugar cane of the colonies of Olano, Atrevido, Trinidad de Hernández, and part of the Central Santa Rosa, near the village of Union de Reyes, have been totally burned.

"March 12.—Have been wholly burned down the buildings and a great quantity of the sugar cane of the colonies San Benito and Dichoso, belonging to the plantation Flores.

"April 4.—Toward evening of this day, and with the previous distribution of the forces, measures were taken to set fire to the plantations of the following: Andrea, Diana, Atrevido, Dolores, Saratoga, Manuelita, Gabriela, and the village of San Miguel de los Baños.

"April 5.—With the exception of Diana, Dolores, and Andreita, where there were hostile detachments, the other plantations were destroyed. In Vieja Bermeja three establishments of victuals were pillaged and burned down.

"May 9.—Have been burned down the colonies of Garabilla in Navajos, and those of Santa Victoria in Gijira. Also burned to ashes the machinery of the plantation Maria, in Corral Falso, and all the green field of the east and of Lensa de Castañer.

"August 10.—At one kilometre from the station, 'Crimea,' were placed five bombs with dynamite for the train from Navajas to Jagüey Grande. Result: entire train thrown off rails, and passenger carriages damaged. Brigadier Roque made two charges against the derailed train without effecting its capture, because

the armor-plated carriage* was merely derailed (not blown up). Our losses: one killed, one dangerously and five slightly wounded, four horses killed and five wounded. The press estimates that there were fourteen passengers of the train wounded and hurt.

"August 12.—At 10 A. M., at the curve of Cantabria, placed one bomb with eight pounds of dynamite to blow up train from Navajas, throwing it off line, and causing considerable damage to it.

"August 24.—Brigadier Roque went to the workshops of Savana Grande in order to manufacture an automaton for explosive bombs.

"September 4.—Eleven automata manufactured—will be tried first time.

"October 2.—Brigadier Roque left workshop with ten automata and clockwork explosives."

On dynamiters of this stamp mercy produces the effect of oil upon fire. General Martinez Campos had tried it and discovered his error, and his countrymen will have reason to deplore his blunder for generations to come. General Weyler, whenever he caught members of these dynamiting brigades, refused to consider them as prisoners of war, or anything but outlaws, and had them hurriedly executed. If he was wrong, then it was wrong to put down the rebellion, and it is immoral to resist any and every evil by means of force. If violence be ever permissible, and if capital punishment be ever defensible, it is under provocation and outrage like that described.

His method proved eminently successful. The insurgents were split up into three bodies, which were further dispersed into small groups, hindered from co-operating, defeated whenever they assembled in numbers, and deprived of the invaluable assistance of the *pacíficos*, who gradually drifted out of their sphere and became *reconcentrados*; the civil and military rebel government of Cuba became a mere paper scheme once more, the insurgents lost heart, quarrelled among themselves over morsels of food, horses, and even boots, and were speedily preparing for the worst. When Weyler arrived in Havana, in 1896, Maceo, Gomez, Sanchez, Banderas, and other rebel chiefs were the real masters of the island. They went practically whithersoever they wished, and found

no army to offer them serious resistance—no let or hindrance anywhere; they provoked periodical panics in Cardenas, Cienfuegos, Sagua, Pinar del Rio, and Havana, destruction and bloodshed everywhere marking their passage. Havana itself was more like a city in a state of siege than the seat of government; the public squares were turned into drilling places, heavy guns commanded the avenues and approaches, the tramways after sunset could not move without military escorts—in a word, the capital of Cuba found it no easy task to defend itself and to maintain Spain's lost footing in the island.

Weyler, having first reorganized the army, separated Gomez from Maceo, by means of the military line, "Mariel Majana," shutting up the former in Pinar del Rio, and then set about attacking them successively. Before a twelvemonth had elapsed after his arrival there was no longer a rebel army in the island, from Pinar del Rio to the Trocha of Jucaro, nothing, in fact, in the nature of an organized hostile force—a few groups of brigands, without cohesion, demoralized, disheartened, despairing. On the other hand, agricultural work had begun on large plantations and estates, the tobacco harvest bade fair to prove abundant, the peasants came in, asking for arms with which to defend their property from strolling brigands who have existed and thriven in the island from time immemorial, hospitals were founded,* and the work of re-establishment of order was moving rapidly apace.

The rebels themselves confessed their defeat. I have before me a letter which the rebel Colonel E. Junco wrote to his General, dated May 25th, 1897, announcing that he has taken over the command of the Brigade Columbus: "But the truth is that what I have received is not a brigade, but, judging

* It is impossible in this article to discuss Weyler's treatment of the *reconcentrados*. I have done my best to get at the truth of the matter, but not having made inquiries on the spot, the data at my disposition were contained mainly in documents. I may say, however, that so far as they go, they show that Weyler was considerate toward those wretched people. Of cruelty I found no trace.

* In Cuba every train had one carriage specially protected against "incidents" of this kind.

by the paucity of armed men it contains, and the terrible demoralization which I notice in them all, it is a little group of armed men." The once famous brigade of San José de Ramos, which inflicted terrible losses on the Spaniards, was reduced by Weyler to twelve crestfallen and hungry men; of the brigade of Trinidad its colonel wrote: "The demoralization here is terrible. I for my part find no support in the chief of the brigade. Every day two or three men desert. The forces suffer enormous privations. There is no cattle, no victuals, and we are for days together without food." The brigade of Sagua consisted of a few fugitives hiding along the coast. Narciso Gomez del Olmo, the rebel Director of Las Villas, draws a vivid picture of Spanish successes and Cuban defeats, adding that he needs a pair of boots to enable him to put off blowing out his brains!

Triumphant, Weyler pledged his reputation as a soldier to the Government, that in March, 1898, not only would the last lingering traces of the rebellion have disappeared, but that he would place at the disposition of the War Minister 50,000 disciplined troops for the purpose of taking the offensive in the war with the United States, which even then, he felt convinced, was unavoidable. He was not initiated into Canovas' plan of conceding autonomy to the Cubans in return for relief from the jointly guaranteed Cuban debt, but the work he was on the point of terminating would have cleared the ground for either and every honorable solution of the problem. Meanwhile, however, in the mother country events were succeeding each other with vertiginous rapidity, and a few eloquent politicians were making their mark by steering the Ship of State straight for the rocks, while the man who had undertaken to save the colony and the metropolis was being attacked more fiercely than the blackest traitor.

The truth is that Cuba had never had a day's tolerable government. And it was now a mere field for experiments. It was not even exploited intelligently. The best customers of the Cubans were not the Spaniards, but Americans and Englishmen. A Havana cigar cost

less in Hamburg, New York, or London, than in Madrid or Barcelona. Spain invested practically no money in the country, all of which is undeveloped, and some provinces are still practically virgin soil. The Spanish Bank in Havana, desirous of raising two million dollars a couple of years ago, applied to the Bank of Spain in Madrid, and applied in vain. American capitalists, however, subscribed the sum in one hour. But if Spanish enterprise was lacking, Spanish eloquence, nostrums wrapped up in first-class rhetoric, were to be had in abundance, and theories of model colonial government became as plentiful as blackberries. Reformists, assimilationists, autonomists, all had their pet schemes and ventilated them freely. Many persons, like Señor Sagasta and Martínez Campos, had adopted and rejected two, and even three, sets of opinions in succession, each one of which, while they advocated it, was calculated to regenerate the island and make it a paradise upon earth.

Suddenly Señor Moret, a cultured politician of remarkable power of expression, prepossessing appearance, and fine feminine intellect, attracted universal attention by an eloquent speech delivered at Saragossa, in which he laid it down that home rule for the colored man of Cuba would instantaneously heal that colony of all its ills. Señor Pi y Margall would go further, and also confer the boon upon the Indians of the Philippines, who are meanwhile busy chopping off the fingers of their Spanish prisoners one by one in the leisurely way characteristic of the inhabitants of warm countries. Now the most enthusiastic home rulers of Great Britain, from whom Señor Moret drew his inspiration, would unhesitatingly admit that whatever other people may be ripe for autonomy, the inhabitants of those two Spanish colonies are decidedly not. They need a firm, inflexible, paternal government like that of Dr. Francia in Paraguay, which would treat them as boys are dealt with in reformatories; and not merely for a generation or two, but permanently. For degeneration, physical and moral, is one of the inevitable results of the climate, and home rule would be as

baneful as the concession of full liberty of action to a colony of lunatics.

Señor Sagasta, who had built many a golden bridge between contradictory opinions and conflicting parties, and had fearlessly traversed them all, accepted this bold view which he had always vigorously combated until Señor Moret, whose judgment he highly valued, had made it his own. It was forthwith raised to the dignity of a fundamental dogma of the Liberal doctrine, from which practical consequences would be drawn as soon as that party returned to power. Meanwhile that same party made itself the echo of the series of terrible charges of wanton cruelty preferred against General Weyler by two organs of the Madrid press which, brooding over certain non-political wrongs unwittingly inflicted upon them by one of that commander's service orders, had inaugurated a terrible campaign against him.

The press of the United States has been severely blamed in Spain for inventing harrowing stories of General Weyler's "atrocities." I am unable to say how far American journalists are to blame, but I have no hesitation in affirming that the reproaches lavished on the foreign press were more richly deserved by the Madrid journals which led the attack and supplied, not only the "yellow journals" of the States, but even the rebel leaflets, with abundant materials for the most damaging indictment against General Weyler in particular, and Spanish rule in general. If the charges advanced by the Madrid organs were untrue, then the circulation of those calumnies was more than unpatriotic, for it proved the most powerful and effective ally the insurgents ever had. If the accusations were well founded, then all the practical conclusions drawn from them by Americans, Cubans, and Spain's enemies throughout the world were convincing and unanswerable.

However this may be—and I have already stated my own conviction—Weyler, who was being daily compared with Don Pedro the Cruel, Ivan the Terrible, and Count Muravieff, the queller of the Polish insurrection, was thoroughly discredited. Everything he did and everything he left undone was alike

a crime. The colored Cubans needed affection, confidence, freedom to rule themselves and accomplish their "mission;" and Spanish Liberals alone could carry out the programme. Canovas' violent death having broken up the Conservative party, the Liberals received last autumn the reins of power which they had so ardently desired, and they at once set about realizing the millennium. General Weyler, who had practically crushed out the rebellion, was recalled in disgrace. His return to Madrid, however, was symphonetic of the trend of healthy popular feeling in the Peninsula. When Martínez Campos had come back the year before, the streets of Madrid were lined by the municipal guards, whose duty it was to prevent the diplomatic General from being insulted and mobbed. And the effort was not accomplished without the effusion of human blood. Weyler, when he returned, although some of the most widely circulating journals of the capital had left nothing undone to decry him, found it difficult to escape from popular ovations which were organized in his honor all along the route.

Señor Sagasta, the Liberal Premier, left the conduct of the colonial policy entirely in the hands of the eloquent and prepossessing Señor Moret, who had delivered the soul-stirring speech of Saragossa on home rule for colored men, while Spain's relations with the outer world were shaped by Señor Gullon, a first-class rhetorician of the same school. General Weyler besought the Government to bear in mind that war with the United States was already in sight, and to make the necessary preparations. But the Marquis of Tene-riffe, being neither eloquent nor a politician, but merely a soldier and a patriot, was smiled down in the *ne sutor ultra crepidam* style. General Blanco was dispatched to Cuba to preach there a gospel of peace and goodwill to the rebels and train-wreckers, who soon became a power in the land again. Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish ambassador at Washington, was recalled in disgrace, and treated as the unfaithful steward of the Gospel; the desires of the United States were granted almost before they were formulated, and Ministers at Madrid plumed themselves on

the ingenuity with which they were checkmating the Government of President McKinley. Weyler alone persisted in his prophecy: "It is a question that will be settled, not over the green table of the Foreign Ministry," he used to say, "but over the breakfast tables of the Yankees who read the 'yellow journals' of New York." Above all things, Weyler implored the responsible authorities to prepare for war, however certain they might feel of peace. But Weyler's warnings were scoffed at like Cassandra's prophesies, while the Liberal Government went forward rejoicing—to the catastrophe.

Concession followed concession—for war was to be avoided at any and every price. Home rule was granted, without any provision having been previously made to relieve Spain of the burden of the Cuban debt, which amounts to £100,000,000 and is guaranteed by the Spanish Treasury. This was a woful mistake, fraught with terrible consequences to Spain, for the Cuban debt will weigh down the hapless kingdom like a millstone round the neck of a good swimmer who has fallen into the sea. Even repudiation cannot help the country, for the good reason that the debt is held principally in Spain itself. But war was to be avoided at all costs, and even the risk of civil war was overlooked. The United States set about seriously preparing for the conflict, but the diplomatic chess-players of Madrid were so certain of their superiority in the game, and so blind to the fact that the best diplomacy was powerless to arrest the march of events, that they refused to follow the example of their enemies and look to the defences of their colonies. No thought was taken of the defences of Manila, Cavite, or any other place of importance there or in the Antilles. Two days before the war the Government still believed in peace, and two days after General Woodford's departure it still hoped for European intervention.

The Cabinet, which had neither foreseen nor prepared for the war, remained in office after it had been declared, and even interrupted the sittings of the Cortes, and divided the attention of the country in order to make certain changes in the Ministry which are al-

leged by the Liberal press to be more agreeable to the party than helpful to the State. The journals, Liberal and Conservative alike, complain that while all Spain is breathless with anxiety, the Cortes are busy listening to most eloquent discourses on ancient history. It is very characteristic of Spanish politicians that Señor Moret should have become most obnoxious to them all, as soon as his home rule experiment proved a failure, and that when he arose and delivered a very eloquent discourse in its defence, its very enemies applauded and congratulated him. Such, however, is the curious temperament of the Spaniards. One of their best writers, Martos, said with melancholy truth: "We belong to that impressionable Latin race which groaned under the lash of Nero the tyrant, and applauded and crowned with roses Nero the artist." And not even a Hebrew prophet would venture to forecast the horoscope of such a people in its present embarrassments.

The one thing certain is that Spain lacks a statesman. Had she produced even a second-class politician at any time since the restoration, she might have attained enviable prosperity in isolation or, had she preferred it, might have played a considerable part in the politics of Europe. With her undeveloped resources, her respectable fleet, her admirably trained marines, her heroic soldiers, and, above all, her possession of the Philippines, she might have obtained powerful allies on infinitely better terms than Italy received, and would not have collapsed as the Italians have done. But all these natural and acquired advantages were thrown away, and she remained without active friends, without commercial, agricultural or industrial progress, vegetating from day to day, squabbling over wretched questions of parochial interest, never once utilizing any of her numerous resources, and punishing those among her own sons who would have raised her up, until to-day she stands face to face with ruin.

In all probability Spain has lost forever not only Cuba, but the Philippines, the possession of which, if properly exploited, might have been made an Open Sesame to prosperity and po-

litical existence. Her credit is destroyed. She is saddled with the Cuban debt as well as her own, and no longer possesses the wherewithal to pay the interest on the coupons. The little industry and trade she had have vanished; cotton mills and flour mills are closed. Her money has lost nearly 50 per cent of its purchasing power at the very moment when her people are deprived of the means of earning it. Breadstuffs are become scarce, the pinch of hunger is felt throughout the kingdom, dissatisfaction is being manifested in tangible and dangerous forms, and martial law has been appealed to. And at this moment, says *El Nacional*, "the Congress is enjoying the clever jokes of Señor Sagasta about the Ministerial crisis and roaring with laughter."

"On one side of the Atlantic," says another patriotic journal, "there is a Marine Minister who remains at his bureau day and night, and a head of the State who sometimes refuses to go to bed more than once in forty-eight hours, in order to await news of his country's fleet; and on the other side we have Ministers who, having received the terrible news of the holocaust of Cavite, go off to a bull-fight. This significant contrast contains the germs of the future history of these two States."

The question as to how all these difficulties will be met and solved is itself insoluble. Some press organs, like *El Nacional*, whose views are untainted by strong political sympathies, call for a military dictatorship, and consider as the future savior of his country General Weyler, who is endowed with firmness of character, actuated by genuine patriotism, and guided by common sense, which proved more far-seeing than the able diplomacy of professional "statesmen." Most journals seem to think that the days of all the "political" parties are over and gone. Some few individuals in the higher walks of diplomacy prophesy for General Martínez Campos the rôle of a Spanish Moses, who will lead his countrymen to the Promised Land. They laud his great political experience, pointing out the fact that he was a member of most parliamentary and non-parliamentary parties during the past quarter of a century. In truth, his experience is exceptional: in 1874

he suddenly opposed his Government; attempted to proclaim Don Alfonso King of Spain, but failed. On the point of being arrested, he was saved by the intervention of the War Minister, who pledged himself that the General would remain loyal in future. Toward the close of the same year, however, he repeated the offence, and was condemned to death. In the following year Don Alfonso arrived, ascended the throne, and soon afterward promoted his champion to be Captain-General, and sent him to Cuba to make peace. A friend and supporter of the Conservatives, he supported Canovas del Castillo, the leader of that party, as Prime Minister in 1881. Soon after the fall of his Government he espoused the cause of the Liberals, and became a member of Sagasta's Liberal Cabinet, where he remained until August, 1883. In 1890 he left the Liberal camp and joined the Conservative party once more, becoming President of the Senate. On his return from Cuba this year he again shook the Conservative dust off his feet and joined the party of Señor Silvela.

General Weyler, on the other hand, is only a soldier whose services to Spain are very great, and might have been infinitely greater. But not only was he recalled at the very moment when he had almost accomplished his task, but he has not since been permitted to serve his country during the war, although he publicly and privately requested to be allowed to draw his sword in the cause of Spain. And yet he is admitted by all parties to be the most experienced and vigorous general in the country! He has been accused of deep designs because he kept aloof from all political parties, and nothing that he does or leaves undone is exempt from the harshest censure. Many of his countrymen consider this treatment as one of the many symptoms of the dire political disease which has eaten into the nation, and will not breathe freely until he has obtained a position which will enable him at least to alleviate the terrible sufferings which his country is bound to undergo, and which he was deliberately hindered from averting.—*Contemporary Review*.

PANICS AND PRICES.

BY GEORGE YARD.

THE causes of financial panic are so many and various that the contemplation of their diversity leads one to marvel that they do not occur oftener. It is customary to consider them as one of the evils brought into being by the modern credit system; but though this system, with its endless complexities and subtle sensibilities, has certainly added to the number and intensity of panics, it was not by any means their originator. Before the days when there was a regular list of securities, "always fluctoatin'," as Mr. Weller senior said, the course of a panic was less easily traced; but we know from chance references in history that such events as foreign invasion and internal rebellion caused violent movements in the price of land, the almost solitary medium for investment in those simpler times.

It is related as a remarkable circumstance that when Hannibal, after his victory at Cannæ, advanced and encamped under the walls of Rome, the ground on which his tent was pitched changed hands in the city at the price which it might have been expected to fetch under ordinary conditions. And certainly we may turn the pages of Roman history in vain to find a more striking example of the indomitable imperturbability of that iron-nerved people. With the victorious invader encamped in the suburbs, it was natural and fitting for patriotic citizens to swear that they would die rather than open the gates, but to pay hard money for the site of his tent was an unparalleled feat of financial heroism. Forgetting, as usual, what is most important, history has omitted to chronicle the name of the buyer, so that this first and greatest "supporter of markets" remains anonymous: he deserves to rank with Cato and Decius Mus. When we compare the violent fluctuations in Consols and East India Stock that were caused by any reverses that befell the British arms in the course of our continental wars, or the panic that seized Wall Street after the delivery of

President Cleveland's Venezuela message, we must acknowledge the degeneracy of the modern capitalist in this respect. Or if it be urged that the nervousness of the market in securities arises to a great extent from conditions which did not affect the Roman investor, we can compare the steadiness of the price of suburban land in Rome with Falstaff's assertion in the first part of King Henry IV., that, as a consequence of the rebellion of Hotspur and Glendower, "you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel." Sir John, no doubt, is a witness who must not be taken quite literally, but it is obvious that Shakespeare, who knew his price-current list as well as the technical details of everything else that he ever mentions, would not have put such a speech into his mouth unless there had been some historical basis for the fact thus conveyed in a characteristically exaggerated form.

It is thus evident that, long before the days of Jonathan's and Garraway's and "jobbing in the funds," panics had their effect on prices. It is equally true, however, that after the growth of the modern system of credit panics became not only more frequent, but more interesting. A fall in the price of land due to invasion or internal disturbance is, after all, only important as a very dim side-light on current events; it is when we come to purely financial panics, financial in their origin as well as their results, that they repay study by taking us aside into that strange monetary world which is so little understood, but is the real differentiating mark which divides modern from ancient life. In an eloquent passage in his work on "Progress," M. About speaks of *l'agiotage*, which he defines as "the art of joining small capitals together for the purpose of doing great things," as the "sublime invention of the Scotsman Law." Now it is true that John Law of Lauriston introduced the joint-stock system into France, but not before it had already been established on the other side of the Chan-

nel; in fact, in the very year in which Law, who was described by a contemporary as "nicely expert in all manner of debaucheries," had to flee from England after killing his man in a disreputable duel, the Bank of England had been founded. However, since Professor Shield Nicholson* gives his entertaining essay on John Law the sub-title of the "Greatest Speculative Mania on Record," and since Law and his works have been described by a very keen-eyed contemporary eye-witness, they will serve for an example of the sort of panic that results from the abuse of the printing-press. That stamped paper will serve for money just as well as gold and silver is a fact which has led many financiers to ruin, because it is only true up to a certain point. There comes a day when the possessors of the paper claim to exchange it for metal, and if the metal is not ready to hand, down comes the house of cards. John Law probably knew this, but he was a gambler, and having begun his game was carried on by excitement and kept doubling his stakes.

Voltaire's lively description of John Law and his system, in the "Siècle de Louis XV.," is only too brief. "A Scotsman called John Law," he says, "who had no other occupation than that of being a high player and a great calculator, being obliged to flee from Great Britain for a murder, had long conceived the plan of a company, which should pay in notes the debts of a State and should reimburse itself by the profits. He first established a bank in his own name in 1716. It soon became a general bureau for the revenues of the kingdom, and to it was joined a Mississippi company, from which the public was led to expect great profits. The public, seduced by the greed of gain, made haste to buy *avec fureur* the shares of the united company and bank. Riches, hitherto locked up by mistrust, circulated profusely; the notes doubled and quadrupled these riches. France was *en effet* very rich by means of credit." Professor Nicholson's essay adds some details from which the stupendous dimensions of

this outburst of speculation may perhaps be realized by the imagination:

"A milliner happened to come to Paris about a lawsuit; she was successful, and invested the proceeds in speculation, and she amassed in a few months a sum which, converted into our currency, represents nearly £5,000,000 sterling. No class of the community escaped the infection. Two of the ablest scholars of France are reported to have deplored the madness of the times at one interview, only to find themselves at their next meeting bidding for shares with the greatest excitement. The scene of operations was a narrow street called Quincampoix, and the demand for accommodation may be judged from the fact that a house which before yielded about £40 a year now brought in more than £800 a month. A cobbler made about £10 a day by letting out a few chairs in his stall; and a hunchback, who is celebrated in the prints of the time, acquired in a few days more than £7000 by letting out his hump to the street brokers as a writing desk." In the mean time, of course, Law was rising to the highest offices. "He was seen," says Voltaire, "in a short time to turn from Scotsman into Frenchman by naturalization; from Protestant to Catholic [Professor Nicholson adds that Abbé Tencin, who effected Law's conversion, received for payment shares to the nominal value of about £10,000]; from adventurer into lord of most beautiful estates, and from banker into *Ministre d'État*. I have seen him arrive in the halls of the Palais Royal, followed by Dukes and Peers, Marshals of France, and Bishops." This extraordinary boom lasted four years, and then, as our historian tells us, "*le crédit tomba tout d'un coup. On ne vit plus que du papier; une misère réelle commençait à succéder à tant de richesses fictives.*" It would be difficult to find a more expressive sentence than this of Voltaire's, but some more details from Professor Nicholson may serve to show what a panic on a great scale really means.

"A few weeks before the streets were crowded with throngs of people eager to obtain new issues of shares and indulge in the wildest speculation.

* *Money and Monetary Problems.*

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LXVIII., No. 1.

Money was abundant, and the consumption of wealth most extravagant. Now the approaches to the bank were packed with people driven by hunger and misery to try to exchange their bits of paper, often the reward of hard work, for money with which they might obtain the means of life. On one occasion, on a hot dark night in July, about 15,000 people were wedged in the narrow streets about the bank. When the day broke it was found that fifteen persons had been crushed to death and trampled upon. This scene, dreadful as it is, perhaps hardly strikes the imagination with such horror as the discovery, in the middle of December, of a house in which the husband had killed his wife and children and hanged himself through destitution, while in the very room was found, with two or three halfpence, 200,000 livres of bank-notes, which at one time would have been worth £10,000 sterling."

It was a terrible crash, but Voltaire, who witnessed it, appends an interesting little note: "Men still speak," he says, "with astonishment of those times of madness, and of that public pest; but how insignificant it is in comparison with the civil and religious wars which have so long bathed Europe in blood, and the wars between people and people or rather between Prince and Prince, which lay so many countries waste!" Thus wrote the successful speculator, defending the system on which he had himself thriven. For Voltaire is remarkable as one of the very few poets and literary men who possessed a keen head for business. The fact is so curious and so frequently forgotten that Carlyle's remarks upon it, in his sketch of Voltaire in the course of "Frederick the Great," are worth recalling: "Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not forget that of economics: his Poem, *La Ligue*, he now took in hand for his own benefit; washed it clean of its blots, christened it *Henriade* . . . and printed it; published it here, by subscription, in 1826 . . . very splendid subscriptions, headed by Princess Caroline, and much favored by the opulent of quality. Which yielded an unknown but very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and

grounded not only the world-renown, but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire. . . . He took this sum of thousands sterling along with him, laid it out judiciously in some city lottery, or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled the amount, after which he invested it in . . . all manner of well-chosen trades—being one of the shrewdest financiers on record; and never from that day wanted abundance of money. . . . 'You have only to watch,' he would say, 'what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio, are offered; if you exert any judgment it is easy to gain there. Do not the stupidest of mortals gain there, by intensely attending to it?'"

These facts and words are so remarkable in the life, and from the mouth of a man of letters, that they must be excused here, though somewhat alien to our subject. They seem to show that M. de Voltaire, had he lived to-day, would have directed his genius to devising financial "tips"—and retired very early.

In this more prosaic and steady-going country we have never done anything quite so extravagant in the way of financial mania and consequent collapse as Law's Bubble, but we have had panics at regular intervals, generally arising from very similar causes. An outburst of over-trading in which all sorts of mad commercial schemes, such, e.g., as the export of skates to Jamaica, were entertained by sober merchants, accompanied by an outburst of over-financing and the creation of innumerable companies to make stupendous profits on similar lines, the whole mania being encouraged by bad banking, which gave it the sinews of war by over-discounting and over-issues of ill-secured bank-notes—such are the chief features of the periodical crises which convulsed the business world during the first 150 years or so after the Revolution of 1688. During that period the danger and misery caused by these outbursts and reactions was increased to a degree that we in England can hardly realize now by the fact that the currency of the country consisted very largely of bank-notes. The Bank of England had the monopoly of the

metropolitan note issue, and this privilege was further protected by the provision that no joint-stock company might issue notes in the country. Consequently the provincial note issue was in the hands of private bankers; in other words, of any one who chose to add to his income and facilitate his business by printing notes and forcing them into the hands of those who would accept them in payment of his debts. As a natural result, any ripple on the face of the financial waters was followed by a rush to cash paper which had little or no metallic basis. If a London bank was reported to be in trouble, country noteholders would at once rush to their banks and demand gold, and in the mean time the country bankers would be adding to the awkwardness of the position in London by demanding all the specie that their agents could procure, packing it into postchaises, and sending it at full gallop down the roads, in the imminent risk of being seized on by the highwaymen, footpads, or other enterprising workers in the byways of finance. We read of one banker hurrying from London to Newcastle with a chaise full of gold who was stopped by highwaymen, who bound him fast and rifled his pockets and person, but never noticed the bullion. The coaches were stopped so often that timid people feared to travel, and the proprietors of one coach publicly advertised that they were refusing to carry money: "The Proprietors of this Machine beg leave to acquaint the Public that they are determined not to carry Money, Plate, Jewels, or Watches, upon any consideration whatever." The physical condition of the roads added to the dangers of travellers, as is shown by the well-known story of how Jonathan Backhouse, of the great north-country banking firm, "balanced his cash" on one occasion.

It was no ordinary panic that sent Backhouse post-haste to London for cash, but news that Lord Darlington had determined to try to bring the bank down by hoarding its notes until he had collected a large amount and then suddenly presenting them and demanding cash—an expedient often used in the early days of banking by jealous

rivals, or any one who had a score to pay. On his way back with the bullion Backhouse had the misfortune to lose a wheel off his chaise, but instead of stopping to repair it he piled the gold at the back of the chaise, so "balancing the cash," and drove triumphant into Darlington on three wheels. When Lord Darlington's agent arrived with a huge sheaf of notes, the presentation of which was to have put up the bank's shutters, the Quaker banker coolly met them with gold, and added: "Now tell thy master that if he will sell Raby, I will pay for it with the same metal." This story was generally regarded as legendary until Mr. Maberly Phillips, who relates it in his "History of Banking in the Northern Counties," was able to substantiate it from the bank's books for 1819, in which an entry was found debiting Profit and Loss Account, "£2 3s.—wheel demolished."

The casual manner in which banking was carried on in those days is illustrated by another incident in the history of this institution. The usual closing hour was three o'clock; but one day, apparently without any notice or explanation, the doors were closed at one. A farmer, who had come in from the country with some notes to cash, went home again saying that the bank was closed, and caused a temporary run upon it.

In these days, thanks chiefly to the publicity which the financial part of the press gives to bank balance sheets and banking figures, banking crises are but a dim memory in our islands. A great failure in Glasgow still occasionally recurs to men's minds, but so short is memory in the financial world that we have almost forgotten the run upon the Birkbeck bank, a run which was connected with the downfall of the building societies. The Birkbeck met the crisis boldly and came through it in triumph, and the only incident in its history which deserves to survive is the sad fate of an old lady who, after waiting for two days and nights—so runs the story—in Chancery Lane in order to reach the bank and withdraw her savings, was relieved of their charge by a thief on her way home on the top of a tram-car.

Stock Exchange panics, however,

are still with us, though it is interesting to note that their intensity has been very considerably modified, probably by the enormous power over markets which has been acquired by the ever-growing strength of the *haute finance*. The steadiness of prices during the earlier part of 1897 in spite of the actual clash of war in Europe has been remarkable; in November Consols rose rapidly in the face of the evident possibilities of diplomatic friction with France in connection with the West African dispute; while the success with which the French finance houses have supported the price of Spanish bonds, through the trying period of the Cuban and Philippine rebellions, is an instructive example of the power of bold and able holders. This system of bolstering up markets by artificial supports is very comforting to security holders as long as it lasts, but if and when it does happen to come to grief the crash will be all the more severe.

It need hardly be said that a panic affords a grand opportunity to those who are sufficiently well informed, or have enough courage, to take advantage of it. A legend is still current to the effect that a great financial house added enormously to its strength by acting promptly on the early news of the British victory at Waterloo; this sort of legend is always well embellished by every year during which it survives, and it now often takes the shape of a false rumor of defeat carefully disseminated, in order to give full advantage to the possessor of the true facts of the case. A great coup was made at the time of the "forty-five"—the last occasion when internal rebellion seriously menaced the established authorities of England—by an eccentric Jew named Samson Gideon, the founder of the Eardley family. Gideon was a character of whom some amusing anecdotes are related by Mr. Francis, in his "Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange." If a proposer for an annuity coughed with a violent asthmatic cough on approaching his office door, Gideon would call out: "Aye, aye, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!" Mr. Francis also relates that "in one

of his dealings with Mr. Snow, the banker—immortalized by Dean Swift—the latter lent Gideon £20,000. Shortly afterward the 'forty-five' troubles broke out; the success of the Pretender seemed certain; and Mr. Snow, alarmed for his beloved property, addressed a piteous epistle to the Jew. A run upon his house, a stoppage, and a bankruptcy, were the least the banker's imagination pictured; and the whole concluded with an earnest request for his money. Gideon went to the bank, procured twenty notes, sent for a phial of hartshorn, rolled the phial in the notes, and thus grotesquely Mr. Snow received the money he had lent. The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated and stocks arose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight."

An instance of a panic which saved a man from ruin and re-established him in prosperity is still related on the Stock Exchange. During the rage for new joint-stock companies which followed the passing of the Limited Liability Acts, the great discounting business of Overend, Gurney & Co. was transferred to a new company, Overend, Gurney & Co., Limited. This took place in 1865, and in the year before, as we learn from Mr. Turner's "Chronicles of the Bank of England," from September to March 263 companies were formed, with a nominal capital of over £78,000,000. Of these new companies twenty-seven were banking and fifteen discount companies. It may be added that "cheap money" and the enormous profits of company-promoting have caused an even greater outburst of joint-stocking activity during the last three years, the effect of which will probably cause some interesting results before the end of the century. But to return to our story. There were very extensive dealings on

the Stock Exchange in the shares of all these new companies, and the public bought hand over fist. A jobber, who had a very large connection, found that owing to the strong demand for these shares he had in the ordinary course of business sold to the brokers who came to deal with him many more shares than he could possibly buy back except at an enormous loss, which would inevitably bring him down. The state of his book was such that one Friday morning, finding that no one was a seller and that every bargain that he did added to his liability to provide securities which he could not buy, he left the market and strolled westward to lunch at a well-known restaurant and take counsel with himself, over a bottle of the best, as to whether he should declare himself a defaulter at once, or make a further effort to carry out his bargains and tide over the evil day with temporary assistance. Returning to the City, still dubious and despairing, he met a crowd of people rushing wildly, as if the bottom of the universe had fallen out. He seized a small boy by the nape of his neck and asked him what was amiss. "Over-end's busted," said the urchin, and rushed on again. The news, which brought ruin to thousands on that Black Friday, meant fortune to our jobber. The shares which he had sold at high prices and had been unable to buy back promptly fell to rubbishy values at which he was able to help himself; indeed, many of them had so heavy a liability attached that he was actually paid hard money to take over shares which he had been, the day before, unable to purchase on any terms. The jobber of whom this story—which has come down by oral tradition and has probably been embellished in the process—is told still lives, a highly respected member of the Stock Exchange.

Voltaire's life affords another example of the advantages that may be derived by quick-witted people in times of financial distress. In the course of the Seven Years' War Frederick the Great defeated the Saxons, and among the other terms imposed required that certain Saxon Treasury bills which were passing from hand to hand as currency at a considerable discount should

be paid for by the Saxon Government at their face value, when presented by a Prussian subject. Voltaire, who was then in high favor at Frederick's court, sought to take advantage of his position by buying up a large number of these discredited bills and presenting them for payment through a Prussian subject. Unfortunately he and his Hebrew agent fell out in the course of the negotiations, with the result that this very promising deal ended in a lawsuit and an exposure which gravely discredited Voltaire in the eyes of the king, who had sought him out as a man of literary light and leading, and was disgusted to discover a money-grubber.

Nevertheless, Voltaire's plan was, with regard merely to its immediate object, eminently feasible and profitable; and with these examples before us of the advantage to be derived from fishing in financially troubled waters, it is not surprising to learn that the art of creating panics by means of false intelligence is almost as old as the practice of dealing in stocks and shares. "The first political hoax," says Mr. Francis, *ubi supra*, "on record occurred in the reign of Anne. Down the Queen's Road, riding at a furious rate, ordering turnpikes to be thrown open, and loudly proclaiming the sudden death of the queen, rode a well-dressed man, sparing neither spur nor steed. From west to east, and from north to south, the news spread. Like wildfire it passed through the desolate fields, where palaces now abound, till it reached the city. The train bands desisted from their exercise, furled their colors, and returned home with their arms reversed. The funds fell with a suddenness which marked the importance of the intelligence; and it was remarked that, while the Christian jobbers stood aloof, almost paralyzed with the information, Manasseh Lopez and the Jew interest bought eagerly at the reduced price. There is no positive information to fix the deception upon any one in particular, but suspicion was pointed at those who gained by the fraud so publicly perpetrated."

It must be remembered that in those days it was feared that the sudden death of Anne might lead to a *coup*

d'Etat and the restoration of the Stuarts, who might be expected to have little consideration for the holders of the debt which had been created by those whom they regarded as usurpers, and largely for the purpose of keeping them out of their kingdom. Apart from such doubtful questions of succession, a demise of the crown need not affect Government securities materially. But it still happens occasionally that the price of some particular stock or share depends largely on one life, and in the "Kaffir" market rumors about the unfavorable state of Mr. Rhodes' health frequently depress the price of the Chartered Company's shares considerably. It often happens, too, that the sudden death of an operator who is a large holder, or a large bull, of any stock will cause a sharp fall in its price, because the knowledge that his stock will have to be sold makes the dealers sell bears in anticipation. It is related that a certain Scot, on hearing of the sudden death of an old Glasgow friend who was notoriously very deep in North British Railway stock, first rushed to the railway market and sold ten thousand "British" in preparation for the fall that was sure to follow when his dead friend's account was liquidated, and then took a telegram form and wired to the widow, "Am terribly vexed to hear of poor Sandy's dreadfully sudden demise."

War scares often have absurdly illogical results at first sight. It is very puzzling, for instance, to read of a fall in English railway securities on account of a Franco-German "frontier incident." But it must be remembered that war on a serious scale causes a rapacious demand for ready money on the part of the Governments concerned, and when the value of money rises securities come to market to be turned into money, and so down falls the price of everything that is marketable. A further question arises when the possibility of war comes up between two nations one of which holds large lines of the other's securities. At the time of the Venezuela incident, for in-

stance, some American organs openly advocated the repudiation of the interest on all American Government railroad and other securities held by the Britisher. There is, however, no precedent for such a course of action on the part of a civilized people. "During the American War [of Independence]," says Mr. Francis, "many of those in arms had property in the [British] funds; and the provinces, as bodies corporate, had money in the same securities. It is to the credit of the revolutionists that, though they fully expected this property would be confiscated, they persisted in their course; and it is equally to the credit of England, that their capital was as secure, and their interest as regularly paid, as if they were not in open rebellion." Russian stocks were always regarded with favor in England until French enthusiasts bid them up to a prohibitive price, because of the regularity with which the Tsar's Government paid interest due all through the Crimean war. While we are on the subject of Russian stocks, it is interesting to note that, according to Mr. Francis, English capitalists, alarmed by the Reform agitation in 1832, and fearing for the stability of government in consequence of "what appeared more like revolution than reform," sold out their Consols and "bought chiefly in Russian funds, as affording greater security."

In conclusion, it may be added that panics, though very inconvenient to those who are obliged to sell securities while they are in progress, need not affect those whose investments are well chosen, and are sure to yield their usual rate of interest whatever may happen to the price at which they happen to stand. In fact, to the careful investor who knows what he is about a panic may often afford a very comfortable opportunity for picking up good stocks cheap, as was shown in the case of Mr. Samson Gideon in the days of the Young Pretender.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A ROCK IN THE BRITISH ATLANTIC.

ISLAND life, if the island be not too big, is always interesting, whether that of men, animals, or plants. Islanders make the most of what Nature offers, because otherwise their life would often be intolerable, if in the colder climates, and become "specialists," just as island-plants and islands become specialized in reference to their surroundings. Of the island communities round our own coasts none is quite so remarkable as the most distant of all on the rock of St. Kilda. It is not a "stack" itself, but a rounded mountain, with stack rocks and islets round it. The main island rises 1220 feet, with its head in the clouds and its feet in the breakers. Here is the human settlement. On one of the subsidiary islets, Boreray, is gathered the main colony of the sea-birds; and on a third, Soa, are the diminutive descendants of Viking sheep, left by the old sea-rovers of the North, just as the buccaneers of the South Seas left tortoises and turtles on the coral islands, where they were handy as a reserve of food for pirate crews. And on this nest of ocean rocks, thirty miles west of the westernmost strand of *Ultima Thule*, are some seventy-five men, women, and children who live, and live well, under stranger conditions than any other community of non-migratory Britons, from whom they are distinguished even by Act of Parliament; for every Wild Birds' Protection Act, or Bill for the protection of sea-birds, specially and with due intent exempts from its range of pains and penalties the petrel and puffin-eating islanders of St. Kilda.

The most recent chroniclers, and certainly the best illustrators of the story of the island, are the brothers Messrs. R. and C. Kearton. The earlier portion of their latest book, entitled *With Nature and a Camera*, deals entirely with life on St. Kilda, as they saw and photographed the separate societies of men and sea-fowl during a summer stay on the rock. The men of St. Kilda are a superior race to the crofters of the Hebrides and mainland; well-to-do, well-clad, and well-fed. Mr. Kearton accompanied the

factor of the MacLeod on his annual visit carrying commodities for sale to the St. Kildans, and incidentally learnt some instructive facts as to the scale of living among these dwellers on the rock. The chief imports were meal and flour, of which each family consumes on an average 120 pounds per head per annum, or 28 per cent more than satisfies the ordinary crofter of the Hebrides. The population of the island are both respectable and self-respecting. Not a soul appeared when the steamer arrived off the one landing-place until the whistle had blown more than once. It was not etiquette to rush down like a parcel of savages, even though the islanders are cut off from the world for nine months in the year. They retire to "tidy" themselves, and then row out and call in proper form. Mr. Kearton and his brother evidently made a favorable impression on these independent people. They were made daily companions of the islanders in their pursuits of fowling and fishing. The St. Kildans exhibited their wonderful skill in rock-climbing and snaring birds. Their visitors were apt pupils, and made an adequate return by exhibiting their wonderful photographs of the precipices and sea-fowl. In this little community the ordinary and extraordinary occupations of life seem inverted. Sport is a serious work; shepherding and shearing are an exciting sport. A St. Kildan qualifies for marriage by proving his courage and skill as a fowler by standing on a dizzy precipice called the Lovers' Stone, and goes out bird-snaring with a serious face. When he wants a sheep for the butcher he asks his friends to a sheep-hunt on the island of Soa, in which dogs and men pursue the animals from rock to rock. "The factor told me," writes Mr. Kearton, "that he had volunteered to supply the people with nets, that they might catch the sheep with more humanity and less waste of life. But his offer was declined. They preferred the old methods, which supplied plenty of danger and excitement." While the sheep are hunted, the cows—one is sur-

prised to hear of cows on St. Kilda—are thoroughly spoilt. Every day the women are seen hard at work picking dock-leaves and storing them in baskets. This is because all the St. Kilda cows refuse to be milked unless they are fed with dock-leaves all the time! One is curious to know what would happen if these cows were allowed to go out on strike! Would they be uncomfortable, or revenge themselves by going dry? The sheep on Soa islet are diminutive brown creatures, which are *plucked* instead of being sheared at the time when the wool would naturally be shed, and what wool will not come off in this way is severed with a pocket-knife! About one thousand sheep, and from twenty-five to thirty head of cattle, is the estimate given of the St. Kildans' flocks and herds. Against this very modest pastoral contribution to the food-supply, that derived from what would elsewhere be considered "sport" is astonishing. The St. Kildans are almost the only representatives left in our islands of man in the hunting age. They are stated to have once caught nearly ninety thousand puffins in one season. This estimate does not correspond with that of the Rev. H. A. Macpherson in his account of the snaring of the fulmar petrels in the *History of Fowling*. Mr. John Mackenzie, factor of St. Kilda, ascertained for him the precise number of fulmars and other fowl consumed on St. Kilda every year. At present the total catch is divided into sixteen shares, each of which contains the following birds: 80 young gannets, 120 adult gannets, 560 fulmars, 600 puffins, 120 common guillemots, and 50 razor-bills, making 1530 birds for each share. This gives a grand total of 24,480 head of sea-fowl consumed annually. One wonders whether the people like this form of food. Apparently, by long habit they do. Like the Arctic and Sub-Arctic peoples, they like the train-oil taste, and actually prefer the rock-fowl to the good and abundant coal-fish, because the latter has "no substance"—i.e., no oil—in it. They prefer to eat the oily livers of the fish, and give the rest to their fish-eating dogs. The puffins are made into kippers by being split and cured. Mr. Kearton notes that the people of the Faroe Islands

think the fulmar disgusting food, and cannot even endure the smell of the eggs. Mr. C. Kearton gives some striking and exquisitely clear photographs of the fulmar petrels on their nests, of the cragsmen snaring them with long fishing-rod snares, and of other fowlers seated on the grass slopes, above the crests of the sheer precipices, "angling" for puffins. These comic birds show a mixture of sharpness and stupidity under these circumstances. They allow the fowler to seat himself within a rod's length of them, and angrily pick up the snare in their beaks, and toss it aside. Usually they are caught at the next attempt, but this does not frighten off the other puffins. The fulmar, though the most valuable of the St. Kilda birds, does not play quite the indispensable part attributed to it. It is doubted, for example, whether its oily body was ever used as a lamp with a wick drawn through and coming out at the mouth. Fulmar oil was, and is, used as lamp-oil; but the ancient lamps were made of stone, and some which remain are exactly like those used in the Stone Age. The island is full of survivals, material and social, of primitive, if not prehistoric, life. Among these are, or were recently, a community of goods, there having been at one time in the whole island only three of the costly horsehair ropes used for descending parts of the cliff, and these owned in common. Boats are still, we gather, common property, and the greater part of the catch of fowl is "pooled" for several use. The stone lamp, underground dwellings for temporary use on the island of Boreray, small cattle like the breed whose bones are found beside those of the *bos eurus*, and a dietary derived in as large proportions from the minor products of the shore as that of the shell-fishing feeding tribes, the relics of whose feasts are still visible on our coasts, are closely parallel with surviving evidences of what we are accustomed to regard as the intolerable life of primitive man. The analogy holds good in some curious details. The islands are dotted over with small circular buildings of stone, roofed with turf, called "cleits." They are used to store fodder in; but it is estimated that there are five thousand of these "cleits" on the islands

buildings so primitive and so unaccountable, were not their use explained, that their purpose, if the population passed away, would probably be one of the puzzles of posterity. Yet these modern analogies with the evidences of primeval man are due solely to limitations of soil and climate. They have imposed few or no disabilities on the people, who, so far from exhibiting any of the semi-savage character usually credited to prehistoric man, enjoy a high degree of comfort and education superior to that of the crofters on the mainland, who retain none of these survivals. The impression left by reading Mr. Kearton's book, and comparing this with the relation of Martin's visit in 1697, suggests more than a suspicion that "prehistoric man" in England and elsewhere may have had a

much larger share of civilization than that with which he is commonly credited.

The remaining portion of Mr. Kearton's volume is devoted to records of general observations of outdoor life, made mainly during excursions for the purpose of photographing birds on their nests. These notes contain little that is new, and some inaccuracies. A pointer-dog, for instance, is described as a setter. But the illustrations are triumphs of photography, one showing the raindrops on a blackbird's back as she sat with her wings spread to protect her brood in a shower. Some of these pictures, however, are a blot on the book, showing live animals and birds, stoats, kestrels, and a buzzard caught in steel traps.—*Spectator*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMPRESSIONISM.

BY C. F. KEARY.

A WORKER in the plastic arts—a painter or a sculptor—does not need to think in words: he thinks in colors and in form; and you must not look that he should express himself in literary language. But very soon comes by the glib art-critic, who feels little and talks much. His care is to have a phrase ready for every emergency: he spreads a net for the unwary artificer, who easily falls into the toils, and allows himself to be classified of a school and ticketed with a label, as Realist, Impressionist, Symbolist—or even from the accident of his workmanship, as Pointelist, Vibrist, what you choose; and, like enough, the artist will wear this label of his as if it were a decoration. Only the wisest avoid such things. They comprehend that if they are good for anything each is his own school; that of his own methods each had best not know how much he has got from his immediate predecessors, or how far he has broken with tradition. For all that, it must happen, time and again, that without self-consciousness art may at some period take a decisive new departure and may need some name to separate it sharply from the art which has gone before. It will be happy if it can find

a terminology which has not been already debased or distorted by too ready penmen.

Failing that, the best that can be done is to try and revoke to a better use names or phrases which have become idly current and sterile. This is what I would do for the term "Impressionism," which has come to stand for only a small and almost accidental development of the art it might reasonably denote. Impressionism should mean all that *genre* of art—essentially modern we shall see that it is—which honestly and simply tries to render in form or color what the artist sees, as he sees it; but the word has been narrowed and twisted to signify something much more transient—the reproduction of what is seen at a particularly rapid glance, as by a person in a railway carriage: to that the name "Impressionism" is limited by the art-critics to-day. If we use the term in this restricted sense, for that larger kind of impressionism, that wider movement, of which the more rapid impressionism is but the offspring, for that we shall have no name.

This larger impressionism, then, what is it? There is more than at first glance appears implied in the

words of my definition, "What the artist sees *as* he sees it;" for it is a fact that throughout the whole history of the fine arts the artist has aimed most often not at producing what *he* saw, but something that other people had seen or thought they had seen, even at what nobody had ever seen, but what the artist or his forerunners had generalized out of many experiences.

It seems so simple to draw what we behold—it is so difficult: it seems so easy to say what we mean—it is so hard. Set a child to draw a table; he will make a round or a rectangle, and the legs sticking out of the sides or the circumference. Yet never in his life has the child seen even so much of this as a table whose top looked rectangular or round. To see one as either the child must gaze from the ceiling. We say simply that he knows the top to be a circle (suppose), and he so draws it. But that means that the draughtsman has formed out of many experiences a general idea of a circle, and that the table which he draws is a generalized idea of a round table; it is not a thing seen. Barbaric art, and childish art too sometimes, show the full eye in a profile figure; yet no one ever saw the eye full when he was looking at a side face. The artist fashions his face so because "eye" has become for him a fixed idea, a generalization. These are but crude examples. There are a hundred other ways in which the impulse to present general ideas or abstract ones may and does interfere with the direct impression of the artist.

When we watch—I can hardly say the development, but the history, of the pictorial or plastic arts in Egypt, they seem as if they had existed only to retrograde. In the Museum now at Ghizeh hard by Cairo the traveller has displayed before him the abstract and brief chronicle of Egyptian art. There first of all he is taken to view a certain very early wooden statue, whose familiar name, the *sheik-el-beled*, is itself a witness how simple and realistic that piece of sculpture is. For when the Arab diggers—the *fellah* diggers, let us rather say—unearthed the wooden image they exclaimed with one

voice, "Village headman!" (*sheik-el-beled*!) so like did the figure, with its long stick and the carved cloth about the loins, look to a village chief of to-day; and in Egypt we know nothing changes. Thus did the workmen acknowledge the realism of the carving, and so it is that their name for it this statue has ever since retained. As through this Boulak Museum we pass to later monuments, and travel along the road that Egyptian art has trodden, less and less realistic does this sculpture grow, until in time it is hardly possible to distinguish (save by the cartouch*) one Pharaoh from another, a Rameses II. from a Rameses III., a Thothmes from an Amenophis; nay, strangest transformation of all! even the Greek kings of the Ptolemaic race are in these temple-sculptures made to take the features of their far-distant predecessors the Pharaohs. Surely this is a crab-like art, as none other in the world has been!

To account for such a retrogression, antiquarians invoke many contributory causes: they tell us of priestly rules of art, hereditary guilds of artists. These *are* causes, no doubt, but subsidiary ones. The true *causa causans* of this seeming backward movement in Egyptian sculpture is, I have no doubt, this—that the instincts of the people were essentially literary, and not essentially artistic; so that their sculpture and their painting had first of all to serve a literary purpose. In its more practical application, this is as much as to say that if a Rameses III. is likened to a Rameses II., and he to a Thothmes his predecessor, it is because the desire of the artist is to give us, not an image of any particular Pharaoh, but *the* Pharaoh, the idea of kingship. It is Rameses III. that we are looking at, for so it is labelled; but it is not Rameses the man, it is Rameses the Lord of the Two Egypts. Thackeray, in his "Paris Sketch-Book," draws us three pictures—Ludovicus, a shrivelled little old man in dr—in the lightest of costumes; Rex, the Court-dress and periwig; and finally, Ludovicus Rex the king when clothed with these ad-

* The name enclosed in an oval frame which is commonly cut in the side of a statue.

junets. "Can we picture," asks Teufelsdrückh, "a naked Duke of Wellington addressing a naked House of Lords?" Apply the same principle to the kings of Egypt, and we see why they might choose to be imaged rather than as individual men under the idea of the office which they held.

But to change so utterly the natural uses of sculpture and of painting, this could only have been done by a people more prone to think metaphysically or abstractedly than in a sensuous or practical way. As a fact, not in the representations of their kings alone, but in all forms of presentation or representation, the leaning of Egyptian art (to call it art) is in one and the same direction, toward the general and the abstract—in a word, toward the literary; for it is the proper function of letters, and not of art, to deal with general ideas and with abstractions. And because the Egyptian mind had this literary bias, the Egyptians did out of their art create for themselves a literature in the narrower sense of the word: that bias wrought ceaselessly upon their painting and the sculpture, and out of them fashioned writing. For I assume that there is no reader who is not aware that this has been historically the course of things, that pictures and sculpture long preceded alphabets, and that there is no alphabet in the world whose letters have not been developed, or one might say degraded out of some picture. Nor yet who is ignorant that among the nations of the world the Egyptians were by pre-eminence the inventors of writing: that most other peoples have merely received their alphabets from them.* Immeasurable discovery! Yet one which came partly by accident, shall we rather say by the operation of a tendency constant in all human nature, but in the Egyptians specially strong, whereof one inevitable manifestation is the disposition to conventionalize the images of things seen, in the same way that the child does when he draws the top of his round table round.

We cannot, then, justly call the art of the Egyptians barbarous: call it

* The Babylonians only among all the nations of the world might possibly dispute this pre-eminence of the Egyptians.

rather a literary art, and understand that its aim is not to show things as they actually were, but general ideas of such things. I will hazard the conjecture that the art of a child to-day is much more barbarous in this sense than the art of primitive man, just because the child generalizes more easily and naturally than the savage does. And it is a fact that the most primitive known form of plastic art among mankind is by no means what we should call barbarous, but more realistic and impressionist than it becomes at a later time. It presents to us single objects, mammoths (for it is contemporary with the mammoth), reindeer, occasionally two objects in conjunction, as a man seemingly stalking a deer; and it shows them all very well, done as the phrase is "to the life."

Later on in the history of our race we find the elements composing a picture greatly multiplied; and it would seem that now a disposition has grown up to present a series of events, a sort of diorama of events, as though in a single scene. The art which in the history of the world follows next after that of mammoth days, is represented by certain rock-carvings which belong to the second Stone Age. We may reasonably believe that in these rock-carvings we find pictures not of one single event, but complex pictures of the kind which I have just described. If so, it is evident we have already arrived at an art which is no longer simple, but in a sense "literary," notwithstanding that literature, writing in the full sense of the term, is still far in the future. Of the kind of complex picture which I mean by the term diorama-picture, the most familiar illustration that could be found is the willow-pattern on the plate—assuming that the usual interpretation of that pattern is the true one. For here, though we seem to be gazing at a simple picture, we are in fact reading a romance, the history of two lovers from their runaway marriage to their death, and to the transmigration of their spirits.

When art begins to do this sort of thing it is, I say, getting away from presentation toward literature. It has

to make one more mighty stride—the most decisive advance, it is true, which perhaps human invention has ever achieved—and then it will altogether have passed the barrier which separates presentment from writing. It is not the mere outward form of a picture which makes a picture in fact. "Picture-writing" is not art, it is not any form of presentative art. The great stride, the decisive step which landed mankind out of picturing or trying to "show," into writing or trying to "tell," may be illustrated after this fashion. Suppose an artist wished to inform his contemporaries or posterity that on some occasion four men went out to shoot a deer. Up to that day—if true picturing were hitherto the only art known—his method would be to draw four men marching, holding each a bow in his hand, and the deer a little way off. Here we have a record; but it is likewise a possible impression. Now let us imagine that some heaven-inspired craftsman, with no care for representation and with a desire to save himself trouble, contrives this new fashion of imparting the same information. A single man is drawn to represent the general idea "man;" then four strokes represent the number of them, "four;" then a bow by itself, to express the action of "shooting;" and the "deer" as before. This transition, I say, is one of the most stupendous achievements of the human mind: whoever the artist was who hit upon it, he was perhaps the greatest inventor the world has known. But he was the very reverse of an artist; we may be sure about one thing, that he cared nothing about the presentation of things seen.

From that decisive dividing line the evolution of true writing, of alphabets, goes on slowly, but unchecked. Pictures will still long be used, but these pictures are henceforward divorced altogether from art: they are not counterfeit presentments; they stand for ideas, for words, in time for syllables and sounds, never more for things. Writing, therefore, is the extreme point of evolution out of presentative art, if one tendency, the literary tendency, be followed, and in one direction. It is as though we had seen two roads be-

ginning to diverge, slightly at first, widely soon, and followed one road to its terminus; or else had traced the evolution of a species, step by step, from some distant ancestor.

Now the true meaning of "Impressionism" (as I would use the word) may be defined in a sentence—that, namely, it is the terminus of the *other* road which we left behind: it is the latest point in the evolution of *another* species which, by different processes, has developed from the same parent stem. That means, if you come to consider it, that impressionism is the negation of the literary side of Art—in other words, of the abstract and the general in Art.

Such a definition implies much, very much. Be it said I am trying to explain impressionism, not to justify it—at any rate, not to exalt it above its place. Of Art as of other things that have been created, have come into actual being, we must say in a certain sense that "what is is right." Historical Art, religious Art, cannot be impressionist; but these have existed, and still exist and should exist—at least, should have existed: albeit in saying this one may yet confess to a certain sneaking sympathy with the prejudice of the Mohammedan or the Puritan, which prejudice, in fact, means little more than that Religion belongs properly to the domain of Literature, and not of Art. Consider that, O Æsthete! The Puritan at least means no more than this. And it is sure to be among a people who deal more in abstract thought than in sensuous impressions that the Puritan theory in this matter will obtain.

That an Italian painter of the fifteenth century, of the Quattrocento, should paint for us a pure girl-mother and her baby, that is much; but that is Impressionism. Was it necessary, was it edifying, that he should call his picture a "Madonna and Child?" That may at least be questioned, and has been. He idealized, you say? Maybe; or only looked out for the highest type that he could find, as any artist were bound to do.

I do not mean that I am with the Puritan. For it cannot be denied that there are conceptions of a religious

kind, Pagan and Christian, in their motive more literary than artistic, which yet Literature could not bring into being, and which could not be spared from Art. Consider the Niké, the Victory, for instance, or the Christian Angel. These are but two examples. On the artistic expression of some conceptions of the ancient mythologies you cannot always pronounce so clearly a favorable judgment. I am not sure but that the group of gods on the Panathenaic Frieze, the Frieze of the Parthenon, is not the meanest part of it—from a literary standpoint, that is to say. The figures themselves are not conspicuously better or worse than those of the mortals in the same procession. But, not being much grander, they become (from the literary standpoint always) much more mean. Of this one thing there is no doubt, that the days when the divinity is presented otherwise than under some conventional shape have generally been days of religious decline.

Let that pass. What is not questionable is that, as literature more and more extends its field and captures more and more the mass of the people, art is driven always the nearer to within the enclosure of impressionism. The historical picture, or the picture with a story, is excellent for illiterate folk. The simple-minded may still love to see a representation of Alfred minding—or not minding—the cakes. On others the conviction forces itself that the artist knew no more what Alfred looked like than you or I. Battle-pieces hold their place; but with them it is the impression or possible impression, the one dramatic moment of a thing happening (best, if in our days), that we want; it is not the record.

In the second age of Italian Art—the Cinquecento—the painters had already perceived that the true historical picture was impossible, and they made a kind of impression serve their purpose—as when Paul Veronese paints a Venetian Feast and calls it a “Marriage in Cana.” There was no reason in the nature of things why a picture of such a kind as that should not have been absolutely impressionist—painted, that is, just as it came under the eye of the artist. But the modern

idea had not yet arisen; and as a fact, the Venetians or the Romans—Raphael in his stanze as much as Veronese or Titian or Tintoret—only made their groups in the mind’s eye: they composed their pictures, and painted one model in pose after the other. Thus, they never actually saw what we see on their canvas till they had painted it there. In other cases they would clap a studio-painted model on the top (so to say) of a landscape sketched at quite a different time, and immensely conventionalized probably: a picture of this kind is Titian’s “Bacchus and Ariadne”—the most beautiful work of his that we have, but very far from an impression. Velasquez, in the next century, was the first man who really painted groups as he saw them—his “Meninas,” his “Hilanderas;” and in doing this Velasquez became the parent of modern painting. As such he is appreciated by contemporary artists above his actual merit, great as this is. Almost beside Velasquez as a “modern” we may place Rembrandt—at least in some of his groups. He too, we know, belongs to the century which followed that of the greatest Italians.

Our English Art has remained, even to this day, the least impressionist, much less so than that just beyond the Channel. Millais’ pictures, for instance, are always *composed*, not *received*, and are therefore in method not essentially different from an Italian picture of the sixteenth century. And no artist is more representatively English than Millais. For comparison in this particular between the English and the French schools it would be most instructive to compare one of Millais’ subjects which contain two figures in a landscape—“Effie Deans,” say, or “Edgar of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton,” with Bastien Lepage’s “Dans les Foins,” which hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. For Bastien, though far removed from the most modern school of rapid vision, was, in the sense in which I have used the word, essentially an impressionist. Millais gives us in each of his two pictures a beautiful pair: Bastien gives us an ugly woman beside the recumbent figure of a man whose face is covered beneath a straw hat. Yet, though

all the chances are for the English artist, when we have looked a while at the French picture and return to the English ones, the latter look artificial. We feel that in Millais' case we are simply presented with two people posed to make a picture, and a landscape posed to make a background; in the other case we have the true sense of an actual scene.

From England came, too, the strongest reaction in favor of a literary art which this century has known—the Pre-Raphaelite movement. I know that at first sight this art looks essentially realistic. But it was not so in its origin; and its real motive-force was the reverse of realism. Pre-Raphaelitism sprang out of the mythologic influence of Wordsworth, his pantheistic influence, if you like that word better. All poetry which concerns itself much with nature must be pantheistic more or less. To the poet the tree is an entity and has a sort of spiritual existence; the mountain, the rock, the stream—they are all a kind of beings for him. Pre-Raphaelite Art was imbued with the same mythology, and it tried to deal with nature after the same fashion. Of the tree it painted every leaf and branch; not that it had ever seen a tree so minutely, but that the tree was more to it than a mere gift—a *donné*—of the senses: it was a being. After this fashion did Pre-Raphaelitism express its reverence for Nature; just as a Tudor artist expressed his reverence for Kingship by painting the monarch's portrait without shadow. And, behold! this illustration brings us very near to the idealizing Egyptian sculptor once more.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement failed, though from its loins sprang a very beautiful English school, that of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Watts—if we may group these into a school—of which the worst that can be said is that it is somewhat exotic, and is historical more than actual.

Certainly, the feeling which created the Pre-Raphaelite Body evokes one's sympathies. It is impossible not to wish that these arts could find some fashion by which they might deal with the things invisible to mortal sight;

impossible for any one who works in letters and knows how vast a place in literature is filled up by the incorporeal, but to wish there were more place for it in art likewise. Does not Charlotte Brontë represent her heroine as painting (quaint idea!) a picture of the shape that had *no shape*—

“If shape it could be called, that shape had none?”

Rochester was much impressed by the result, we are told. But, as a fact, those examples which we actually know, where art has tried to bring before us the invisible or the highly imaginative, are mostly of woeful kind: those babies for souls, for example, coming out of the dying man's mouth, which early Italian Art gives us; the Banquo's—or other—ghosts of more modern painting, or pictures of fairies. When even a great painter has set himself to put down in black and white his conception of a great poem, as Botticelli did with the *Divina Commedia*, the result is such as one would rather never have seen.

But perhaps I seem to be too eagerly championing the cause of impressionism. That is not my intention. There is, I take it, but one safe motto for the critic of art or of other things. I owe it to a French money-changer—howbeit he attached no æsthetic significance at all thereto—*Tout or est bon*. In the matter of human beauty, to cite one thing only, there seems a place for an imagination which is something more than mere sensibility. Can we believe that the purest Greek type was only an impression of what actually existed? Or that Leonardo in his “Mona Lisa,” Titian in numberless portraits, did not set forth a vast deal more than they really saw? And there are types, too—created types of beauty. I have just spoken of the painters who sprang out of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Some of their effects they get by distortion. But still, but still we could not spare them. Nor Turner, again, high priest of the mysteries of nature. He painted much that he could never have seen. But we could not do without it being painted.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A VISIT TO THE PHILIPPINES.

BY CLAES ERICSSON.

ON June 13th, 1894, I arrived in Manila Bay, from Singapore, on board the *Nuestra Señora de Santa Loreto*. The faith of the pious Spaniard who gave the steamer her long name had been abundantly justified, or she must have gone to the bottom years before, for a more ramshackle craft I never set foot upon. Luckily we had no rough weather, or these lines might never have been penned, the protection of "Our Lady of Holy Loreto" notwithstanding. It was night when we came to anchor, and the spectacle of the lamps on the Lunetta gave me a blessed feeling of security which had been lacking many a day. If the *Nuestra Señora*, etc., should go down at her anchorage I might possibly swim ashore.

Landing at nine next morning, I visited the custom-house. Officials, Spanish and Creole, were lounging about, cigarette or cheroot in mouth, and presently one of them condescended to inform me that my luggage would be examined at 3 o'clock. It was then 9.30 A.M. At the appointed hour I returned; but in Manila four years ago no one dreamed of hurrying, and another hour passed before I was free of the port. An acquaintance assured me, however, that my good fortune had been great; and when, three days later, I obtained a *Licencia*, or permit to stay in the Islands, the same gentleman consoled me for the delay with the remark that such dispatch was phenomenal—in Manila. During my stay I made the acquaintance of one of the leisurely officials, a Creole. In a burst of confidence he gave me to understand that a great deal of money was received at the Manila Custom-house, but the Government saw very little of it.

I am told that they have the electric light in Manila to-day, but in 1894 the streets were lit with oil lamps, on posts more or less resembling the famous tower of Pisa. The fortifications had a very ancient look, not surprising when it is remembered that

they were built between two and three centuries ago. Leaving the Lunetta, I passed through a beautiful avenue of feathery bamboos, swaying to the gentlest breeze, and so reached the town in time to witness a very pretty sight. It was a funeral. Four white ponies, harnessed in sky-blue and silver, driven by a coachman similarly arrayed, drew the hearse, which was painted white, blue, and gold, and decked with plumes of snowy feathers.

As my business in the Philippines was to collect plants on the mountains of South Palawan, I left Manila by the first steamer, taking two natives as personal servants. One of them, named Minico, was very small, not more than four feet in height, but brave enough, nevertheless. My fellow-passengers numbered seven. One of them, a gentleman of martial aspect, I addressed in my best Spanish:

"It is a fine day, captain."

"Señor," he answered, giving his mustache an upward twist, "you mistake. I am a colonel." And he turned on his heel. There our acquaintance began and ended. The Spaniard is so seldom discourteous—at least, to Europeans—that I fear he was scarcely a good sample. Possibly, however, Admiral Dewey has by this time taught the colonel better manners.

Steaming past the Calamianes Islands, we eventually anchored at Marangas, in Palawan, which was my destination.

The settlement comprised two small houses inhabited by Chinamen, and a stockade less than a hundred yards square, containing a hut for the officer in command, one for the garrison of thirty soldiers, and another for stores. At every corner of the stockade rose a watch-tower, thatched with "alang-alang" grass, occupied night and day by sentries with loaded rifles, lest the "Moros," as the Spaniards call the natives, should attempt a surprise.

I advise no one to visit this Palawan Settlement unless obliged. There was scarcely any food to be had for love or

money. Mosquitoes swarmed as they do nowhere else on earth, I think. One morning I counted thirteen alligators marching in a troop along the beach toward the mouth of a small river. Ants, millions of them, were everywhere—in the soup, the jam, my bed, my shirt, on the table—wherever an ant can crawl. A species more venomous I never encountered. My Manila men suffered terribly. Scarcely an inch of their bodies escaped, and the wounds, if rubbed, suppurated like small pox. To crown all, Marangas is notorious for a special kind of fever of the most virulent character. Half the garrison were down while I was there, and their commander was hardly ever well.

The Chinamen were engaged in the "Damar" trade, which is carried on in rather a peculiar manner. The Sultan will not allow the natives of the interior to sell their resin to the Celestials direct; they must dispose of it to the Sulus, who dwell on the coast, and these trade with the Chinamen. As may be supposed, the poor natives are plundered shamefully.

Having arranged with Lo-Chang, the principal Chinese merchant, for the use of a hut, I paid a visit to Lieutenant Garcia, the officer in charge of the stockade. He invited me to a *vino tinto* and a cockfight. The latter I should have preferred to decline, but it was soon over, and perhaps cockfighting is excusable in Palawan. It appeared to be the soldiers' only recreation, except potting alligators.

The next day I called upon Paduka Majasari Maulana Amiril Mauminin, Sultan Muhammad Harum Narassid, *Iang de per-Tuan*, ex-Sultan of the Sulu Islands, once the home of the most bloodthirsty pirates that ever sailed the China Sea, which is saying a great deal. On arriving at the royal village of Bolini-Bolini, which comprised the "palace" and half a dozen ruinous huts of bamboo, my presence was announced by a gong-stroke, which brought out the master of the ceremonies. Invited to step within, I crawled up the bamboo ladder—the "palace" stood on the usual piles—crossed the veranda, and in the farthest apartment found his Highness

of the many titles sitting cross-legged on a divan.

The Sultan was not in State attire, at least there was no suggestion of the Imperial yellow in his close-fitting white trousers and vest, slippers embroidered with seed-pearls, and scarlet fez. The two attendant nobles were much more gayly clad. Both wore tight jackets of blue silk, decked with gold buttons, and trousers of salmon red, ornamented with buttons of gold or gilt from the knee downward.

His Highness, who appeared to be about fifty years of age, had rather a pleasant expression, with a twinkle in his eye that reminded me of Arabi Pasha. A chair was brought, also vermouth and chocolate. With a cup of the last in my hand, I explained the purpose of my visit, which was to crave the Sultan's assistance in exploring Marangas Mountain. Smiling, he promised as many coolies as I needed, and I took my leave.

The ex-Sultan of Sulu is all-powerful in Palawan. The Spaniards have no real authority, and never interfere with the natives, except when Europeans or Chinamen are concerned. Some idea of the situation may be gathered from the following incident, which happened during my stay at Marangas. The Sultan's son, a boy of ten, desiring to visit Lieutenant Garcia, came with a crowd of retainers at his heels, all armed to the teeth with guns, pistols, spears, and the seldom absent kris. Every man pressed into the stockade. Had the Spaniards tried to keep them out, there would have been a fight. The danger was great, but all passed quietly, although a few weeks before a Sulu who had stolen by the sentries ran *amok* at the lieutenant, who would have lost his life within his own stockade had not half a dozen soldiers come to the rescue. At that time there was fighting almost daily in the Sulu Islands and in Mindanao.

As soon as the coolies promised by the Sultan arrived, I set out for Marangas Mountain, no great distance. The heat was tremendous as we pressed forward, first through tall "alang-alang" grass, and then up the bed of a mountain stream, strewn with boulders big and little, many sharp as knives. Strik-

ing into the jungle, after travelling some hours by the river, we found a track, and following it, presently arrived at a native hut—a mere roof on four poles, open at the sides, back, and front to all the winds that blew. The owner, a very old man, naked, except for a breechcloth, made off at once; but, on Minico ordering him to stop, the poor fellow came to a halt, shivering with fear. However, at the sight of a little tobacco and cloth his weather-beaten face wrinkled into a smile, and I soon persuaded him to guide us up the mountain. He led us to a village, whose inhabitants fled shrieking; but again a little tobacco acted like a charm; we made friends and obtained shelter for the night, invited guests.

Our hosts did their best to dissuade us from proceeding farther. My spirit, they said, would remain on the mountain to vex them, and many more awful things would be sure to happen. Nevertheless, we pressed on. Finding the mountain too precipitous, however, we were obliged to turn back and try a different route. This took us to another small settlement which boasted an *Orang Kaya* (head man). The villagers at our previous halt had told me that he was very rich, and would entertain us in a royal manner, hoping, no doubt, to induce us to depart from their spur of the mountain. I found him very old, and his riches appeared to consist of an earthenware plate, and a wooden club three feet long, his only weapon.

Everywhere the people seemed wretchedly poor, and their habitations were the worst hovels I had seen in the Far East. But these aborigines have no settled places of abode. They sometimes throw a hut together, cultivate a tiny plot of ground for a year, then move on. The majority are always wandering about. As for the Sulus, they appear to do no work at all; when they are not robbing the inland natives they pass the time in lamentations for the bad old days when they, the *Orang Laut*, ruled the seas far and near. The old piratical spirit survives. They have never been subdued, and, in my opinion, they never will be—by Spain.

The aborigines of Palawan must be
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very near the bottom of the human scale. I have watched them sleeping round a fire at night in as much security as they ever know. Their tiny limbs were never still, quivering and stretching, and at the least sound in the jungle they were on their feet, wide awake, ready to flee. A mysterious people, uncanny, scarcely human, yet, in comparison with their Sulu masters, honest and trustworthy.

We camped near the hut of two old people, a man and a woman, whom a few yards of cloth and a little tobacco made more happy than they had ever been in their wretched lives perhaps. So far I had seen no large animal in Palawan. There was much talk of some mysterious beast, but the descriptions were so indefinite that I was unable to decide whether it were a goat or a buffalo. Not one of the natives with whom I conversed had ever seen it.

Three days' constant climbing took us to the summit of Marangas Mountain. On the boulders were hundreds of spiderlike *Renantheras* (orchids). I saw many *Phalœnopsis* also; and ferns, *Lycopods* and *Alocacias*, were very plentiful. Leaving coolies to collect the orchids, I returned to Marangas with Minico and the other Manila man.

Desiring to ascend a mountain near Bulugay, I hired a Sulu boat and crew. There was trouble immediately. The turbulent Sulus refused to put to sea with the men from Manila, and I was obliged to meet them half-way by sending one of my servants home. Minico I contrived to retain. Perhaps his insignificant appearance aided me. Anyway, I soon had cause to be thankful that I stood firm. Practically I was now at the mercy of Sulus, pirates, and sons of pirates to a man. Before engaging them I had been warned that two of their number had undergone eight years' imprisonment for the murder of a European; and judging by the looks of the remaining five, it was not difficult to imagine that it would give them the keenest pleasure to cut my throat. Stalwart fellows they were, and not unpicturesque in their tight blue pants, sleeved waistcoat decked with many buttons, gay sarong (a bag-shaped sash), and

fez, or turban. Each bore in his sarong a kris and pistol, while a dare-devil glitter in the eyes of every one of them was evidence enough that they would use those weapons on the slightest provocation.

Starting at two o'clock in the morning, we reached Bulugay by eight, and at once set out for the Panglima's (war-chief's) village. In reply to an inquiry with regard to coolies, the Panglima, a big fellow, told me that there were plenty of men to be had, but all were very wicked. I could quite believe him, but I must admit that the natives here did not look nearly so savage as the Kayans in Sarawak, or the Muruts of North Borneo.

In the evening one of my Sulus came and whispered in my ear: "*Tuan*, Datu, him say, '*Ada orang putih naik disini, baik boleh, tapi djangan dia balek*,' which, translated, means, 'Sir, the Datu (chief) has said, 'Let the white man come here, but take care that he does not return.'"

The prospect was not pleasant. I consulted Minico at once. He informed me that it was generally known that the Datu of the district and the Sultan were not on friendly terms, meaning that if his Highness of Bolini-Bolini could catch the chief, kris or bowstring would speedily settle the quarrel; but Minico did not think the Datu would harm me. He was inclined to believe that the Sulus wished me to hasten from the neighborhood of the Panglima's village without coolies for some motive of their own. An hour afterward the faithful fellow touched my arm, signing me to follow him. With a finger on his mouth, he led the way to the hut occupied by my rascally crew. Approaching noiselessly, we listened to their conversation. They were talking about me. I heard one suggest that a push over a cliff would be the safest way to compass my end. Another declared that would be foolish. It would be much better to take me a long way up the mountains and hold me there for a ransom of \$300. The majority seemed to be of this opinion, and Minico and I stole away. Between the Datu and the "Men of the Sea" I seemed likely to come to grief, but forewarned is forearmed.

We ascended the mountain next day. Nothing happened, perhaps because my revolver was seldom out of my hand. Leaving men to collect the plants, I returned with the Sulus to the coast and embarked for Marangas. Wanting coolies for a journey to Datu Guah's village and an ascent of Panilingan Mountain, I paid the Sultan another visit. But the master of the ceremonies whispered that the moment was unfavorable. His Highness was *susa*—that is, he had been vexed or troubled.

By means of discreet inquiries I learned the nature of his *susa*. It is a rather common story in the Far East. Unable to lodge the whole of his wives in the "palace," His Highness boarded a few of them—not the prettiest, I suspect—in the houses of his followers. One of these Peris, an outcast from the Palawan paradise through want of room, consoled herself in the usual way—quite innocently, I was assured. The news reaching the Sultan, he sent for the venturesome lover, and smilingly bade him be seated opposite himself. Not being altogether an idiot, the man had come armed. From his sarong the jewelled handle of his kris protruded, plain to see. After a few complimentary commonplaces had been exchanged, His Highness remarked the weapon.

"Allah has been good to you, S'Ali," said he. "Those emeralds are very fine, and the diamonds are as stars in the heavens. If the blade match the hilt, you have a treasure. Show it to me."

Thrown off his guard, S'Ali drew the kris from its sheath, and holding it by the wavy blade, presented it to the Sultan. Instantly half a dozen of His Highness's attendants threw themselves upon the unfortunate fellow. He was overpowered in a moment, and his hands securely tied behind his back. "Take him out," said the Sultan, still smiling.

S'Ali was led away and lowered to the ground. Not a word did he utter. It was Kismet. Why waste his breath? I did not learn the manner of his end, but it would be either by kris or bowstring. Let us hope it was the first. In the hands of a skilful executioner

the kris is a merciful weapon. He was buried in the jungle behind the Sultan's "palace." Such was the *susa* of Muhammad Harum Narrasid, *Iang de per-Tuan*—"he who ruleth"—in the year of our Lord 1894. And the Spaniards were supposed to govern the island of Palawan! I could understand why the Sultan did not care to see a European so soon after his crime. However, I obtained the coolies and sent them on.

It had been my intention to ascend the mountain from Datu Guah's village, but before I could make a start, the coolies returned burdened with plants. Deciding to convey these to Marangas at once, Minico and I embarked in the Sulu boat, putting to sea in half a gale.

The danger was considerable. To add to it, the two convicted murderers began to quarrel. One of them was squatting behind me at the time steering the craft. Presently he flung down his paddle, and drawing his kris, tried to rush past; but I held my revolver to his head.

"Sit down," I said. "I'll shoot the first man that strikes a blow."

That cooled him, and after a great deal of wrangling I persuaded him to pick up his steering paddle, but not before both he and his opponent had told me that they did not care a paddy-husk for me or my pistol.

As the tempest grew more violent the boat tossed perilously, compelling the crew to paddle their hardest to keep her prow straight. Loud and frequent were the shouts of "*Kayu Kayu!*" (literally "Wood," meaning "To the paddles!"). Suddenly, just as the outlook was at its blackest, the wind blowing in gusts, and the fragile craft threatening to fall in pieces, up jumped my fighting cocks again. Half measures are of no use with Sulus. I rose, also, though I had great difficulty in keeping my feet.

"By Allah," I said, "if you idiots don't sit down, I'll give you to the sharks!"

Had either attempted to pass me I should have been compelled to fire. An *amok* Sulu is a terrible being ashore: two of those fiends on a small boat at sea would have been too awful to con-

template. Every man must have fought, or jumped overboard, for the *amok* strikes at friend and foe indiscriminately. The eyes of both showed all white; their krises quivered with the passion that shook their sinewy frames. Minico, in the prow, drew his weapon. Firing a shot into the sea to show them that my revolver was not empty, I waited patiently, looking first one and then the other in the eye. They sat down at last; indeed, the boat rocked so violently that they could not well stand. So the danger passed.

Knowing what I did of those men it may seem foolhardiness to have risked my life in their company, and perhaps it was. But I knew the worst of them, which was not the case as regards the others. Soon after landing at Marangas, Minico took me aside.

"*Tuan*," said he, "take care Sulu men no catch you alone. Sulu him no like to be threatened and not strike. They call him woman."

The hint was enough. I discharged the fire-eaters, and went about warily.

After waiting in vain six weeks for the steamer from Labuan, I resolved to visit the Sulu Islands, or *Islas de Jolo*, as the Spaniards call them. With this intent Minico and I embarked on the *Æolus*, which carried the Spanish mails. Calling at Simagup, a stockade on a hill, about as interesting and healthy as Marangas, we next proceeded to Alfonso XIII., equally flourishing and desirable as an abiding-place. Soon after leaving, the *Æolus* lost her propeller in a heavy southeaster. For three days we drifted, the steamer dragging her anchors. Every hour saw us nearer to the rocks, and we could almost count the minutes that would elapse before we should be ashore, when some one caught sight of smoke on the horizon and joyfully shouted, "*Canoniero!*"

It was the tiny gunboat usually dispatched round the coast from Simagup in the wake of the mail, possibly to prevent piratical attempts. She took us in tow, and after a stiff pull, got us on the move, hauling us through a line of reef, which we had escaped by a miracle, and eventually to the Bay of Balabac, where we remained until a larger gun-vessel came and took on board

the passengers for Sulu. Next day we anchored off the town of Sugh. In the morning I went ashore with Minico.

Traversing a long narrow bridge, with a watch-tower on the left hand and a pavilion on the right, we passed through a couple of strong gates into the town—a pretty little place, beautifully kept. Every street was lined with trees, yet scarcely a leaf could be seen on the roadway. At the end of the main road leading from the jetty, we came to a neat square, where twice a week the residents gather to enjoy the music of an excellent band. Sulu ladies, mostly in wide Chinese trousers, bright-colored jacket of silk, with many buttons, and gay sarong thrown over the shoulder, walked about freely. Some wore the sarong over their heads. All were clad in garments of the most brilliant coloring, and many of them were handsome, but they lost their charm on closer acquaintance.

Thanks to Minico, I found a lodging in the house of a native. It would have been almost useless to ask the assistance of a Spaniard. I never met one who could speak the Sulu language or any of the dialects. It is not considered worth while to learn them. In consequence, the supposed rulers know next to nothing of the natives, their customs and wishes. Everywhere I found that the people detested the "Castillas," some of whose laws and regulations press most hardly upon them. For instance, if a Tagal from North Luzon, or a Bisaya from the South, cannot produce his receipt for taxes at a moment's notice, he is liable to imprisonment. He is not allowed to go home for it, but must carry it on his person. A Tagal told me that he was within an ace of being sent to the war in Mindanao through leaving his tax-receipt at home. The police, he said, steal about at night and arrest natives indiscriminately in the hope of finding some without that safeguard. This, however, does not apply to the Sulus. So far, the Spaniards have failed to compel them to pay taxes.

None of the larger islands are really under the domination of the Spaniards, whose rule extends little farther than the range of their cannon. I heard of large reinforcements being sent from Spain, but at that time there were very

few European soldiers in the Philippines. No others can be relied upon. The native soldiery are mostly Luzon men. Not one in a score knows the names of his officers, or cares to know. Indeed, I once asked a Spanish soldier the name of his captain.

"*Quien sabe?*" was the answer ("Who knows?").

The town of Sugh is protected by a loopholed wall, which encloses three small forts. Outside there are two large ones. The gates, of which there are three on the land side, are opened at 6 A.M. and closed at 6 P.M. All natives entering must give up their arms to the guard at the gate. The seaward gate is closed at 10 P.M., after which hour no native must leave his house.

One day I ventured inland for a couple of miles. None of the natives, of whom I met not a few, took the slightest notice of me. Just about a quarter of a mile from the town I passed a watch-tower, where fighting, more or less serious, was always going on. Every night the Sulus crept up, took pot-shots at the sentries, and then bolted into the bush. So at least I was told. Such was Spanish rule in the chief town of the Sulu Islands.

The steam-launch arriving from Sandakan, the principal port on the eastern coast of North Borneo, I took a passage, and, sending my collection on board, bade the faithful Minico goodbye, and left Sugh in the launch's boat. I do not remember the launch's name, but the Spaniards called her the *Gallinero*, on account of the large number of fowls which formed the greater part of her cargo.

The navigator of the *Gallinero* was a Chinaman. I asked him how long he had filled his post. He said that was his first trip. The owner, in whose office at Sandakan he had been a clerk, had put him in charge. I am a pretty well-seasoned traveller, but this was too much. My equanimity deserted me, for the launch was a wheezy old tub which might settle down of her own accord at any moment. However, we—that is, the crew, about fifty Sulus, myself, and more than two thousand fowls—reached Sandakan safely the next day. At New Ceylon I caught the steamer for Singapore.—*Contemporary Review*.

PAINTING IN ENAMELS.

BY HUBERT HERKOMER.

OF all the Fine Arts over which an unnecessary mystery has been cast, painting in enamels stands pre-eminent. In none has the worker upheld a more contemptible secrecy as regards his methods; in none has worse art work been accepted by connoisseurs; and in none has the capacity of the material been so little developed.

In this paper I shall treat only of what is termed "Painters' Enamel," in contradistinction to "Miniature Enamel," and omitting those forms called *cloisonné*, *champlevé*, and translucent enamel on relief.

If, as it has been said, every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every profession has its peculiar temptations, and the temptations to which enamelers succumb are mystery and secrecy. The ignorance of the public in the art of enamelling has largely contributed to this, as the very word "enamel" conveys to the public mind little more than the idea of a "shiny" surface. Hitherto this art has been treated by writers in an historical and archaeological, rather than artistic, sense. They have sought to find proofs as to whether enamels existed before or after the Christian Era; to find marks to identify the workers; have worried over the relationship of one worker to another, whether brother, son, or nephew. And between Jules Labarte, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, F. de Vernaille, Alfred Darcel, and others, there has been much strife. But all this has not helped to revive, or to make the public interested in, this art, which, we may say, died in the seventeenth century, before a tithe of its possibilities had been developed.

That no serious Renaissance has yet taken place is somewhat the fault of the artists. Perhaps in this way: the excitement of overcoming technical difficulties is not a pleasurable sensation to all natures. The methods of painting in oil or water-colors are practically so direct, that long practice with these mediums leaves the artist little inclined to do work so complex—work that depends for its results on

the action of fire. Artists, as a rule, appear to dislike experimenting, a mental phase accounting in some measure for their neglect of this particular art—an art which, to my thinking, stands alone for its glory of color, dignity of quality, and certainty of durability.

Its practice, fraught with so many complex difficulties, requires corresponding capabilities in the worker. He must be a good draughtsman, designer, and colorist. He must have an intuitive faculty for inventing ways and means. He must be patient, methodical, and accurate, and above all, an inborn craftsman. Add to these a finely attuned artistic nature, and a fund of enthusiasm, and you have the mental endowments needful to the painter in enamel. The question will be asked, did the sixteenth century enamellers possess all these virtues? The answer is clearly—No! I am, however, not writing of that which *has* been done in enamel painting, but what *could* be done. Nor do I speak of impossibilities, for I could name artists who have these qualities of mind.

There are some mediums in which poor work is less disgusting than in others; water-color is one. Perhaps, on account of its special richness of quality, poor work in enamels is less offensive than in oil-colors. But I do not take this as a recommendation. I say, advisedly, that in no medium can the splendor of nature's coloring, in all its subtleties of tone, light, and depth, be so nearly approached as in enamels. The limitations arise from the handling, not the material. Perhaps all such sweeping assertions are a little unjust. But it is better to court antagonism than to quench enthusiasm.

And now, what is enamel? The answer is, roughly, glass; say, ordinary window glass, with certain mineral oxides fused into it to give it color. Mr. Starkie Gardiner, in his preface to the "Catalogue of the Enamel Exhibition," held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, last year, says, "The term 'an enamel' is now definitely understood to mean a metal object more or

less coated with a deposit of glass. . . . It is applied to the metal surface either as a dry powder or moistened into an adhesive paste, and melted in an oven or kiln. . . ." An artist will readily understand the application of this material, in flat tones, to interstices that are dug out of a piece of metal, or to spaces separated by little wires. But how the pictorial aspect of nature, with the subtleties of tone, light, and depth (not to mention drawing), is to be approached with any certainty of handling by means of this dry or moistened powder of ground glass, he will doubtless fail to see without a further knowledge of the curious technical device invented in the fourteenth century, which opened out a new world to the enameller. About that time the glass painters made great improvements, not only in their technique, but in their representation of subjects. "Artists had begun to paint superficially upon glass with enamel colors," and had discarded the mosaic grounds of colored glass. Now, as the enamels on copper, so esteemed for several centuries, were losing their value, all the fashion running in the direction of the precious metals of gold and silver, ornamented with translucent enamels, the enamellers of Limoges were compelled to invent some entirely new method by which they could carry out subjects in a more pictorial way, and so, by offering a substantial novelty, alter the trend of fashion. Probably the glass painters gave the clue to what must always be considered a most ingenious method. Instead of cutting out the parts to receive the colors, separating the spaces by wire, or engraving the subject on metal in relief—all clumsy and almost impossible devices for pictorial effects—they first covered the whole copper plate with a dark enamel; upon this they "worked up" their design with white (oxide of tin) mixed with a volatile oil, such as lavender—getting every gradation of tone, from the dark foundation ground to the highest lights, by its successive application, and by subjecting the plate several times to the fire to complete the picture, in what they called "grisaille," or black and white.

Here is a process that lends itself

readily to the artist's hand. As the work is gradually developed, after each firing the drawing can be improved and augmented. There is a fixed outline from the beginning, which can be retained or lost at will. In making this outline, all the skill of the etcher can be indulged in: on the glazed, dark enamel surface a coating of the white, much diluted with the oil, is spread as evenly as possible. This is dried, but not fired; that is, subjected to heat only sufficiently to evaporate the oil, leaving the white a light brown color with a "mat" surface. On to this the design is transferred, and the outline made with a needle, which removes the dried white, exposing the dark ground below; thus producing a clear line, comparable to the finest etched line. No wonder the old enamellers "cross-hatched" here and there at this stage of the process. It is most tempting to do so, and such lines often give great value to certain tones or shadows, as may be frequently seen in Fred Walker's, or, still more, in Sir John Gilbert's water-color works.

So far the artist has no difficulty in producing his black and white picture. Now comes the truly wonderful palette to his hand for the tinting of his monochrome picture. The enameller of the present day has over a hundred shades of color. But the enamels vary in hardness—that is, some fuse more rapidly than others, and thereon hangs the one great difficulty in the manipulation. Some, it should be mentioned, are transparent, and some opaque, but all alike can be thinned down with flux (glass) as water-colors with water. Again, enamels can be mixed, or overlaid, just as other colors. The plate may have to be subjected to the fire ten to fifteen times before it is completed.

It will now be understood that to paint successfully in enamels, *exact planning* beforehand is imperative, and such planning is both difficult and irksome to the artist. But unless every stage of the work is carefully calculated, the result is an almost certain failure—not that the great difficulty lies in the firing, but in planning the application of the different colors, according to their power of fire-endurance. While in the muffle, or kiln,

the work can be watched by a frequent opening of the door, and when the glaze appears the firing is sufficient. This is all one has to judge at that time, for enamel colors pass through strange mutations when red hot, and do not recover their original character of color until cold.

It would be useless in an article of this kind, especially meant for laymen, to be too technical, or to go into questions of the manufacture of enamels. But I must slightly touch this side of the subject in order to explain a most important difference between the enamels, properly so called, and the vitrified paints used for what was formerly termed "miniature enamel" painting.

Leonard Limousin, the most renowned enameller of the sixteenth century, was already in possession of a few of these vitrified paints. He made some important experiments, on a rather large scale, of painting with these colors on a white ground of enamel, resulting only in the appearance of pottery painting. Nobody followed on his experiments until, in 1632, Jean Toutin invented a most extensive palette of these colors, which started miniature enamel painting. Offering no more difficulties in manipulation than water-colors on ivory or parchment, it soon killed the older and more difficult manipulation with enamels.

I wish to emphasize the difference between the two kinds of enamel, because, even in the limited modern revival, Leonard's bad habit of stippling up the faces of his portraits with such "paints," applying pure enamel only to the broad tones of background and clothes, has been carried to such a length, with the greater number of vitrified colors at one's disposal, that all chance of further development of the greater and nobler material, the use of which almost ceased in the seventeenth century, is hopelessly at a standstill. The result in quality is only, as it were, a combination of *enamel* and *china* painting. For the highest evolution of enamelling, it is the "substantial" enamel that must be experimented with; and primarily, to succeed in the realization of flesh-color, the criterion of all painting. But in true flesh painting (as the artist under-

stands it) both the old and the new workers have signally failed. Vitrified paints, with their "china-painting" character, will not give it, and the old masters failed with enamels. But I emphatically declare it *can* be obtained with transparent or substantial enamels, and *that* must be the first triumph of the new renaissance in painting in enamel. What painter in oils or water-colors, for instance, would not wish to produce in these mediums a nude figure that was at once high in key and low in tone? This desirable effect can be obtained in enamels, and I go so far as to say *only* in enamels, but there must be no mixing up of this china-painting. Should a vitrified paint render service for what we painters call "under-painting," well and good (providing it stands the firing), but there its use should end.

It must be clearly understood that I only use the word "china-painting" disparagingly when its peculiar quality appears in the art of enamel painting; on the art of painting on earthenware I have nothing to say.

But now, to differentiate between the vitrified paint and the enamel so highly praised. A potent charm, in addition to purity and brilliancy of color, in what I have called "substantial" enamel, is the mysterious absence of palpable surface—surface, so often distressing, and always troublesome, in all other color pigments. In these enamels we are aware only of color, and that because it floats, so to speak, in a body of glass placed on the plate sometimes to the thickness of a twentieth of an inch. This peculiarity is, no doubt, owing to the color, due to the oxide having been fused into the body of glass. Not so the "vitrified paints;" for in these the flux or glass is crushed in water with the oxide, and *not fused beforehand*. These vitrified paints, if placed upon a piece of metal and subjected to fire, would come out without a glaze; therefore, in order to produce such a glaze, they require to be placed upon a coating of enamel; and being excessively fine and thin of body—as well as of invariable opacity, requiring but little firing—they always remain on the surface. This excessive fineness and thinness of body no doubt enables

the artist to obtain a minute finish. But it has necessarily neither depth nor transparency, and is garish in color. This kind of painting, which ripened into its full capacity almost instantly, and nearly as rapidly declined, is eminently, in the present day, a commercial commodity, as exemplified in any jeweller's shop, where pretty faces of the "plum-box" ideality can be seen on brooches, watches, etc., made by the thousand abroad.

The tendency to imitate the old work in enamel painting is another stoppage to development. To begin with, the enamellers of the sixteenth century rarely did their own designs, and made, so far as drawing is concerned, a wretched failure of even the Raphael engravings so freely circulated among them. The artist should look to the possibilities of the undeveloped material; should put his identity into his

work, and so lift this glorious medium for artistic expression out of its undeserved oblivion. But to base his style on the limitations of the early workmen in the material—who *were* workmen, and *not* artists—is illogical, and, as we see, unnecessary.

As for appreciation, the collectors of old work are few in number, and the general public know nothing about enamels—either modern or ancient. Indeed, one friend asked me if it was the same as "Aspinall's enamel!" Therefore, a new public must be created, and a new public *will* be, when the right work appears. As for the exhibition of such work, at present there is no gallery in which it can be exhibited in a worthy manner. The subterfuge of the Sculpture room in our Academy, or a gangway in the Paris Salon is not adequate.—*Fortnightly Review*.

E. MEISSONIER—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES.

BY CHARLES YRIARTE.

MEISSONIER, the celebrated French artist, is such a well-known figure, his works, reproduced by engravings, are so widespread throughout the whole world, that it seems to me as if his name alone were sufficient to recall his image. A little man, with a thickset and powerful frame, a head of the type of Michael Angelo, a flowing beard like that of a river god, and short thick hair that hides a narrow forehead, one hand supporting a pensive brow, while in the other he holds an immense palette worthy of a giant's thumb, and robed from head to foot in a blood red Arab garment—such is the portrait he has left of himself in three pictures, and thus he is represented by Antoine Mercié, the great sculptor who has carved his image in marble, and thus immortalized his features on the façade of the Gallery of Apollo of the Louvre, in the gardens of the Infanta.

As a man he liked to create an impression, loved show and display, and thirsted for fame and distinction; nevertheless he strove more to deserve these than merely to seek for them,

and honors came to him as to the most worthy. Correct in all things, he had a natural love of retirement, and led a secluded life in the country, at his lovely residence the Abbey of Poissy, and even after he became famous and wealthy, and had built the handsome mansion, Place Malesherbes—of which the memory alone survives—his house was barred from intruders, his life given up to incessant work, and his doors opened only to true friends, chosen among the greatest and most worthy.

Of all the celebrated modern painters of Europe, most of whom I have been personally acquainted with, Meissonier's personality stands out as the most curious and interesting in regard to painting, both on account of his particular method and process of worth, and because of his wonderful power, conscientiousness, and respect for his Art.

The man himself was extremely picturesque and living, his physiognomy and character invite study, and his life is full of anecdotes.

Meissonier was born at Grenoble in 1815, and was the son of well-to-do tradespeople, who were, however, ruined by the Revolution of 1830. M. Gréard, the Provost of the University of Paris, who was a confidant of the family, has quoted from the class books of the Institution Petit of the rue de Jouy, where the boy was at school, the following memorandum, dated June 14th, 1823: "Ernest has a decided taste for drawing, the mere sight of an engraving will make him neglect his lessons." The child was then only eight years old, but he already felt that he was a painter; however, after his family were ruined, the future painter of the "Campaign of France" became a chemist's apprentice in the rue des Lombards, Maison Menier, where he was employed in tying up parcels and preparing plaisters. At night he would stealthily draw; his father knew this and strove, but in vain, to combat this tendency; one day, however, his son boldly proposed the following compact: his father was to give him twelve pounds, and he, Ernest, would start for Naples, and take up painting as a profession, giving his word never to ask for a farthing more from his family, so certain did he feel of success. The father hesitated, but did not yield; he consented, however, to grant his son a short delay, in which he might find a master and a studio. If he succeeded he would then be at liberty to go where his instinct called him, and should have an allowance of fivepence a day, with the family dinner on Wednesdays. Meissonier, nothing daunted, at once accepted his father's proposal; the first studio he went to was that of Paul Delaroche, at that time held in high repute, but into which no one was admitted without payment. From there he went to a certain Pottier, a worthy man of little talent, who as soon as he heard the young man's plans for his future career said to him, "I am dying of hunger, better be a cobbler than a painter!" However, when at a second interview the young man showed Pottier a composition he had designed, but not dared to show the first time, the painter, struck with admiration, not only took the sketch to Léon Coignet, the master

under whom Bonnat and many other artists of our day have studied, but actually paid out of his own pocket in advance the price of several months' tuition. Meissonier was at that time about seventeen years old, and was beginning a period of severe hardship, although he never underwent the pangs of hunger, like so many other struggling artists, such as poor François Millet, for instance, endured. His pencil saved him from this, for he illustrated magazines, drew headings for chapters, and, when he was able, painted small pictures. In 1834 he sent up to the Annual Salon and obtained admittance for his first painting, "Une visite chez le bourgmestre" (the visitors). During twenty years I had this small painting under my eyes, Sir Richard Wallace having purchased it in 1872, in order to place it as a companion picture to one of the finest works of the master in the Hertford collection. The *Société des Amis des Arts*, already in existence, had thought this small canvas worth purchasing for four pounds. The painting is in a good Flemish style, somewhat recalling Ostade and Terburg, but the execution lacks freedom and firmness. Between 1834 and 1836 the artist devoted his time to illustrations, and found many purchasers; and among these a somewhat neglected master, Tony Johannot. Curmer, the celebrated publisher, was just then bringing out the famous *Bible de Royanmount*, to which Meissonier contributed some designs, and he also illustrated the *Chaumière Indienne* (the Indian hut), besides executing any order he could get for ornamental letters, emblematic designs, tail pieces, headings of chapters and frontispieces; this work gave him his daily bread, for painting pictures did not at that time provide him with the necessities of life; moreover, each picture required models, a studio, costumes, and many other items which the young artist was not rich enough to purchase. It was to his pencil that Meissonier looked for his livelihood, and although his fare was often scanty, he was able to live; he himself has stated that in three years, from 1836 to 1839, he made three hundred and seventy-six pounds, that is a little over a hundred

and twenty pounds a year. In 1838 the artist married Mdlle. Steinkel, the daughter of a well-known and very artistic painter on glass. He was now twenty-three years of age, and to enable him to start housekeeping his father gave him six silver spoons and forks, a year's allowance of forty pounds, besides paying a year's rent for his rooms. This was considered setting up a young artist in life. The newly married man had henceforth to provide for others, and it was by illustrating books that he was able to do this, executing series after series; all those he executed at that period have become extremely rare and difficult to find. All Meissonier's talent lay in genre in his illustrations for *Les Français peints par eux mêmes* (the French depicted by themselves); *Paul and Virginia*; the first illustrations for M. de Chevaligné's *Contes Rémois*, to which the greatest artists of that day contributed their assistance, and the *Popular Songs of France*. At that time he became acquainted with all the most distinguished novelists and writers: Dumas père, Eugène Sue, and Balzac, to whom he furnished the illustrations for his *Comédie Humaine*.

The painter, however, now asserted himself; hitherto his subjects had been dictated to him, now he chose them, and after a certain amount of hesitation, a few concessions to the necessities of life, and some attempt at religious subjects, Meissonier struck out his own line, and determined to devote himself to the reproduction of little incidents and *scènes de genre*, taken from the life of past days.

Costume formed his groundwork; and he frequented the *Marché du Temple* and the rag fairs, where remnants of historical costumes, cast-off uniforms, cheap materials, and all the odds and ends which transform a model can be found; later on he bought at a trifling cost all the necessary accessories and collected together the most extraordinary and varied wardrobe of all the cast-off uniforms of the French regiments and of the Encyclopædic salons and Court of Louis the Fifteenth. Often he would purchase, in order to be thoroughly accurate, a piece of furniture to place in a background, or he

would have the uniforms necessary for his drawings expressly made for him, or he would diligently seek for the weapons of his military personages, so as to leave nothing to chance or hazard.

This was his earlier style; the subjects he treated were simple: an interior with a single personage, always in costume, ensconced in a snug corner of a library or salon of the eighteenth century; a "Liseur" (a reader), a "Penseur" (young man studying); a "Cavalier" choosing a sword; an "Ecrivain chez lui" (a writer at home); an "Amoureux qui écrit une lettre" (a lover writing a letter). Then he gradually endowed his personages with a more animated existence, and painted a meeting, confidants whispering together; and after these he passed on to a more vivacious style of action, in which he not only observed, but delineated the passions. Each year, at every annual exhibition, the public would crowd round the artist's small panels, and he became so popular that a special constable had to be placed near his pictures, while the spectators awaited their turn to cast a rapid glance at the success of the day. "La Rixe" (the tavern brawl) at last made its appearance; this was the famous picture given by the Emperor Napoleon the Third to the Queen of England; then followed the "Bravi," two braves treacherously lying in wait for their victim to emerge from a door in front of them; and then the little masterpieces quickly followed one another, "La lecture chez Diderot" (a reading at Diderot's) bringing back to us the eighteenth century in its lifelike group of eagerly listening philosophers. This was followed by "Une halte à la porte d'un cabaret" (travellers halting at an inn); "Duplissis Bertaux dessinant dans la caserne des Gardes Françaises" (the portrait of the sergeant), and forty pictures of a similar nature. This was the artist's first style—the study of former days in their different aspects. Meissonier was still but an admirable delineator of anecdote, and a kind of archæologist who reproduced the customs, manners, and plastic side of a past century; but his work was so accurate in form, type, costume, atti-

tude, and architectural detail, that with him it became a veritable creation. A few years later he made a fresh departure; hitherto his pictures had been like a kind of legal document, prodigiously exact, it is true; henceforth, however, the artist threw his whole heart into his work; his pictures became dramas, and he was able to make the spectator share his own emotion.

At the restoration of the Second Empire, the painter, now a master of his art, turned his thoughts to the delineation of military life, and although he could not yet be classed as one of the *modern* school, his circle became widened. The French Revolution first inspired him; "La Vedette" and "Renseignements" (a bearer of intelligence) are the best specimens of his second manner; the "Battle of Solferino" marked his first step in modern art. The painting is now in the Luxembourg Gallery; the artist had been attached to the Emperor's staff during the Italian war, he had been under fire and was present at all the various battles and picturesque scenes of a campaign, and this proved an excellent school for him. However, he was not yet converted to *modernism* and was still a disciple of the retrospective school; his larger works are faultless reconstructions. Created a Knight of the Legion of Honor in 1846 under Louis Philippe, he was made an officer in 1855, and a Commander of the order in 1867; in 1880 he was promoted Grand Officer, and under the Republic the Grand Cordon of that order was conferred on him; he was the first artist to whom this decoration has been given, since its foundation by Napoleon the First.

Meissonier was nevertheless of an independent character, and although full of respect for the existing power, he formed no ties with any political party; his position was none the less an eminent one, and he exercised an authoritative influence in Art. His mode of life was simple; he loved open air, home life, and clung to his own habits, leading an unconventional life, following his own whims, which often estranged him from the usual worldly throng. He was fond of sport, riding, indulged in original costumes, and in-

sisted on freedom of action. Rich by the products of his brush, he was the first artist who in his own lifetime knew what is called big prices; for he received twelve thousand pounds for a picture which was afterward sold for double that sum. Meissonier's signature was worth that of the Bank of France, and his credit was unlimited; he was always in need of money, and if he paid the interest on his debt with a drawing, a study, or a sketch, it was assuredly the lender who then became the debtor. This was the case with Alexandre Dumas fils, who was often his banker and yet never would accept money in repayment of his loans.

We now reach the artist's third manner. The idea of Napoleon the First haunted Meissonier; the hero had ever been his idol, for already in 1863 I saw on his easel a Napoleon on horseback painted in camaieu for the English photographer Bingham, who was preparing the work with plain photographic plates, different processes of reproduction being unknown at that time. In the same month he painted another Napoleon walking alone in a park in the moonlight, while under the shadow of the trees a faithful grenadier mounts guard over him. Then he produced the sketch for the "Campaign of France," the embryo of his wonderful picture which shows the hero still great, although drawing to his end, riding at the head of his marshals along a snowy and trampled road, thoughtful and gloomy, soon to be driven to bay and certain disaster, notwithstanding prodigious valor. Meissonier painted this picture for the financier M. Delahante; it is really the first time that with the same scrupulous conscientiousness, the same search after truth, and the most perfect finish of execution, the artist inspires a deep feeling of emotion, and penetrates to the very heart of his subject. Once indeed he had already attained the same degree of intensity, when, during the insurrection of June, 1848, while serving as captain of artillery in the National Guard, and having taken part in the repression, he sketched from life "La Barricade." The great painter Eugène Delacroix had been so impressed by this sketch that Meissonier gave it

to him, saying that the emotion he saw on his face when he looked at this study gave him the greatest pleasure he had ever felt during his artistic career.

"I have dreamed," Meissonier writes in the notes he has left, "of representing the *épopée* of Napoleon, the whole cycle, down to the last disasters: 'The Dawn,' that is, the battle of Castiglione (1796-1807); 'Friedland,' the apogee of power and fortune; 'Erfurth' (1810), the moment when pride intoxicated the hero and led him to his ruin; 1814, the moment when, under a low gray sky that hangs like a shroud over the disgrace of the favorite of Fortune, the followers of Napoleon, now reduced to act on the defensive, felt overcome by doubt and were on the verge of losing their belief in his star." As for the fifth and last picture Meissonier said, "I have it in my innermost soul. Napoleon shall stand alone on the deck of the *Bellerophon*, behind him at a distance the English sentinels, and in front of him nothing but the boundless ocean and spaceless sky."

Such was the superb programme of the artist, but if he dreamed these five grand scenes, Meissonier in reality only executed three of them: "1807," "1814," and the "Morning of Castiglione."

One last aspiration, little known to the public, reveals the height of the painter's ambition, and gives a correct idea of his confidence in his own powers. It will be remembered that the French Government had since the year 1874 undertaken the decoration of the Panthéon, and had chosen the most celebrated artists the country possessed to contribute in this work. The decoration was necessarily carried out on large proportions of a monumental character, suitable to the architecture of the Panthéon; Meissonier, who was more of a *miniaturist*, although his painting was always broad, was desirous of taking part in the great work; and a wall of thirty-nine feet on the left side of the high altar was assigned to him, to execute a companion decoration to the "Death of Saint Genevieve" by Jean Paul Laurens on the other side. Meissonier intended to paint thereon an allegory of the "Siege

of Paris;" he has left a sketch of this composition in black and white, which he had transformed at a later period into an "Allegory of the Glories of France," from Clovis at Tolbiac, from Joan of Arc to Henry the Fourth, from Louis the Fourteenth to the First Republic, and the Napoleonic *épopée*. I had been appointed by Government to follow the different stages of his work, and I was at that time the confidant of his projects. It would indeed have been a curious sight to watch this wonderful little short-sighted man, with his blinking eyes, armed with his enormous brushes, attacking this great wall and those colossal heroes. But the old white-bearded lion did not flinch from the task; he made his sketch, which I saw, and it was submitted to the official committee for final approbation. Gathered around the painter, ready to assist him in the work, were his pupils: his son Charles, Edouard Détaillé, the best known among them, now himself a master of his art, his relation Gros, and a certain Alphonse Moutte. But the old man's health, hitherto so robust, gave way, disease wore him out, for he was exhausted by a series of operations, and death struck him down. On January 31st, 1891, the great Master died at seventy-six years of age. Meissonier had been a widower and had married again some years before M. Besançon, who has given herself up to the worship of his memory. As the possessor since 1889 of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, trains of artillery followed his coffin, and salutes were fired as for a conqueror; thus surrounded by a military display, which fulfilled his dearest wish, was the great painter of the *épopée* laid at rest.

THE HABITS AND METHODS OF THE MASTER.

Meissonier, already famous at thirty years of age, spent the greater part of his life at Poissy, where his father had also resided; he had taken a great fancy to a picturesque enclosure pertaining to the ancient Abbey of Poissy, which he purchased. The ruins of the celebrated cloister which witnessed the colloquy of Poissy between the

Protestants and the Ligue, represented by Catherine de Médicis and her two sons, are still visible. The house itself, already of a good size, soon increased in importance by the addition of a large studio opening on to the park, built especially for the study of horses and landscapes, and large stables and coach-houses; Meissonier finally adding a small mediæval castle for his son, in case the latter should marry. When the house was being restored a sealed bottle was discovered under the flooring of one of the rooms; it contained a folded piece of paper, signed by a monk of the monastery of St. Louis, setting forth that he had come to Poissy in 1697 to this sanctuary, in order to repair it and re-establish the order, in the name of the king. The good monk prayed that whosoever found the bottle would have masses said for the repose of his soul. Meissonier when relating the story always added: "You may be sure that I have not failed to do this."

The artist bestowed the same minute care on the architecture of his little castle as he did on his paintings; and the mouldings, capitals, friezes, and even the minutest details of sculpture, masterpieces of execution and patience, were designed by him. Meissonier settled there in 1845, and remained there all his life, although at a later period he built a mansion on the Boulevard Malesherbes, which with its cloisters, its carved oak staircase, mullioned windows, and immense studio, was as perfect a gem as his small castle at Poissy.

In 1846 I happened to be at the Château of Piquenard, part of which I occupied during the summer months with my guardian, Major Frazer, a personal friend of the great painter. My dawning taste for Art led me to take great interest in the artist's proceedings, and although at that time but a very young man, I distantly followed in his track. At this time Meissonier, who was full of whims and fancies, had enthusiastically taken to boating. By degrees he had collected a regular flotilla, of which each specimen, from the tiniest boat to the cutter or yacht, was perfect in every detail. His crew, on the days he went out pleasuring, was chiefly composed

of his own pupils. As for the skipper, in his pilot coat and sou'wester covering his shoulders, his wide breeches and all the accessories of an Iceland fisherman, he quite looked the Jack tar, as he carried up the rigging, in the hollow lane that led from the Seine to his house, and rang at his own gate.

One day, as I was walking on the banks of the Seine, between Poissy and the mill at Vilaisme, I saw on a recently whitewashed wall a charcoal sketch representing the life-sized figure of a soldier of the First Republic. The perfect anatomical accuracy and boldness of execution, the style of costume as well as something indescribable, revealed the master as the improvised decorator. Later on this habit of sketching on walls became a regular mania of the artist. Between two sittings, as a kind of rest from work, the whim would seize him, and he would paint on the walls wherever he happened to be. The famous "Polichinello" he painted, as he himself said, as a joke, on Madame Sabatier's door is well known, for she had the panel cut out and framed, and at her sale it was sold for a considerable sum.

The staircase which led to another studio at Poissy must still possess, painted in oils on the wall, a "Cavalier of the time of Henry the Fourth," a Spanish bravo of arrogant mien, with his hand on his rapier, a reminiscence of the famous picture in Sir Richard Wallace's collection, the "Bravos;" and an old whimpering "Polichinello" reading a letter. On the walls of the passage leading to this same studio was a "Volunteer of the Republic," of the same family as the one that has disappeared from the wall at Vilaisme, and a second Polichinello, cudgel in hand, ready to drub the constable. Here and there, scattered about on the different walls of the house, were sketches of large dimensions, some of them three feet high. It was the same at his mansion in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and it is certain that when this was pulled down (it is now replaced by a house let in flats) care must have been taken, in cutting away the walls, to preserve the exquisite fragments and pieces, the products of a few hours' amusement, which have now become most valuable.

This habit of drawing anywhere and everywhere sometimes assumed another form and came into full force on different occasions. After Eugène Delacroix's death, for whom—although the painter of the "Massacre of Scio" had such a different kind of talent from his own—Meissonier professed the greatest admiration, the latter never came to any of the meetings at the Institute except on great occasions. Comte de Nieuwerkerke, at that time Superintendent of the Fine Arts, who sat near him, told me that his neighbor, hypnotized by the white sheet of paper which the usher placed on the desk of each Academician, would take up any pen or pencil lying near him, and idly draw a cavalier, a soldier, or a figure; then, forgetful of everything else as the drawing progressed, he would finish it off and leave the charming souvenir to any one who was clever enough to ask for it discreetly, when the sitting was over.

At times the act of drawing seemed almost involuntary, and the sketch would be made on a sheet of the blotting book or on a torn bit of paper. I have now in my possession three such sketches that were in Comte de Nieuwerkerke's collection. One of them is the reproduction of the principal figure in a picture belonging to Sir James Joicey. Many people who corresponded with Meissonier possess, drawn on the margin of his letters, charming little figures, running into the text, so that the whole letter has had to be framed. A letter to M. Spitzer bears on the margin a minute water-color which is a gem; and the "Napoleon at Wagram," representing the Emperor, on the margin of a business letter written to M. Boitelle, a former prefect of police, is as valuable as any small painting of the master.

I must also recall the habit the painter had adopted, in his mature age, of modelling in clay and wax small statuettes of horses in various forms of motion in order to study their different action. He had attained a remarkable degree of proficiency in this work, and had a certain number of these studies cast in bronze, which at the present time are of great value.

The presence of a young Italian

sculptor, Gumito, well known for a statuette he made of the painter—which is a little masterpiece—had a certain influence on this habit of Meissonier's. These models were for him a kind of documentary evidence, a means of controlling the correctness of his drawing, which his scrupulous conscientiousness and wonderful perseverance led him to make use of more and more as he advanced in years.

MEISSONIER AT WORK.

It may amuse the reader if I now give the best examples of the conscientious manner in which Meissonier carried on his work, and the preliminary researches he made in order to place himself in the atmosphere and surroundings he was about to represent, whether he drew a mediæval interior, a Louis the Fifteenth salon, a barrack-yard of the French Guard, a village tavern, or a scene on a battle-field. The same accurate minuteness was by him applied to everything, even to the construction of his own house. In Paris he had arranged in his mansion corners in such or such a style, intended to serve as backgrounds, and they can be recognized in his pictures, from different points of view, which give them a varied aspect. In his country residence at Poissy everything was also arranged in view of his future pictures: the principal house was large and comfortable; on the top story he had built an immense studio, which he, however, soon forsook in order to paint in a glass annex on the same level as the garden, almost in the open air. Adjoining this were the large stables, where he kept some handsome horses, which he was not always content to hire for the occasion, but which he often purchased (frequently reselling them at a loss) so as to have them completely at his disposal. After having indulged in a fancy for boating, which was a somewhat expensive amusement, he was seized with a passion for horses and carriages, and his coach-houses were filled with every description of vehicle—landau, berline, victoria, brougham, and mail coach. Moreover, he gratified every passing whim, and without being ostentatious

and aiming at being a sportsman, he went so far as to decorate with his own brush the panels of his carriage, painting thereon a crest he had adopted, "a faithful hound," with the motto "*Omnia labor*" (everything by work). These panels were ultimately cut out and utilized. As he was now entering into the period in which he became enamored of Napoleon's genius, of whom he may be said to have been the historian, the painter having learned by tradition and from memories that at such and such a battle his hero had ridden a piebald horse, he insisted on having an animal of that color as a model, and he commissioned a horse dealer to find him one, which he purchased for a hundred and twenty pounds. He acted in the same way for every different epoch, historical personage, or accessory. It may be thought that it is contrary to genius to work in this manner, but Meissonier's conscientiousness would not allow him to paint anything except from nature, and forced him to surround himself with everything that would make his picture conform with time and place, real life, and historical truth. One day I was calling on the painter Heilbuth in Paris, when Meissonier came in, carrying under his arm, like a tailor, a large bundle of clothes. As I expressed my astonishment he quietly remarked: "It is Marshal Ney's uniform, which is uncomfortable; I am taking it to the tailor, M. Sombret, to be altered." One would have thought from the seriousness of his reply that the Marshal was still alive and waiting for him at Poissy, in order to resume his sitting when his coat should be repaired. During his Louis the Fifteenth period the artist had required spangled satin coats, flowing knots of ribbon, perukes, shoes of the period, silk stockings, embroidered waistcoats, lace cravats, and he had purchased everything he wanted, even down to the *stras* buttons and dainty gilt swords worn at that time by the fops of the day.

When he took the "Great Epopee" in hand, the master surrounded himself with all the relics of the Empire, borrowed from the families of the Marshals; he insisted on everything being

authentic—costumes, arms, decorations, and even the most insignificant trifles. He borrowed from the Musée des Souverains Napoleon's famous gray riding coat, and had it copied by a tailor, with Chinese fidelity, even in its creases and frayed bits; and being unable to secure the original buttons, he had a moulding done of them and had them recast. Then, after having exposed it to the wind and rain, he kept the heroic-looking coat in his studio for several months on a lay figure, with the notorious cocked hat set on its head. Even the artillery pieces procured from the arsenal were kept for a long time in his coach-house; and at the present moment a collection of sabretaches is being arranged at the Hôtel des Invalides, dedicated to the army, to which Meissonier contributed, by the donation of a whole series of uniforms on lay figures, specimens of the different regiments of the Imperial Guard, which had been for him instruments of his daily work.

Everything, therefore, had an importance of its own, the backgrounds as well as the foregrounds, and knowing all the bric-à-brac dealers in Paris, the painter could either borrow or purchase whatever he required. The beautiful water-color, a "Reiter in Armor," which was sold by auction at the famous Spitzer sale (his heirs realized about twenty-eight thousand pounds at this sale), bore by the side of Meissonier's signature a special dedication to this celebrated dealer, who had become one of the greatest amateurs of Europe. This "Reiter in Armor" was merely a sketch in a letter, in which the artist thanked M. Spitzer for the loan of a Maximilian suit of armor he had made use of in painting the "Bravos." When Meissonier painted Diderot reading, standing in the foreground of a library, he required the table, armchair, dusty worn-out books of the period, and he bestirred himself to find an interior of that epoch, with a panelling that would harmonize with his subject. For the perukes he applied to Giovanni, the well-known hairdresser of the Comédie Française, who was as well informed on the subject of historical periwigs as an archæologist would be on the architectural designs

of any age; and he would make any wig or toupee the painter required, without sparing his labor or time. Hence the fine specimens possessed by Giovanni of Meissonier's work, which Coquelin, the popular comedian, paid such a high price for, in order to enrich his small collection. Hence also the lifelike look imparted to Meissonier's models, when his scrutinizing gaze had become almost hypnotized by the object he was about to represent—costume, ornament, bronze, jewel, or superb hangings, borrowed from some amateur, which he knew how to tone down and blend with the atmosphere of an interior, and reconstruct by dint of such research and perseverance that it became a lifelike reality.

One day I entered his studio at Poissy at a moment when the master was absent; two of his models, two French Guardsmen of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, were playing cards on a bench. The first impression gave a complete illusion; I found myself transported in imagination into the barrack yard of the French Guard in the rue de la Pépinière, so natural an attitude had the artist given his models, so truthful and exact was their costume, down to the most trivial detail in the arrangement of their leathern belting. That day he was busy at a well-known picture ordered by Mr. Oppenheim. Another time I was invited to dine at Poissy to meet Heilbuth the artist, now dead, who was nicknamed "The Painter of Cardinals;" on opening the front gates I saw Meissonier on horseback in an alley, seated on the Emperor Napoleon the First saddle, which had been lent to him by Prince Napoleon, the nephew of the sovereign, dressed in the green uniform waistcoat and chamois leather breeches of the Chasseurs de la Garde; with a small box of colors and a palette in one hand, while in the other he held a brush. In this singular attitude Meissonier was studying his own figure in a large mirror placed vertically in front of him; he wanted to obtain the exact folds of the garments, which the model failed to give. Philippe Burty, the art critic, told me he had also found him in this same attitude on a stifling summer's day.

All this may seem somewhat excessive, but the painter considered nothing too unimportant to ensure a faithful representation of Nature, and it has been aptly remarked that Meissonier's characters are so true and lifelike just because the fold is always in the right place.

STUDY OF HORSES IN VARIOUS FORMS OF MOTION; STUDIES SPECIAL TO THE PAINTER.

As the house at Poissy had been adapted to the purpose of painting, so the garden and park had been laid out and arranged with a view to carrying out the same purpose on a larger scale. The earth had been dug over, and dales and hillocks made, while parts of the ground were left fallow and neglected in order that they might represent a wide open country. When the artist wished to place in his foreground the person or personages of a military scene, whether an episode of the Empire or an incident in the wars of the First Republic, he would send off a few horsemen to the further end of the enclosure to represent vedettes, in order to get the exact perspective and to mark out clearly the figures on the horizon. The picture called "1814," that is the retreat from Russia, shows the Emperor returning at the head of his staff over the rough broken ground, half covered with snow and torn up by tumbrils and artillery wagons, retiring with the remains of his *Grande Armée* before the Allied Powers; it furnishes the most striking example of the preliminary work done by Meissonier, in order to obtain an impression perfectly in harmony with the solemnity of the moment at this decisive hour of the hero's life. It was in 1863; the painter who intended to represent a snowy scene, was awaiting the appropriate weather to paint the road from Nature. Charles Meissonier, his son, a few days after his father's death gave an account of the scene to an art critic, M. Thilbaut Sisson:

At last the snow fell. When it had covered the ground, my father set to work; he had the earth trampled down by his servants, and broken up by the passing to and fro of heavy carts. When the track had become sufficiently muddy, my father started work-

ing in the open air, and notwithstanding the bitterly cold weather he placed his models on horseback; then, with prodigious activity he hurried on all the study of details, in order to get them finished before a thaw set in. Fortunately the weather continued cold; sometimes it froze and sometimes it snowed, but the same sad, gray sky, shrouded with opaque clouds, remained—the sky, in fact, necessary for the desired effect. After the escort of generals, Napoleon's figure was his next work. All the different parts of his costume were ready, and had been executed under Prince Napoleon's supervision, and rigorously copied on the authentic relics of the Emperor in the possession of the Prince. When the time came to dress the model, it was found that he could not put on the clothes. He was a stout young man, and the riding coat was too small for the big fellow, while the hat fell over his eyes. My father then tried on the costume; the coat fitted him like a glove, the hat seemed made for him. He did not hesitate for a moment, but at once took the model's place on the white horse that had been sent from the Imperial stables, caused a mirror to be placed before him, and hastily set to work to copy his own outline and the background before which it was set. The cold was intense; my father's feet froze in the iron stirrups, and we were obliged to place foot warmers under them, and put near him a chafing dish over which he occasionally held his hands.

This was, indeed, exactly how I had found him in 1864, probably when he was either executing a fresh study for some new episode or continuing his studies begun in 1863.

In "1807," which is generally called a "Charge of Cuirassiers" or "Friedland," the Emperor is represented on horseback, in the middle distance of the picture, slightly to the left; the whole of the right side is taken up by a regiment passing at full gallop in front of the Emperor, who salutes them, and each man, as he passes the mound on which Napoleon stands, turns round and rising in his stirrups waves his sword and rends the air with his hurrahs; while the field of corn over which they are passing is crushed under the horses' hoofs and the wheat ears lie scattered on the ground. This time Meissonier had purchased the whole crop, and had made a troop of heavy cavalry, lent for the occasion by some good-natured colonel, trample under foot the fine golden field. In the same way at St. Germain where the Imperial Guard was quartered, and at Versailles with the artillery, the painter used to

follow on horseback the manœuvres specially ordered for his benefit by Colonel Dupressoir. On those occasions, bending over his saddle, with every nerve on the stretch, gazing till as if hypnotized, Meissonier would follow each movement, watching and taking notes.

At that date, toward the end of the Empire, from 1869 to July, 1870, the various forms of motion in horses, which the keenest observation often fails to catch, had become a subject of deep interest to the artist; and he was determined if possible to master them. Already a kind of photography called "the Revolver" was in use, and by it all the successive and graduating movements had been reproduced, but this did not satisfy the artist. He turned his garden upside down, established a ride with a little tramway running parallel to it. A good horseman, a model, would be sent to put his horse through its paces, at first walking and then gradually increasing the speed, while the master sat in a wagonette on the rails and was pushed along at the same rate of speed by a couple of men, and pencil in hand jotted down the action, the strain of the muscles, every detail of the motion and the different transitions. When he had done this for some time, Meissonier would pass on to the effect—that is, to the movement as a whole, and he filled several albums with this kind of documentary evidence. M. Charles Meissonier has given his recollections on this subject in the newspaper *Le Temps*: "In order to study the trot and gallop of a horse, my father followed a similar method; we used to ride together in the early morn, on the road leading to Maison Lafitte, the widest and quietest around Poissy. When we thought we had got far enough away and were alone, my father would say to me, 'Make your horse gallop;' and then putting his own horse at the same pace and keeping on the opposite side of the road, he would study each movement in the same way as he had done for the walking pace. The rapidity of the motions made them difficult to seize, and he would correct his observations by mine; when he thought he had caught the rhythm and successive modi-

fications of the horse's action, he would stop and minutely relate what he had seen, adding, 'It is now your turn to watch,' and he would then set off at a gallop while I in my turn verified on his horse the movements he had remarked in mine. If our observations agreed, he would immediately jot down the result and show me the sketch to see if the movement was correct. If I expressed the slightest doubt as to its accuracy, he would make another drawing, and the final result was only entered as documentary evidence when we were both thoroughly satisfied."

Meissonier's habit of constant observation was also displayed in the first interview he had with Mr. Leland Stanford, ex Governor of California; who, armed with an introduction, presented himself at his studio at Poissy. After visiting the master's studio, Mr. Stanford, who was accompanied by his wife, asked him to paint his portrait. Meissonier, who had been disturbed at his work, refused, alleging his numerous engagements, and in order to show him how busy he was he took them into that part of the studio where his picture "1807" was in progress. Mr. Leland Stanford seemed to take a great interest in the numerous studies of horses, and his remarks struck the painter, who, astonished at the knowledge he displayed on such a difficult point, inquired how he had attained such a correct view. Mr. L. Stanford at last told him that he had spent several years of his life analyzing by means of photography the different movements of the walk, trot, and gallop of a horse, and that he had still hundreds of plates in his possession. Meissonier, who had been at first somewhat cold and formal, immediately changed his tone and inquired "which day he would like to begin sitting for his portrait."

I have personal recollections about the "1807" picture which will serve for future historians of French art; they will give a convincing proof of the artist's superhuman patience, his unconquerable longing to do well, and his long and conscientious labor. During the war 1870-71, Meissonier, an ardent patriot, after having accompanied the army to Metz, where he was attached to the staff of the commander-in-chief,

returned to shut himself up in Paris the moment its investment was foreseen. Abandoning his house at Poissy to the enemy (who as a matter of fact respected it), he had brought back to his house, Boulevard Maiesherbes, all the studies which would permit of his finishing his great work, but work was impossible at such a time of suspense. On the other hand, an unoccupied life or one of enforced idleness on the ramparts could satisfy no one. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Mounted National Guard the artist wore the uniform, and always booted and spurred he only sought to cheat time, going from post to post, although fully convinced of the uselessness of his efforts. One day he even thought of escaping in a balloon, and he presented himself before the Governor asking to be permitted to go and organize the defence of the provinces. Sometimes I would meet him at the General Staff Office, sometimes he would come to call on Sir Richard Wallace, who like himself was shut up in the capital, mounting guard over his artistic treasures, and also detained by a feeling of loyalty to his adopted country. The name of this Mécenas was soon to become famous throughout the country for his philanthropy in founding ambulances and in revictualling Paris. One day M. Francis Petit, the well-known Parisian picture-dealer, told Sir Richard Wallace that Meissonier was busily engaged on an important work (the largest he had ever undertaken) which might eventually prove a worthy addition to the masterpieces already in his galleries, his father the Marquis of Hertford having purchased fifteen examples of this favorite master. The painter in this disastrous year, seeing like everybody else his life and power of production at a standstill, M. F. Petit suggested that a sum of money might be advanced on the work, which had already reached a certain stage, and that later on the final conditions could be settled according to its importance. Wallace at once advanced £4000; the war followed its course, and was succeeded by the Commune, and as soon as the city gates were opened the great connoisseur crossed the Channel, after having honorably upheld the name of England

by his generous conduct toward the vanquished French people. Rewarded by the Queen, who bestowed on him a baronetcy, Sir Richard determined (while retaining his lovely country house, "Bagatelle," on the Bois de Boulogne, and his apartment Boulevard des Italiens) to settle in England, where he had just been elected Member of Parliament for Antrim; and to convey thither his Paris collections in order to add them to those he had inherited from the Marquis of Hertford.

Three years had elapsed when, in 1873, I accompanied Sir Richard to the International Exhibition at Vienna. On going into the hall set apart for the French exhibition of fine arts, in company with the Prince of Wales, Sir Richard, Lord Dudley, Lord Cowper, and Mr. Thomas Brassey (afterward Lord Brassey), we were attracted by the "1807" which was displayed on its walls. At first sight this admirable work drew a cry of admiration from our whole party, and M. Francis Petit informed the Prince of Wales that he might congratulate Sir Richard on being its fortunate owner. Sir Richard, who since January 1st, 1871, had not heard a word from Meissonier nor of a picture having been executed for him, modestly declined the honor. The picture was then, if not completely finished (in reality it lacked but a few finishing touches in the corn trampled down by the cuirassiers in the right foreground), in a very advanced stage, and the execution was sufficiently thorough not to require any further work from the master. However, at the close of the Exhibition, "1807" resumed its place in his studio, and Meissonier, who always divided his time between a great work and one of less importance, while intending to retouch the cornfield and complete his work, let the time slip by, maintaining a complete silence toward Sir Richard, who on his side did nothing to break it. I must add that the Channel divided them, and that each one was absorbed by his different occupations.

In 1875, that is five years after M. Francis Petit's first visit, the latter took advantage of a sojourn Sir Richard made in Paris, in his House Rue

Lafitte, to announce to him that his "1807" was finished and was ready for delivery. It is difficult to relate the exact words, gestures, and tone of these two personages, for the interview was brief and few words passed between them. Anyway, Sir Richard assumed an attitude of surprise and seemed somewhat offended by the artist's protracted silence. No doubt he thought that either the intermediary agent or the painter might in the course of the past years have offered some excuse or reason for the delay, or at least have invited him to see the work, or have spoken about it. The painter on his side, conscious that he was in the right and could give an excellent reason for his conduct, probably thought it just as strange—being what he was and having already shown the value and force of his work by exhibiting it in 1873 at Vienna—that the amateur for whom it was intended should never have displayed any curiosity about it. In a word, there was a misunderstanding, and as each of the interested parties retained his own opinion, feeling certain that he had right on his side, the misunderstanding was never cleared up. After this interview M. Francis Petit considered himself free, and signed a check for £4000 payable to Sir Richard, thus returning the sum that had been originally advanced. Taking possession of the picture "1807," he at once offered it by telegraph to a customer of his, Mr. Stewart of New York, for the sum of £12,000, just treble the sum advanced in 1871. At the present day the painting, bequeathed by its purchaser to the city of Boston, is installed in the place of honor of that city.

Ten years after this episode, Meissonier, who had reached the age of seventy, was desirous of celebrating his golden wedding with art, and wished to gather together all his works (or as many as possible) in Mr. Georges Petit's exhibition rooms, Rue de Sèze. The artist's idea was to set before the public fifty years of uninterrupted work, from the Alpha, that is, "The Visit to the Burgomaster"—his first picture exhibited at the Salon in 1834—down to the Omega, his last picture of "1807," and the "Morning of the

Battle of Castiglione." As an excuse for his glorification of his own talent and person, Meissonier declared that the produce of the exhibition would be handed over to the Society for Night Refugees.

The negotiations were difficult, the works being scattered all over Europe and America, and the sacrifices necessitated in order to guarantee the safety of the pictures which had to cross the seas, and to run certain risks that might be foreseen and which the possessors might insist on being made good, nearly led to the failure of the plan. On all sides the utmost liberality was displayed: the financier M. Delahante lent "1814," Mr. Van Praet, the Belgian Secretary of State, lent the "Barricade," Baron Edmund Rothschild sent "La lecture chez Diderot" (a reading at Diderot's), Alexandre Dumas "Le peintre dans son atelier" (the painter at his easel); and soon most of the amateurs of Europe seemed to look upon it as a duty to give the master at the close of his life the joy of throwing a glance over fifty years' work, and to pass in review the different stages of his career. When they appealed to the English collectors, Sir Richard Wallace, who possessed fifteen works of this artist, refused to lend any. Meissonier, who considered that this collection contained two or three of his best works, was deeply wounded by this refusal; and a few days later I received the following letter from Alexandre Dumas;

My dear friend—Meissonier tells me that Sir Richard Wallace refuses to lend his pictures for the Exhibition on May 15th; try and persuade him. A man of his position should not be influenced by such petty spite, and his refusal will assume that regrettable character in public opinion. I am writing to you without Meissonier's knowledge, but I assure you quite as much in the interest of Sir Richard, with whom I am not acquainted, as in that of the painter, whom I do know and like. Both men will belong to posterity. Imagine, a hundred years hence, an Yriarte writing a life of Meissonier—as you have written that of the painter Goya—and adding to it the life of a London patrician, just as you have written the *Life of a Patrician of Venice*, and stating that this London patrician refused to lend his pictures to the Painter of France, for an exhibition of the works covering the whole of his artistic career—an exhibition held at the close of his life. You

would blame such conduct as much a hundred years hence as to-day. Prevent this if possible.

Yours always,

A. DUMAS.

It was easy to say, but not so easy to do; although Sir Richard was a kind-hearted man and capable of noble impulses. I will only quote one word of his answer, in reply to the urgent appeal I made; it was on the whole satisfactory, for he concluded his letter by saying "Remember that you are making me do what I do not wish to do." M. Georges Petit, who had succeeded his father, thereupon started for London, and brought back six of the best pictures, chosen by the painter out of the sixteen in Sir Richard's possession. The Queen of England consented to lend "La Rixe" (the tavern brawl), and the Luxembourg Museum was by special decree authorized to lend the "Battle of Solferino." Henceforth the day was won.

I must add that either in 1874 or 1875 I was the spectator of a strange scene in Meissonier's studio at Poissy, which thoroughly explained the delay in the delivery of "1807," which to all intents and purposes was finished in 1873, when shown at the Vienna Exhibition. When I entered the studio, the picture, returned from Vienna, was again placed upon the easel. The whole of the right wing of the squadron which is rushing like a torrent over the corn-field in an entanglement of men and horses, a confused mass of legs, arms, and heads, had been painted out; and on a piece of canvas paper stuck over this, Meissonier was patiently repainting the subject. He told me that the squadron was too much in the front, and that the Imperial group did not in consequence stand out sufficiently. However, the picture as exhibited in 1873 had seemed so perfect a composition that not even the most severe judges had been able to find fault with it; yet Meissonier after a year's absence, on seeing it afresh, with rested eye and brain, at once detected where an improvement could be made, and simply explained to us that the three inches gained on the right would enhance the interest of the general effect. This

reconstruction represented six months of assiduous work, which a less conscientious painter would have shirked. Such was his respect for his work, his solicitude for the future, and, it may be said, such was his anxiety about the opinion of posterity!

The glorious anniversary celebrated by this exhibition seemed to endow the master with renewed strength; at the age of seventy-three he painted "The Morning of Castiglione," and the following year, continuing the *Epopee*, he painted "Rivoli." At a still later

date he sketched out "Les Fastes de la France" (the glories of France), the first conception for the monumental composition that he wished to display on the walls of the Panthéon, as an audacious contrast to his minute masterpieces. But the brush fell from the hand of the great artist, whose body was indeed conquered, but whose mind remained clear and strong, and whose enthusiasm for Art and for the Great *Epopee* he had striven to revive remained predominant to the end of his days.—*Nineteenth Century*.

"MADE IN JAPAN."

THE wonderful trade advances that have been made by Japan since the conclusion of the war with China should make our manufacturers and merchants keep their eyes open, or they may find some morning their occupation gone in markets they thought they had secured. This enterprising people has in the past two years almost secured a monopoly, in the Eastern markets, of the match-trade. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago the import of matches in India and Burma was largely English and exclusively European. English imports gradually declined, being replaced by Swedish matches. These in their turn are being ousted by the Japanese match, equally good and sold at fifty per cent lower prices. In Burma, a province which last year imported matches of a value of over five lakhs of rupees, or some £33,000, Japanese matches are almost exclusively used now. They pay an import duty of five per cent, and yet can be purchased retail in the streets of Rangoon at one anna, or about one penny, per bundle of ten boxes. The English match ten or fifteen years ago cost in Rangoon about five times as much, and at that time there was no import duty. Burma is a very damp country, with an annual rainfall varying from one hundred to two hundred inches. The English match in the rains was difficult to burn. If the box was kept in flannel it would ignite; but the wood of the match was thick and generally damp, and failed to keep

alight. The Swedes first, and afterward the Japanese, saw what was required, and made a thinner match, thus using less wood, and meeting the requirements of a province with a moist climate. Between them they have ousted the British match altogether; and a trade in this single Eastern province alone of a yearly value between £30,000 and £40,000, which will probably be doubled when the Rangoon and Mandalay Railway is extended to the borders of China (as it will be before the end of 1899), has been lost to England, probably never to be regained. The loss of the match-trade in India may be a small thing to grieve over, but when a single province of that great dependency takes in a year over £30,000 worth, manufacturers' profits must be something tangible over the whole area. In Burma and the surrounding countries nearly every man, woman and child smokes, and matches are now to be found in the remotest Burman, Shan, and Karen hamlets hundreds of miles from the coast or railway communication. No jungle man or woman fails to provide himself or herself with a box of matches when they are so cheap. Their forefathers either borrowed a light from a fireplace in a neighboring hut or procured fire by rubbing briskly two pieces of dried bamboo together, with some dried bamboo shavings—a process the writer, when foresting twenty years ago, often saw applied at an encampment on a wet night before supplies had been

brought up by elephants, or when, as was often the case, the thick English match of that period was too damp to strike successfully.

Umbrellas, which were largely manufactured locally of oiled paper, are being supplanted also by Japanese articles, excellent copies of the European umbrella; and these are sold in the Rangoon bazaars at one rupee and four annas each, or about one shilling and eightpence. Similar umbrellas, before Japan took to manufacturing them, cost at least four times the price in Burma, and in this article, as in matches, no European country apparently can hope to compete with the Japanese in producing an equally good-looking and low-priced umbrella. The Burmans are largely taking to the imported umbrella, while their own paper umbrellas are often patronized by Europeans as a good protection against sun and rain; although they are not so convenient to carry unopened as the ordinary umbrella, as they are too bulky when closed to be used as a walking-stick. The local article can be bought for eight annas, or about eightpence, and if carefully used lasts for one rainy season.

Bicycles and sewing machines of Japanese make at half European and American prices have also been imported into Burma from the Straits. Doubtless before long we shall have Japanese merchants, and possibly a Japanese bank, established in Rangoon. Several cargoes of rice have already been sent from the Burman rice ports to Japan; and that astute people will doubtless soon realize that the best way to push their manufactures and the cheapest way to buy their rice cargoes is to have Japanese firms established at the rising capital of Rangoon, where there will soon be railway communication to the confines of China itself, with its hard-working millions of population. Japanese clocks are now sold throughout the East; and Japanese coals are highly thought of in Bombay.

While Englishmen offer equal advantages to every nationality in trade with

the East, it is not a pleasant sight for Englishmen to see British trade pass away into the hands of the foreigner resident in British possessions.

"A fair field and no favor" is a good motto, and one that in trade in British dependencies we have always endeavored to carry out. If Japan can undersell us and make equally good articles, we cannot hope to persuade the consumer to buy English articles because they are English. An opposite policy has not proved such a success in Saigon and French Cochin China that we should ever think of or wish to imitate it. The British manufacturer may rest assured it is more difficult to regain a lost trade than to keep an existing one. By having trustworthy agents on the spot, and by altering his manufactures where they do not meet the wishes and wants of his customers; by being obliging and courteous, in fact; and by having his goods always up to sample, he may hope, even in these days of keen competition, to do a good trade. But he must not lose sight of the fact that times have altered a great deal in the last quarter of a century, and that he has many competitors now where formerly he enjoyed almost a monopoly. Under such circumstances, if he wishes to keep and extend his trade in the East, he must prove that he can, like his competitors, adapt himself to circumstances, and not expect his Eastern customers to alter their habits and customs to suit him. In short, the best manufactures will win the most markets, and "best" includes goodness of the article as well as economy in price. We have a good many brisk competitors in Germany, Belgium, and other European countries, not to speak of the Americans, all quite alive to the exigencies of the hour. But probably in the next quarter of a century we shall find articles "made in Japan" imported all over the East to a much greater extent than they are now; and it is to be hoped that we shall not have them (as in the match-trade) eclipsing British manufactures.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

"LLOYD'S."

BY WILLIAM C. MACKENZIE.

MARINE insurance probably dates as far back as the time of the Phœnicians, who traded with our British forefathers many centuries before these Islands became the home of "a nation of shopkeepers." The dark-skinned strangers were skilled traders long before the Britons had acquired the art of chaffering, and the latter probably stood as small a chance of getting the best of a bargain with them as do the African tribes of the present day with the white-faced traders who barter their wares for tropical produce. Thus doth Time bring its revenges.

It was not, however, until hundreds of years after the days of the Phœnicians that marine insurance was practised in this country. The merchants of the Hanseatic League, that powerful confederacy which did so much, during the thirteenth and succeeding centuries, to promote the interests of trade and commerce, were the first underwriters in England. Their system of insurance must of necessity have been somewhat crude, but from it has been evolved the more scientific methods of the present day.

As everybody knows, Lloyd's stands for marine insurance. But whence the name?

In our day, as every city man is aware, a not inconsiderable amount of business is transacted at the bars of restaurants and wine-shops. Business men of former generations were similarly prone to transact "deals" in the coffee-houses which were the forerunners of the modern "Meccas." But they had a much better excuse than their modern successors for congregating in houses of refreshment, their facilities for meeting together in Exchanges being considerably more restricted than is the case at the present day. The great grain Exchange called the "Baltic" takes its name from a coffee-house which was much frequented by Russian merchants who were engaged in the Baltic trade. Similarly, Lloyd's takes its name from that of the proprietor of a coffee-house

which flourished in Tower Street during the reign of the "Merry Monarch." No biography of Edward Lloyd has yet been written, nor do the dates of his birth and death appear in our calendars. But his name has been handed down to posterity in the title of the greatest marine insurance corporation which the world has ever known. His house became the *rendez-vous* of those persons in the city who were engaged in the business of underwriting marine risks; and Edward Lloyd was sufficiently alive to his own interests to give them every facility for the transaction of their business. In 1696, he blossomed into a newspaper proprietor, but his career in that capacity was short-lived, for his paper, which he called *Lloyd's News*, was suppressed by the government. Certain unpalatable references failed to pass the press censorship which, in those days, was rigorously exercised; and so *Lloyd's News* came to an untimely end. In 1726, however, its successor, *Lloyd's List*, appeared, and it exists at the present day. With the exception of the *London Gazette*, it is the oldest newspaper now published in England.

Edward Lloyd removed from Tower Street to Lombard Street, and brought his customers with him. For three generations thereafter, underwriters met and transacted business at Lloyd's, Lombard Street, until the time arrived when a change was inevitable. An association was formed in 1770, for renting premises for the exclusive transaction of marine insurance, and three years later the members of the Association migrated to their present headquarters at the Royal Exchange, taking the name of their old meeting-place with them. Thus it came to pass that a London coffee-house leapt into historic fame. And it may be noticed that the name of its proprietor has also been perpetuated in the titles of those great Continental Steamship Lines, the Austrian Lloyd and the North German Lloyd.

Affiliated with the Corporation of

Lloyd's is "Lloyd's Register." The committee and executive of this society are distinct from the management of Lloyd's, being, in fact, an off-shoot from the parent stem. The Register comprises three volumes which are issued annually, and kept constantly up-to-date, that being a very necessary condition of their usefulness. Volume I. gives comprehensive particulars concerning steamers. Volume II. deals similarly with sailing vessels; while the third volume is an appendix, giving general information about vessels, docks, and harbors, marine insurance companies and so forth. The Register is the underwriter's guide-book. It provides him with the material by which he gauges the desirability, or otherwise, of a "line" offered to him on, or by, a particular vessel; and estimates the rate of insurance which will compensate him for the risk. Similarly, the merchant finds the volumes indispensable in connection with his chartering operations, while the ship-owner is interested in them in a very special way. The Register dates from 1834, when a joint committee, equally representing ship-owners and underwriters, was formed, thus cementing past differences between the two interests. For many years previously, two separate Registers had existed, the Green Book, representing the underwriting interest, and the Red Book, that of the ship-owners. The ship-owning community were dissatisfied with the system of classification which the underwriters had adopted, hence the genesis of the Red Book.

Upon the surveyors appointed by the committee of the Register devolves the duty of fixing by their reports the classification of a vessel. There are various mysterious-looking symbols used to denote the different classes of vessels. The best known are those formed by a combination of Roman numerals and letters, which signify the classification of ships built of iron and steel according to the rules of "Lloyd's Register" in force since 1869. They indicate the general condition of a vessel at the time of her last survey. The symbols 100 A1, 95 A1, 90 A1, and so on down to 75 A1 (the lowest grade) show at a glance the position, good or

bad, which a vessel occupies from an insurable point of view. The figure "1" which is affixed in each case denotes that the vessel is well and sufficiently equipped. A line after "A" thus "A—" signifies that the equipment falls short of the requirements under the rules. It is now, however, the invariable practice to classify as 100 A1 only; no ships of inferior classification are built under Lloyd's rules.

The considerations which influence an underwriter in accepting or declining a "line," as it is technically called, are chiefly the age of the vessel, her class, build, power, ownership, builders, her captain's record, and, strange as it may appear, the record of the ship herself; the season of the year is also an important element. A ship "with a past" is viewed less favorably than one with a "clean sheet." Here the principle of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him certainly operates, very specially in the case of the captain and owners, and, to a small extent, of the ship herself.

The Salvage Association is also an offspring of Lloyd's, which exists as a separate organization, while closely connected with the parent corporation. The duties undertaken by this association lie, as its name suggests, in the protection of the interests of underwriters in connection with wrecks.

Another profession cognate with that of underwriting is the adjustment of averages. This may be explained in a word to the uninitiated as being the apportionment by an expert (called an average adjuster) of the claims arising from a partial loss to ship or cargo among the various interests concerned. A description of the nature of these "averages," technically called "general" and "particular" averages, would require a paper to itself.

Lloyd's rooms in the Royal Exchange have been used for their present purpose since the great fire of 1838 destroyed the premises which they had previously tenanted. They comprise the captains' room—where captains are but rarely seen nowadays—which serves as a luncheon-room and occasionally as an auction room for the sale of ship's hulls; the reading-room—

where "light" literature, in the form of shipping intelligence and so forth, is found in abundance; the underwriting-room, where risks are discussed and "lines" are taken or rejected; and the secretary's offices and committee-rooms, where the administrative work is carried on. The Committee of Management, elected by the members, are invested with large powers. As is well known, Colonel H. M. Hozier acts as secretary to the Corporation. The general comfort of the members is supervised by the superintendent of the rooms.

Besides the rooms enumerated, and the well-appointed lavatory and cloak-room, there is another which calls for special mention. It is appropriately named the "Chamber of Horrors," for it is there that the lists of casualties and missing ships are posted up, sheets of dire portent for the unfortunate underwriters who are "on the risks."

And yonder in the underwriting-room is a volume well named the "Black Book," which underwriters approach each morning with fear and trembling, lest they should find in it the dreaded notification that some ship on which they had taken a "line" has come to grief.

The stranger who wishes to see a member ascends the broad staircase and gives his name to an attendant who is stationed in a chamber just outside the main or underwriting-room. The latter passes on the name to the caller inside, who stands in a pulpit, underneath a sounding board. He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which invests him with an authority of which he is probably profoundly conscious. In a mellifluous voice, which reaches the furthest corner of the room, he intones the name with a deliberation and clearness all his own. One can bear with equanimity the delay entailed by waiting outside for a member, when regaled by the recurring music of that caller's voice.

Down the centre of the underwriting-room are three rows of tables at which are seated underwriters, brokers, and others. The brokers are the middlemen, who arrange the terms of the insurance between the ship-owners and merchants on the one side, and the underwriters on the other. When an

underwriter accepts a "line," he initials the "slip" upon which the broker has noted particulars of the insurance and the amount he requires to be covered. This process is repeated until the whole of the required amount has been insured. A policy is next prepared by the broker in accordance with the agreed terms of insurance, and the document is then signed separately by each group of underwriters, according to the amounts standing against the initials on the "slip." The mere initialling of the "slip" is not legally binding, but custom at Lloyd's makes it as conclusive a contract as the signature of the policy itself. The wording of the policy is a curiosity of obsolete English. The casual observer might well think that it would be a decided improvement if it were rendered more intelligible and concise. But the profanity of meddling with so sacred a document doubtless gives pause to any would-be reformer. A form sanctified by the usage of nearly a century and a quarter must command the respect which is due to age; for it is a fact that the Lloyd's form of policy now in use was prepared as far back as the year 1779. It then commenced with the words, "In the name of God, Amen," which, in cases of false declarations, might well be stigmatized as a cynical blasphemy, without putting too fine a point upon it. This pious preamble was afterward altered to the portentous phrase, "Be it known that." With this solitary exception, the policy has undergone no alteration up to the present day. Slips with special clauses may be, and very often are, attached to the policy, but the main body, with its quaint phraseology, is untouched, and, apparently, untouchable.

When a ship is overdue, an opportunity is sometimes afforded for a gamble at Lloyd's. It can be readily understood that underwriters who are interested in the "overdues" are only too willing to get rid of the risk by paying a premium on the insured rate to those who are willing, on their terms, to relieve them of their responsibilities. The premium varies with the chances of the vessel turning up; the smaller the chances, the higher the

premium, and *vice versa*. The rates paying on "overdues" serve as accurate barometers of the probabilities or otherwise of the ships being ever heard of again. Those underwriters who speculate on "overdues" are generally known by the significant name of "doctors." The insurance on an "overdue" may pass through many channels before the ship is, on the one hand, "posted" at Lloyd's as "missing," or, on the other hand, she arrives in safety.

A ship is never "posted" until the Committee are thoroughly satisfied that her case is hopeless, and until the owner is of the same opinion. Before "posting," a notice is put up for a week, inviting any information concerning the vessel. If this elicits no news, the Committee at their next meeting vote the ship as "missing," and a notice is "posted" accordingly. The loss is then settled and paid for. It may be incidentally remarked that "posting" at Lloyd's constitutes a legal death certificate for any one on board the missing ship. Imagination pales at the thought of the complications which might arise in the event of a "posted" vessel turning up. It is worthy of note that a leading London newspaper now publishes daily a list of "overdues," with the current premium in each case.

It may be news to some people to learn that the business at Lloyd's is no longer confined to marine insurance. During recent years the nature of risks underwritten has been gradually widening in scope, until it now embraces almost every known form of insurance. Fire, accident, and burglary insurances are all accepted. A policy, covering goods against all risks from, say, a warehouse in London to a warehouse in Sydney or Hong Kong, is very frequently issued, and is found by business men to be a great convenience.

Underwriting members of Lloyd's have to pay an entrance fee of £400 and an annual subscription of twenty guineas. They have also to place in the hands of the Committee guarantees for at least £5000. These guarantees, as may be imagined, amount to a considerable sum, seeing that over twenty-five hundred members, sub-

scribers, and associates fully one-fourth are underwriters. The guarantee fund is vested in trustees, and interest is paid on the deposits. The capital sum is refunded to an underwriter three years after his retirement from business. It may be remarked that this guarantee of £5000 applies to the marine risks only which are underwritten by the depositors. Other members of Lloyd's pay an entrance fee of £25, and an annual subscription of seven guineas. Candidates for admission to membership must be recommended in writing by six members, and they are elected by ballot, the voting power being in the hands of the Committee.

In addition to the members, there are "subscribers" and "associates," the former paying seven guineas, the latter five guineas annually. Subscribers and associates are not allowed to transact business in the room; they pay for the privilege of entering it and picking up information. All the leading marine insurance companies are subscribers to Lloyd's, receiving, in return for their subscriptions, the latest news about ships in which they are interested.

The Corporation has agencies at all the leading seaports in the world, the duties of the agents being to transmit to headquarters weekly lists of arrivals and clearances at their ports, which are chronicled in "Lloyd's Weekly Shipping Index," a most useful publication for merchants, ship-owners, and underwriters. Lloyd's agents also give prompt advice by cable to London of any casualties which may occur within the area which they control. They further attend to surveys of cargo damaged in transit, when so requested by the importers, and, in cases of wrecks and casualties, devote their energies to the protection of the general interests of underwriters. There is no honorarium other than a few odd "pickings" and out-of-pocket expenses attached to a Lloyd's agency; the privilege of representing the Society is sufficient compensation for the time and trouble involved in attending to its business.

Lloyd's controls and works, under the sanction of Parliament, the signal

stations in Great Britain and Ireland. These number forty-two, and range from Dunnet Head and the Butt of Lewis in the north to St. Catherine's Point and the Scilly Islands in the south.

The Society has also the management of twenty-nine signal stations in various British colonies. By means of this arrangement, ship-owners, merchants, and others can obtain the latest information about vessels at a nominal signalling charge of one shilling, plus the cost of cabling or postage, as the case may be. Chambers of Commerce, harbor and dock authorities can receive, by arrangement with Lloyd's, regular advice from the signal stations for publication. A public service is thus effectively rendered by the Corporation in its control of signal stations, and it is easy to recognize the importance, from a national point of view, of the colonial stations, more particularly,

being in such efficient and trustworthy hands.

In 1720 charters were granted to the London Assurance and the Royal Exchange Corporations, and, for a full century, these two companies, with Lloyd's underwriters, possessed a monopoly of marine insurance in this country. The Act conferring the charters excluded all but private underwriters from competing with the two companies, and it was not until 1824 that it was repealed, leaving the door open for the establishment of rival concerns. Since that time, numerous competitors have entered the field, but the business of marine insurance has correspondingly expanded, and, at the present day, judging by the results annually attained, there is room for all of them. But in popular imagination, as well as by virtue of the magnitude of its operations, Lloyd's is still *facile princeps*.—*Good Words*.

MINE-SALTING.

WHAT is known as the "salting" of mines is much more common than most people imagine. It is practised in every mining district in the world with more or less success, and it is hardly too much to say that fully ten per cent. of the foreign and colonial mines sold to London companies are purchased on salted workings or samples. The methods of salting adopted are almost as various as the mines doctored. The simplest, and probably one of the earliest means of salting in the case of gold-mines, is what is known as the "nail trick." In this, the prospector, who is washing a dish of alluvial or crushed quartz, has concealed in his finger-nails some fine particles of gold. Soon after starting to wash he finds it necessary to puddle the dirt with his hands in order to break up the clayey substances, and, of course, while he is puddling, the gold is freed and goes into the prospect, eventually making that pretty "corner" which the speculator so likes to see. Perhaps, however, the nefarious prospector has his nails too short for this trick, and he will then resort to

the expedient of shooting fine gold into the dish from his mouth whenever he gets an opportunity of doing so without being observed. Or he will raise a hand to put his hat straight, and at the same time shake into the dish some gold-dust from his hair. But sometimes the speculator or expert present, whose good opinion of the property is wanted, resolves to wash a dish or two himself; and then the prospector has to resort to other tactics. He will, however, probably have provided for the contingency, and will be pretty sure to find some means of salting the new sample or the dish before the water touches it. Supposing that circumstances are against him in this, then he will have recourse to a pipe or cigar properly prepared for the occasion. The chances are that the washer will not notice the apparently accidental falling of tobacco-ash into his dish, and the trick will have succeeded.

The salting of prospects while under process of dishing is, however, fast dying out, prospectors preferring the more solid business of salting the earth or rock as it lies *in situ*, or of bring-

ing stone from other mines and preparing an ingenious pack. Formerly the most common method of salting a barren reef was to fire gold-dust into it from a shot-gun; and many a mine has been sold for a good figure on the strength of a reef faked in this way. But the shooting process is unsatisfactory for many reasons. In the first place, it only answers at all for certain classes of rock; then the reef into which gold has been fired has a patchy appearance, which is not a favorable sign; and again much of the gold fired is lost, while the explosion of the gun in a narrow drive or crosscut is liable to bring down a lot of the ground. All these are serious objections; but what chiefly brought the shooting practice into disrepute among salters was the fact that the prospective buyers of the mines, or their representatives, gradually became suspicious of fair faces, and often insisted upon taking their samples a foot or so back from the face. The biggest coup on record effected by the shooting trick was brought off in Tasmania, where nearly half an acre of sandstone was fusiladed, and a great deal of money made by the salters, the purchasers believing that they had really acquired the biggest gold mine in the world.

The art of salting is carried to its highest pitch of perfection in the process known as "stacking." This is performed by building up a portion of a reef at the end of a drive which has been run underground along the line of the reef. Of course, the built-up portion must be made to look like unbroken ground; but this is sometimes a most difficult task to accomplish. Luckily, however, for the salters, few of the best gold-reefs are without very numerous fractures, and, indeed, they not infrequently look like bands of mullock held together by a clayey substance impregnated with iron oxide. Such reefs, which are not uncommon in Western Australia, are much easier to imitate than the hard white reefs of Ballarat or the wide gold bands of South Africa. Usually the stacking has a depth of from four to five feet, though in exceptional cases it is considerably greater. A well-known London mining engineer discovered a depth

of no less than ten feet in a stack prepared for him in Colorado. It need hardly be said that when only the end of a drive is stacked, it is found necessary to timber the roof and keep a judicious supply of water and loose planks on the floor, while, of course, the original reef is taken out for its entire width. Past masters in the art of stacking hail usually from the States, but Australia has produced two or three prime examples.

Stacking is usually performed in isolated mines, where the operations of the salters are not likely to be watched or interrupted. In cases where there are several mines in the same neighborhood, the salter generally resorts to doctoring the expert's samples, after perhaps judiciously peppering the workings with damp gold-dust. Occasionally the expert is one who treats every man at a mine as a possible salter, and hence successfully guards his samples; but usually he takes only ordinary precautions, which are of no earthly avail against an experienced salter. If he sends his samples up the shaft open in a bucket, having some one on the surface to look after them, gold-dust is blown into it from an intermediary drive as it is rising, or gently let fall into it from the top just as it reaches the brace. If the expert takes his sample bags down the shaft, with the intention of sealing them up underground, he will not notice with the falling dust from the top and sides of the shaft a fine shower of gold-dust following him down, lodging on his hat and over his clothes; and if for one minute he loses sight of those sample bags when he has returned to the surface, they will be judiciously primed by means of sharp injectors, which leave no trace of their work. Of course all this is supposing a salter is on the watch.

Should the salter fail altogether to tamper with the samples, or to deceive the expert underground, his only chance is to fake the samples at the assay office to which they are taken. This requires a confederate, and is usually very difficult; but it has been done successfully many times. In one case—the St. George mine in Australia—the culprit was discovered, and he

received two years' imprisonment; but meantime he had cleared a few thousands of pounds.

Occasionally diamond drills are put to work in gold country to test the value of reefs at great depths. They cannot be considered satisfactory for this purpose, as a drill might just miss a shoot of gold, or else go through a very short one and thus lead to false hopes. Salting these drills has been successfully accomplished on several occasions, the practice being to hammer gold into the interstices of the core, or else to surreptitiously introduce an entirely new piece of core which had been previously prepared. Near Bright, in Victoria, a great deal of money was put into a mine a few years ago on the faith of a salted drill-hole.

Sometimes it happens that a really good property is salted. Thus one of the large mines now working at Broken Hill, and which has turned out an enormous quantity of silver and lead, was originally sold on a salt of several tons of ore conveyed from a neighboring mine, and carefully stacked about an outcrop. In New South Wales a gold-mine that paid dividends for years was sold in the same way. On the faith of the promising "surface show," a shaft was sunk, and at about two hundred feet a splendid body of auriferous stone was struck. In Tasmania an alluvial tin-mine which had been salted led the purchasers to the discovery of a gold-reef which amply repaid them for their outlay.

A few instances of remarkable cases of salting may be interesting.

Many persons will perhaps remember the great tin-mine salting case in Canada, which was probably the most cleverly contrived swindle of its kind on record. The operators, two in number, purchased from time to time some small parcels of tin-ore in Cornwall and shipped it to Toronto, taking care never to send more than a few bags in any one vessel. From Toronto the ore was taken out West some hundreds of miles and carefully planted along a granite ridge, the work of shipping and planting taking about twelve months to accomplish. The salters then left the scene and remained away

for some three years. At the end of that time it was suddenly announced at Quebec that what appeared to be a large and rich tin field had been discovered in the West, and a claim had been put in for the government reward of (I think) sixty thousand dollars, which had been several years on offer for such a discovery. As might be expected, considerable excitement was manifested over the reported find, and when the government expert who was sent to inspect the property pronounced the discovery to be genuine, there was quite a rush of prospectors and speculators to the West, anxious to peg out or to purchase tin claims. Meanwhile a company was formed to work the reward claims; and just when it was ready to commence work, the government, acting on the reports of its skilled advisers, paid over the reward to the claimants, who, with this sum and a further large amount obtained by the sale of their claims, suddenly disappeared, and were never afterward heard of. It is scarcely surprising that the Canadian experts were deceived, as grass and moss and other vegetation had grown over the packed ore, while the denudation of the hillsides had resulted in some of the tin being washed into neighboring creeks, where it was covered over with sand and debris. The swindle was exploded by a Cornish expert who had been sent for. He recognized the ore as having come from certain Cornish mines, and its sale and shipment were thereupon quickly traced.

The Mount Huxley mine in Tasmania afforded an instance of a most successful salt. A tunnel was put in a hill for a distance of about one hundred feet, and the sides, roof, and floor were well salted with fine gold-dust. The so-called mine was then offered to a Sydney syndicate, who purchased it on the advice of an expert. Indeed his account of the property was so glowing, and the assays made from various samples taken were so good, that the shares in the syndicate went up to an enormous price. Gradually the Mount Huxley mine got to be talked about all over Australia as a possible second Mount Morgan, and preparations were made by the syndi-

cate to float a company on a large scale. But the ardor of the shareholders was suddenly and effectually damped by the report of a government officer who was asked to examine the property, and who declared to the effect that it was no mine at all, but purely a commonplace though rather extensive salt. An attempt was made to prosecute those concerned in the swindle, but no direct evidence could be procured. About £30,000 was lost by Sydney speculators in this venture.

Salters, however, do not always escape punishment. A case occurred in South Australia in 1895 in which a man was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for swindling in this way. The culprit did not, however, tamper with the mine, but carefully salted the bags of samples taken from a shaft by the various experts and speculators who inspected the property. This mine, in which there was undoubtedly a little gold *in situ*, was quite exceptional in one way, inasmuch as all the subscribing shareholders in the company which purchased it were members of the South Australian parliament. Needless to say, the mine was "dropped like a hot brick" when the fraud was discovered.

In another well-known case, about thirty holes were sunk along a series of alluvial claims in Tasmania, and salted with tin. The property was then offered to a Melbourne syndicate, who had it inspected and eagerly purchased it. It was only after a company was formed, and big hydraulic machinery erected on the claims, that the swindle was discovered.

One of the most notable Australian salting cases was that connected with the Boomerang mine in South Australia. The culprit, whose name was Marshall, went to work in quite an extensive way, spending a great deal of time and a considerable sum of money in manipulating the venture. He selected a spot of barren mineral country in the Flinders Range, about thirty miles from a habitation, and having pegged out over a hundred acres of ground, he sunk three shafts to a depth of about sixty feet each. He then sent up from Adelaide a party of surveyors, and had elaborate plans drawn showing a sys-

tematic series of huge silver lodes; and experts were obtained to give most elaborate and highly colored reports upon the property, with the usual lists of remarkable assays of samples "carefully taken" from the shafts. In fact the Boomerang was reported to be quite equal to the great Broken Hill mine in its initial stage. Armed with his large colored plans and voluminous reports, Marshall then set about reaping his harvest. He first went to Adelaide, and in a few days sold various small interests in the Boomerang for a total of £1100; then proceeded to Melbourne, where he sold two-sixteenths for £3000 each, and a thirty-second for £1250; and wound up in Sydney, whence, having cleared £2500 more, he took ship under an assumed name for San Francisco. The development of mines is slow work, and it was a couple of months before the purchasers of shares in the Boomerang commenced to wonder why they heard nothing more of the mine. Then, of course, the swindle was uncovered, but it was too late to get back either Marshall or the money.

The colony of Victoria had a very bad case of salting exposed last year. About three years ago, a certain "Colonel Morgan" (the title American), who was formerly at Broken Hill, and before that in Nevada, U. S. A., was sent to take charge of a reported valuable silver and lead mine in Gippsland owned by a Melbourne company. The colonel sent down from time to time glowing reports upon the mine, and after some months a few tons of silver-lead ore were forwarded to Melbourne from the property, and sold at a satisfactory price. Strange to say, however, the regular delivery of ore was not maintained, but the colonel explained this by reporting that though there were immense bodies of ore practically exposed, yet the mine wanted properly opening up before the ore could be dealt with on a large scale. Time went on, and funds giving out, the company was reorganized; the splendid reports of the work in hand which reached Melbourne every fortnight rendering it easy to obtain fresh capital. Then one fine day the colonel reported that the mine was sufficiently

developed for the erection of machinery, and the directors were specially asked to visit it and see for themselves what a magnificent property they had. The journey was long and difficult; but the visiting party from Melbourne felt themselves well rewarded for their trouble when they examined the workings, and saw on all sides of them and overhead, and underfoot, magnificent carbonate and sulphide of lead ore rich in silver. In every place exposed there was ore, and judging from appearances there was practically an unlimited supply. The directors returned to town highly pleased, and at once made arrangements for the erection on the mine of concentrating and other machinery. Meanwhile the shares of the company rose high in the market, the result of the directors' visit having become widely known. But suddenly, just when the machinery orders had been placed, it was discovered that the colonel was missing, and that he had sold all his shares, his holding having been pretty large. The reason was immediately forthcoming, for an overseer at the mine confessed, under

promise of freedom from prosecution, that he had been a confederate of the colonel in "stacking" the mine. It turned out that there was actually some ore there, though only a few bunches, and this had been used by the colonel in packing the sides and floors of the workings. It took him many months to do the work, as there was a lot of trouble in procuring sufficient ore, and it is no easy task to pack a drive; but he was eminently successful, as has been seen. It is hardly necessary to add that the colonel has not been heard of since.

Over three hundred ounces of gold were used to salt a mine in New South Wales some few years ago, with the result that the property was purchased by a Sydney syndicate for £30,000. So well was the salting done that expert after expert was deceived, and it was not until the market price of the syndicate shares totalled over £400,000 that the property was proved to have been "prepared." The discovery of this fraud gave a blow to mining in New South Wales from which it took a long time to recover.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

THE French peasant has changed a great deal in a hundred years, more so perhaps than his English contemporary, who is still the hired laborer, and whom we must make some allowances for when we compare him with the little peasant farmers of France. But the peasant has a strong family likeness wherever we find him, and one of his family traits, an intensely practical view of life, cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Valombre, Mr. Smith's village, may be said to consist of peasant proprietors, for whose produce Paris provides a ready market. They are terrific workers, and our peasantry when hay-making, or even when they do piecework in harvest can scarcely approach them. In the old days it was different, for the elder generation of our laborers will tell you of times when they rose with the sun, scarcely regarded his setting, and even turned night into day. So great is the con-

trast between the hours of labor then and the present working day, that the young folks refuse to believe it. This never-ending toil of the peasant proprietor does not shorten his life—nay, it preserves him—such vitalizing power has mere contact with the earth. He lives into the eighties, and still plods through the day with bowed back. This very token of age may be regarded as a merciful one, for does it not bring him closer to his beloved earth, and so save some of the suffering which the straightbacked ones feel? But struck down with illness, and unable to do battle with the weeds, every morning, with its inevitable exodus to the fields, deals a fatal blow to the worn-out worker. It is not too much to say that, feeling he can no longer be of use, he takes to his bed and dies. This is one of the first differences to be noticed between him and his island contemporary. Our peasant is more of a philoso-

pher, drops more gradually out of the struggle, and toward the end reaches a genuine resignation; "a man can do what he can, and he can't do no more," we have heard him say. The French peasant really kills himself with overwork, the women especially, who desire recreation less, and whom the passion of saving converts into a machine that is scarcely human.

The thrift of the French peasant has not been exaggerated, and it is most certainly another point of distinction between him and the English laborer. In France thrift may be said to be universal; in England the reverse is the rule, and yet, as a matter of fact, it is the field laborer who really represents whatever thrift exists in the laboring class. We know of an old couple, childless it is true, who saved nearly a thousand pounds, and one can assert, without any fear of contradiction, that the woman was the moving spirit in this lifelong effort. It is the women who do these things; men simply cannot; there are exceptions, but they only prove the rule. Thrift is not so rare in the country village as some think, and on the whole forms one of the most unpleasant characteristics of the laborer when it does appear. It shuts up the bowels of compassion from his own kin, and on his death leads to painful scenes. Still, one is thankful to say, it does not give that sordid tinge to the life of the peasant which strikes with painful force and disgust all who know the *paysan*. Yet this avarice, coupled with patriotism, has stood him in good stead, as we all know.

The callousness of the *paysan*, due to his matter-of-fact life and the grudge he bears anybody or anything that takes him away from the soil and the means of accumulating sous, comes out strongly when Nature exacts payment of her debt. Some of us, too, have noted the brutal plainness with which our laboring class discuss the chances for and against a return to health. Mr. Boyd Smith describes this with his usual observation and intuition. "Isn't he tough," exclaims the son admiringly; and over here the wife of the sufferer, scarcely lowering her voice, asks, "Do you think he'll ever get any better?" "No, I don't." This sounds

terrible to us, yet it does not exclude true grief; but what place has grief in the life of the *paysan*? The golden corn and the whitening oats will not ripen with tears, and the *paysan* knows this; one day, as with us, is given to the funeral and the funeral feast and regrets, and then on again. At Valombre, being well off, the *paysan* could give a supper on the occasion of a funeral or a marriage. One woman, earning fifty sous a day, gave a supper, entirely of meat with plenty of cognac, to thirty friends, which must have cost her a hundred francs. In fact, the life of the *paysan* is a struggle not for bread, but for francs; poverty, as we understand it, does not exist, at any rate in Valombre, and if it were not for this fête and the social events of his life, the *paysan* would become a maniac. "His egotism," says Mr. Boyd Smith, "is colossal, and the question of patriotism interests him but little." As long as the soil produces, and prices are good, everything else may go to ruin. Alas! this is not confined to the *paysan*, and here, where generation after generation work and die, and never in their wildest dreams hear the roar of foreign cannon, a crust of passive selfishness grows and hardens, and, but for enthusiasts, would become as the hide of the hippopotamus.

We take our pleasures sadly, and one has only to compare the villagers' solemn enjoyment of the annual feast, tempered with a beery cheerfulness, with the delirium of joy that possesses Pierre and Jean and Constance and Rosalie on the fête. Even the aged grand-parents trust their octogenarian limbs to the midnight revel. For these few days the *paysan* neglects his "muck-rake," forgets the object of his existence, and the furious concentration with which he pursues it and transfers it to the fête. He lets himself go completely. He gets drunk, too, at the fête; but, as a rule, "drinking was confined to the tradesmen of the place," says Mr. Boyd Smith. He has not that extraordinary craving for drink that may overcome the English laborer at any hour of the day, and compel him to leave the plough and horses standing while he gets fuddled at the nearest inn.

Valombre has its Mayor, of course, and its fire-engine and band, and the natural vanity of the people and love of display find an outlet in frequent fire-drills. A uniform, if it is only a blouse, has an irresistible attraction for them, so that the fire brigade tries to justify an uneventful existence by much drilling and an occasional procession. The people sometimes come into contact with the civilization of Paris, and now and again the city swallows up some aspiring peasant, who finds he has exchanged the labor of the fields for a mental worry on the whole far more depressing. Valombre has known the realities of war, and the old people would talk of the Prussians and their usual consideration for the peasantry. But any one who was supposed to be a *franc-tireur* ran a great risk. One old woman relates how her father's medal, for he had fought with the great Napoleon, brought him instant respect from the soldiers, who would salute him. Old Constance, observing a handsome cashmere shawl in the possession of one soldier, took the opportunity to drop it behind the bed, and related that the owner before leaving turned the house topsy-turvy till he found it. A dangerous game to play with a victorious enemy. Old Constance, as a matter of course, acknowledged the right of the victors to take what they liked, though, as she said, they behaved well enough and only pilfered trifles when the house was occupied.

The *paysan* is economical with his clothes, and carries the art of patching to an extreme, but he is always neat. Nor does our peasant care about being ragged, only he is by no means so persistent a patcher, though a man will sometimes achieve peculiar results. The *paysan*, of course, will bargain, and is quite able to hold his own with the Jew pedlars who sell second-hand clothing. Constance's husband had been a weaver, but those days are long past now. The same tendency to depend more on the tradesmen than themselves for various accessories of life is to be noted among the *paysans* as it is with us. Economy alone drives the peasant to mend his own boots and to patch; he buys his bread as a matter

of course. Our French neighbors are too careful to be swindled over prices, but the English laborer will pay a penny more for his bread than the parson, and not be aware of the fact. This is rather an exception, it must be granted, but perhaps not so rare as some imagine. The English peasant is losing whatever home trades he possessed, and he is too lazy and too frightened of the man who gives him credit to protest at being swindled. The laborers' wives are hopelessly ignorant of good material when they see it; the soles and uppers of the boots they buy part company within twenty-four hours if it happens to rain. The *paysan*, however, is no fool; yet Mr. Boyd Smith relates of one woman who, fairly well off, subscribed for an elaborate cooking stove, and kept herself poor by the necessary payments for this quite unnecessary luxury and also by keeping pigs and fowls. Well-balanced and intensely material as he is, the *paysan* has his ambition, and the woman, of course, will starve that her pig may be fat and well-liking; "but then," says Mr. Boyd Smith, "she is a Breton, and the instinct is natural." The instalment plan is a singularly cruel and injurious method, apparently invented for the sole purpose of impoverishing thrifty people. It is nothing less than a slow torture, and whoever originated it should be able to trace his descent direct to the inventor of the thumb-screw.

The love of a uniform has been alluded to, and the chronicler of Valombre cites the postman, a native of Southern France, as an instance of the fascination a Government position has for people. Twenty miles a day for sixty francs a month! Even with handsome vails at the New Year this is barely enough for him, so he was allowed to cultivate a piece of waste ground, and despite his daily grind, brought his garden into flourishing condition. What a man and what a system! The man represents, as our author justly says, "the sterling, sturdy qualities of his race." The pay is absurd; but then French habits are frugal and always were, and not what English habits are; we have a climate—and some will not allow it to be called

such—that is scarcely conducive to economy of living. Forty years ago the butcher's cart was never seen in a village; now the laborer has good fresh flesh meat at least once a week, and his food generally is infinitely better. French visitors are much struck with the waste that goes on in our household, but they admit that to conduct living on their economical principles is not possible in our climate.

If Mr. Boyd Smith is to be believed, much of the vitality of his religious feeling has left the *paysan*; here Mr. Boyd Smith expresses himself somewhat cynically, in strong contrast to

his general attitude toward the French peasant, which is one of affection and intimate sympathy and shows a correspondingly keen insight. The *paysan* has few ideas, and lacks some of those amenities that relieve the monotony of an English laborer's work. He is no sportsman, and if this is not his fault, it and the fondness for wild life are none the less a deeply rooted element in the life of "Hodge." The mental horizon of all peasants is narrow, but our friend "Hodge," if he lacks some of the minor virtues of "Jean," can lay claim to be a man of broader sympathies.—*Spectator*.

BACHELOR WOMEN.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

PEOPLE who have a taste for abstract political speculation ought to read Signor Ferrero's book, "*L'Europa Giovane*," which is a study of Northern Europe as it appears to an observer who is of Latin race and a disciple of Lombroso. He pays us Anglo-Saxons the compliment of a particular attention; and one of his most amusing chapters is exclusively devoted to what he takes to be our most characteristic product—the emancipated woman. This chapter is entitled "*The Third Sex*" (*Il Terzo Sesso*), and from the observation of facts as they are it trends a good deal into the region of prophecy. Marriage is becoming daily more difficult, says Signor Ferrero, owing to a network of obstacles, mostly economical, and, as a consequence, the army of voluntary celibates increases. Now, the presence of any new class in society must ultimately make itself felt; and the class of bachelors, male and female, is assuming, in his judgment, alarming proportions. Of the two divisions into which that class falls, it is the women who will make themselves felt as a novel force: for obvious reasons there is not the same difference of character between the bachelor and the married man as between the married woman and the spinster. It is the increasing preponderance of the spinster in Anglo-Saxon

society that strikes Signor Ferrero and fills him with apprehensions of the most formidable nature.

Women, he says, are gradually invading all the fields in which man had formerly no competition; and it is a new type of woman who is competing—women who have accepted the necessity of single life and who throw into their work all the energy which nature intended to meet the drain of maternity. Renan has somewhere laid it down that the highest intellectual development can only be attained by absolute chastity (in the Roman Catholic sense); as if there were a total fund of nervous energy available which may be drawn upon solely for the intellect, or, as is the common case, both for the intellect and the emotions. (The idea seems absurd, but I am concerned at present merely to state Signor Ferrero's opinion.) Consequently the competitor who now meets man at every turn is a creature like the working bee, in whom the desire to be a wife or a mother has been atrophied, and the driving force of that desire is converted into a feverish hunger for work. Woman will count for more and more in the world; all careers will soon be open to her, for she will knock passionately at every door till she is admitted, and, once she is allowed to compete, this sexless creature, this working bee, has such an

advantage in the struggle for life as a man would have who could live without eating. What will be the result? Till quite lately marriage has been the only profession open to a virtuous woman: it has been the one success within her grasp. That view is frankly recognized by women, for to every woman marriage in itself is still accounted a promotion. There may be counterbalancing circumstances, but to be married is in itself an object of desire and a subject of congratulation. With men the case is the other way. When a man marries, his friends will admit to themselves that there may be or there are compensations; but the position of a single man is in itself envied and applauded, that of a single woman emphatically is not. In England the single woman has always been able to secure a reasonable freedom, and she has never been accounted ridiculous as she still is in Italy, and to some extent in France. But till of late years she has not had a career open to her, as a single woman, except in works of charity, where there is neither the stimulus of competition nor the consequent intoxication of success. Nowadays there is an alternative to matrimony set before every ambitious woman: she has to choose between marriage and a career; and already, says Signor Ferrero, she chooses the career. He illustrates by an example:

"I knew a family which was composed as follows: the mother, a widow of a Cambridge Professor, had devoted herself to politics and fought in the front ranks of the Radical party; the eldest daughter, unmarried and thirty, was a journalist and lived by herself in a flat, where she received her friends of both sexes; the second was a professor of history at Girton; the third had founded a model farm with the purpose of training ladies to earn their livelihood as gardeners; the fourth had become an artist and was studying sculpture. Not one of these four girls had the least desire to marry, nor troubled herself in the least to captivate a man. They might easily have found husbands, as all were well off, and the two youngest exceptionally good-looking; but they did not want to; they said that as things were they had more freedom, and that marriage would diminish their liberty and their pleasures in life. They had, in short, devoted themselves to sterility, not from religious motives, but from sheer calculation."

This family is, he admits, an excep-

tion; but it is for all that a type, and will, on his view, be increasingly less exceptional. The desire for marriage is less in itself with woman than with man. *Dans le mariage il y a toujours celui qui aime, et celui qui se laisse aimer*; and it is in nine cases out of ten, says Signor Ferrero, the woman *qui se laisse aimer*. Offer her a substitute for marriage and she will not marry.

"When a woman has thrown herself into a pursuit knowledge exaggerates her egoism by strengthening her personality; why should she go in search of a different felicity without the certainty of success when there is already one to hand. Her life has gradually been absorbed by one pre-occupation; why risk herself in the vicissitudes of love and a family? The physical impulse is too weak, and seldom succeeds in leading a young woman away from her books; her intellectual preoccupation makes it difficult for a feeling of sympathy for a man to grow to the pitch of love; and consequently love is not born and marriage disgusts. English society will probably differentiate itself into two classes with different functions: one of women designed for the humble duty of preserving the species; the other of sexless creatures, intelligent, learned, industrious, but barren, living solely by the brain, with heart and senses petrified. Thus the higher education of women, far from completing man's felicity, and adding a new splendor to the solution of the problem of love, will be a cause of fresh disappointment, bitter conflicts, and worse complications. Already it frequently occurs that a young man wants to marry a pretty young woman, but finds her life taken up with a study of Roman coins, or devoted to a propaganda of universal suffrage. These cases will grow more and more frequent, and man will oftener and oftener have to supplicate hearts of ice for a love which they are no longer capable of feeling."

This is indeed a black look-out. In England, Signor Ferrero says, we may be able to stand it; but imagine if it came to that in Sicily! However, it does not do to take this reasoner quite seriously; let us put his positions into a moderate form. In his opinion the result of woman's increasing emancipation is to give fresh openings for her activities; the alternative of a professional or literary career makes women indifferent or disinclined to marriage; and lastly, this increasing disinclination will give women more and more the whip-hand of us poor Anglo-Saxons. Are these things so? No one who knows anything of London can

shut his eyes to the growth of such a class as Signor Ferrero talks of; everybody must number among his or her acquaintances several ladies who live entirely by themselves and work for their living, just as their brothers might do. It is certainly a new class, and will probably make itself felt in society; but in what way? By an aversion to matrimony? Frankly, one doubts it. Miss Clough, the late principal of Newnham, was not only a conspicuous instance of the woman who makes herself a career, but was a woman whose life-work consisted in turning out these independent young ladies—what one may call bachelor women. Yet in her biography there occur several passages where this very strong and self-supporting lady expresses her desire for marriage—her wish to have some one to lean upon, some one to take decisions for her. But it is undesirable to discuss this matter with reference to definite individuals, who must either be living or only recently dead; and happily, other documents are not hard to come by. Many of these bachelor women live by literature, and almost without exception they write novels. If one looks at their books it is not hard to see how the problem of life and the ambitions of celibacy present themselves to the people directly interested in them. I take two recently published novels, both of them decidedly clever, which study with an obvious familiarity the habits and adventures of the young lady who lives by herself and by her own exertions. One of them is "Among Thorns," by "Noel Ainslie;" the other, by Miss Evelyn Sharp, is called "The Making of a Prig." Noel Ainslie has written another novel, "An Erring Pilgrimage," where the chief character is again a bachelor woman, but to this I only mean to allude in passing. It is an unpleasant tale, and treats of circumstances which cannot fairly be regarded as typical. There is, however, this much in common between all three books: the heroine is a young lady who comes up to London to live by her wits. Veronica, of the "Erring Pilgrimage," belongs to a well-marked subsection of this class: those who make the endeavor because

they have got to. Katharine Austen, Miss Sharp's heroine, exemplifies the more numerous body of those who come away from home because they are bored, or out of sympathy with their surroundings. The army of bachelor women—the modern "Legion of St. Ursula"—recruits itself especially from the girls who have been to school or college, and in the process of receiving higher education have acquired a distaste for monotony and a determination to "live their own life." As to Lesbia Meynell, the principal character in "Among Thorns," she is a lady journalist when the story opens, and Noel Ainslie does not make it quite clear whether she had no option but to become one. However, all three have made the choice in good earnest. Katharine has a home still open to her, but she runs her experiment to the verge of starvation, like the two others. And here one notes that, by the showing of these two ladies, the reign of woman is not yet completely inaugurated. The most useful thing a bachelor woman can find is a man who will help her to get work. All three heroines owe their success to a man. Paul Wilton gets Katharine her first engagement at a school; Lesbia Meynell is taken on the staff of the *Decade* because Wynyard Cuthbert thinks she has sympathetic eyes. Noel Ainslie and Miss Sharp, one perceives, do not paint the working gentlewoman's outlook in rose color. Lesbia and Katharine are not endowed with genius; they have no preternatural talent for success; plenty of other women in the same position have as good abilities; but these are two of the lucky ones who get a chance and profit by it. What becomes of those who do not get the chance? Their lines certainly do not fall in pleasant places. They lodge, a good many of them, at some such institution as No. 10 Queen's Crescent, Marylebone, which Miss Sharp has described so vividly. This is a home where working gentlewomen, to the number of sixty-three, live together, and its features are very interesting. There is, to begin with, a prospectus; there is always a prospectus. Then there is a common dining-room, where the inmates—well, they do not dine, but they eat to-

gether. The butter is not attractive, so the newcomer is advised to try the treacle. "You can't go far wrong with treacle. The jam's always suspicious; you find plum-stones in the strawberry, and so on." There are two reception-rooms upstairs, and there are sleeping-rooms partitioned off by curtains into cubicles. There is also a bath-room where the inhabitants can bathe in turns—by putting their names down beforehand; the turn comes about once a fortnight; and you clean your own boots. The ladies who live there are typewriters, shorthand clerks, and so forth; they are, most of them, not accurately described as ladies; but if one can believe Miss Sharp, there is a deal of human nature among them and most of it pleasant. Lesbia Meynell is a rung or two higher up on the ladder than Katharine. She has rooms at No. 2 Carados Street, Bloomsbury, which, as the landlady's pretty daughter Peggy observes, is a halfway house where no one stays long. Lodgers go up, or they go down, but they do not remain at the level of Carados Street. Lesbia Meynell has enough to eat and drink, but she is never asked to houses; like Katharine, she visits nowhere; and she has no occasion to wear the evening frocks, in which she is aware that she always looks her best. Like Katharine, she is consumed with a desire for pleasure, and the only people of her acquaintance to whom the pleasures come get them from man. This way of life, whether for good or bad, does away with censoriousness. Lesbia meets at the office of the *Decade* ladies with either a past or a present; the pretty Peggy comes in with her eyes shining to tell how one of the lodgers has taken her to a restaurant and a music-hall. As for Katharine, she also lives among young women who only find a break in their bread-and-butter existence when some one takes them to dinner, and they do not all profess to be rigorous. Katharine herself finds the bright spots of life consist in the hours which she spends with one or other of her two adorers. Man, you see, still counts, even with the emancipated woman. Both Katharine and Lesbia are lavishly provided for in the matter of lovers, each has two, one

simple and straightforward, who loves *pour le bon motif*; one worldly wise and subtle, who is chiefly bent on amusing himself. Needless to say, each of the girls loves the less deserving man; but the main point is that each of them is in love. The attraction of the bachelor existence, which is great—for even with its privations, neither Lesbia nor Katharine would go back to stay-at-home ways—lies, no doubt, partly in the interest of work: Katharine is a born teacher who has found her vocation, Lesbia experiences the usual triumph of the lady journalist who gets into print. But the principal charm of their life is the intercourse with the other sex on terms which, under the old rules, would have been entirely impossible. Jack Graham, the artist, who also lodges at No. 2 Carados Street, comes in to smoke cigarettes with Lesbia in her rooms; Wynyard Cuthbert, the wicked hero, calls on her at nine o'clock. Katharine frequently visits Paul Wilton in his chambers at the Temple, and only objects to the concealment which he, as a man of the world, insists on keeping up. It is perfectly right for you and me, she insists; and he has to admit that it is, for she is the sort of young woman who is safe anywhere, even with the not too scrupulous man whom she loves. Then, says Katharine, if it is right, why conceal it? That is the logic of Bohemia, where everybody does things because they seem pleasant or right to do, not because society has decreed that they are right or pleasant. Paul Wilton declines to be convinced, but Katharine holds to it that the bachelor woman may do whatever is not immoral.

Everybody who knows the society which Noel Ainslie and Miss Sharp are describing will recognize that these facts are a faithful transcript, indeed now grown so common as to be hardly noticeable. What a change in a quarter of a century! But it is equally clear that this is something very unlike the state of things which Signor Ferrero predicts so ruefully. Man plays a much more important part in the life of these ladies than he used to do in that of their mothers. They depend on him very largely for their success in

life, very largely for their pleasures, and he counts among their friends without any nonsense of Platonism. Katharine is quite honestly friends with Ted, the nice boy, who is the foil of Paul Wilton. One notices also that what appeals to them about man is particularly his masterfulness. Any of them would certainly have endorsed the pronouncement of a charming lady who is no longer a bachelor. She described the amusements of her bachelor life and the interests of an artistic career with such zest that one naturally asked if it had not been an effort to give it up. "Ah, but you get so bored with it," she said; "you do so want some one to tell you not to do things." This, perhaps, is an aspect of man which appeals to woman most strongly before marriage; and, in point of fact, both Lesbia and Katharine adore their wooers particularly when they find themselves ordered about; but when Jack Graham begins to tell his wife Lesbia not to do things, Lesbia finds it a bore. Katharine is left at the gates of matrimony, but I make no doubt that she asserted herself a little afterward. This sweet submissiveness to masculine caprices is only characteristic of the bachelor woman who associates with man as an equal, not of the lady in whom matrimony soon teaches him to recognize his superior. Upon the whole, then, it does not seem likely that the advent of the working gentleman is likely to rule man out. Man will continue to be as interesting to woman as woman is to man, in spite of the predictions of Italian professors.

But that does not alter the fact that there exists a new class, a new social type, and we may interrogate our witnesses about it. Listen to Miss Sharp:

"Think of the progress that has been made even in my time," says an enthusiastic lady to Katharine, "and in another ten years there will be nothing that woman will not be able to do in common with men. Isn't it a glorious reflection?"

"I don't think it will be so," persisted Katharine. "It has nothing to do with education or any of these things. A woman is handicapped just because she is a woman and has to go on living like a woman. There is always home work to be done, or some one to be nursed, or clothes to be mended. A man has nothing to do but his work; but a woman is expected to do a

woman's work as well as a man's. It is too much for any one to do well. I am a working woman myself, and I don't find it so pleasant as it is painted."

"Tell me," said her aunt earnestly; "don't you find women are happier if they have work to do for their living?"

"I suppose it is possible, but I haven't met any who are," answered Katharine. "I think it is because they feel they have sacrificed all the pleasures of life. Men don't like women who work, do they? Oh, yes, they have lots of admiration for us, but they don't fall in love with us, that's all. I think it is because it is the elusive quality in woman that fascinates man; and directly they begin to understand her, they cease to be fascinated by her. And woman is growing less mysterious every day now; she is chiefly occupied in explaining herself, and that is why men don't find her such good fun. At least, I think so."

One may say in passing that if the race of women stoned Miss Sharp and Noel Ainslie with stones for giving away their secrets no man could be surprised. But is Miss Sharp right in describing the working woman as one who gives up the pleasures of life? That is doubtful. The pleasures of idleness and prettiness, perhaps; but unless she has to work to the very pin of her collar, she has really a better time than her predecessors, only that she is not so easily contented. The woman who has lived in Bohemia has one distinguishing mark: she is intolerant of trivialities, and especially intolerant of boredom. This is how Katharine's home struck her when she went back to it in her first holidays:

"Ivingdon seemed narrower in its sympathies and duller than ever; she wondered how people could go on living with so few ideas in their minds and so few topics of conversation; even the rector (her father) irritated her by his want of interest in her experiences and by his utter absorption in his own concerns."

Lesbia Meynell marries Jack Graham when a chance takes him from living on a pittance by his art into a good business position, and she emerges from Bohemia into a flat in Kensington. But she finds it dull; the routine of calls and callers bores her to extinction; and when she hears that the pretty Peggy has gone off with a rich young man to Paris, her first movement is one of envy. Peggy, at least, is getting some color into her life. The fact is that the new denizen of Bohemia

falls between two stools—two ways of life. The things which to her mother or grandmother would have seemed quite amusing and gay—a round of afternoon tea-parties, with an occasional dance—no longer amuse her. She wants stronger excitements. And, on the other hand, she is disqualified by her education for what used to be accounted the natural relaxations of Bohemia—the life that Henri Murger sketched, perhaps with more charm than realism. She has no desire to be respectable, she scorns the word; but she has not the least intention of being anything else. Now, the chief desire of all these lady bachelors, in the Bohemia where people work, is to get out of it—or so their authors testify—and there are only two ways out. One is marriage, the other is not. One leads into society, where people pay calls of ten minutes, the other leads to the Bohemia of champagne and supper-parties. Neither goal is attractive. Occasionally the Bohemian may hit on some half-way house; Lesbia Meynell's husband gives up business, and, having a little money, returns to his painting while she writes, and they live happily forever after, somewhere in St. John's Wood, undisturbed by social duties. But that is the exception. For the most part the bachelor woman has either to grow old in her virtuous Bohemia—and it is not wholly a cheerful fate—or to marry and go into ordinary society.

There is, however, one thing to be said. If she immigrates in sufficient numbers into society she will probably end by modifying its conventions; and it is surprising what a number of women one meets who have, at one time or another, studied art in Paris, and lived on two or three francs a day when allowances ran short, or assisted in a bonnet-shop, or tried their hands at journalism. A good many, of course, have merely broken away from home for a few months in sheer desire of change, or have set up a studio chiefly in order that they may give tea-parties in it. But however little serious may have been the work they did in their effort to be self-supporting, yet the habit of independence is implanted and a rude shake is given to the old

equilibrium. Working gentlewomen who are promoted to the dignity of marriage will probably by their combined influence modify social usages to a very considerable extent, though by no means in the direction that Signor Ferrero indicates.

But in the mean while they have pioneered the way for a class of celibate women who, under the old conditions, would almost certainly have married. These are the people whom one may venture to call club-women, and they are in many respects the opposite of those about whom Miss Sharp and Noel Ainslie write. The working gentlewoman, as we have seen, wants to get married, in order that she may have less work and more comforts; the club-woman, who is often a widow, remains unmarried for the very same reason. Naturally, she is not a pioneer, nor an emancipator, nor enthusiast, nor theorist of any kind; she is simply the counterpart of the club-man; that is to say, a person who organizes life on the lines of least resistance, and aims chiefly to save trouble and avoid responsibility. While it was bad form for a woman to live in chambers by herself these ladies would never have thought of doing so; but as soon as society accepted people who were either doing or had done this thing, they realized the possibilities open to them, and, though they were no theorists, contentedly put themselves in advance of humdrum people. And certainly they have gained enormously in the conveniences of life. The lady who has five or six hundred a year and no incumbrances used formerly to be obliged to take a house and have two or three servants; that condemned her at once to a cheap suburb, and made entertaining practically impossible. Now she has chambers somewhere in Piccadilly, her mind is free from the cares of a household, she has neither to engage nor dismiss servants, nor compose their quarrels; she has absolutely all the attendance she wants, and everything about her is well turned out; meals come for the touching of a bell, and instead of a carriage she has her pick of the hansoms. If she wants to see faces about her and avoid that sense of solitude which has driven so many

women into matrimony, all she has to do is to step round to her club ; it may be a club for women only, or, if she prefers it, one of the mixed arrangements which are becoming so popular.

The result certainly ought to be a great falling off in the number of marriages of convenience, since the ladies who take to this way of life are precisely those who used to marry for convenience. What is the middle-aged gentleman of the future who is tired of club life to say to the lady who is installed no less excellently than himself ? Does he offer her the comforts of a home ? "The comforts of a home," she will reply, "are for the husband." Will she contentedly take upon her the charge of an establishment and endure the daily tedium of eating dinners which she has ordered herself ? In short, we seem likely to develop not merely the bachelor-woman, but the old-bachelor-woman, who will be a very

different person from the old maid. But whether these new varieties will remain merely superficially distinct, or whether, as Signor Ferrero believes, they will fundamentally modify the nature of woman and the constitution of society—whether the Institute of Women Journalists and the creation of Albemarle and Sesame Clubs will prove epoch-making institutions, or whether the world will go on much the same in spite of them—are wide questions which only a disciple of Lombroso feels able to answer out of hand. One thing seems clear ; that since women have professed an ability to support themselves, the British paterfamilias, who always encourages self-help in his children, and has the easiest views concerning parental responsibility of any father in Europe, will not hesitate to urge upon his daughters the desirability of doing so.—*Contemporary Review*.

GRIEF AND GOD.

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

UNSHUNNABLE is grief ; we should not fear
 The dreadful bath whose cleansing is so clear ;
 For He who to the Spring such poison gave,
 Who rears his roses from the hopeless grave ;
 Who caused the babe to wail at the first breath,
 But with a rapture seals the face of death ;
 Who circled us with pale aspiring foam,
 With exiled Music yearning for her home,
 With knockings early and with cryings late,
 The moving of deep waters against Fate ;
 Who starred the skies with yearning, with those fires,
 That dart through dew their infinite desires ;
 Or largely silent and so wistful bright
 Direct a single look of love all night ;
 Who gave unto the Moon that hopeless quest,
 Condemned the wind to wander without rest ;
 He, as I think, intends that we shall rise
 Only through pain into His Paradise.
 Woe ! woe ! to those who placidly suspire,
 Drowned in security, remote from fire ;
 Who under the dim sky and whispering trees
 By peaceful slopes and passing streams have ease ;

Whose merit is their uncommitted sins,
Whose thought is heinous, but they shun the gins
And those o'erflowing pits that take the strong,
The baited sweetness and the honeyed wrong ;
Who sink, not once enkindled, to the tomb,
Eternal smilers from their mother's womb.
No sacred pang disturbs their secular life,
Eluding splendor and escaping strife ;
They die not, for they lived not ; under earth
Their bodies urge the meaner flowers to birth :
Unstung, unfired, untempted was their soul ;
Easy extinction is their utmost goal.
To those whom He doth love God hath not sent
Such dread security, such sad content ;
Young are they carried to the font of pain,
In coldest anguish dipped again, again ;
Or else into His burning are they led,
Desirous of His glory to be dead ;
When He descends, like Semele they die,
Proud to be shrivelled in His ecstasy ;
Or through the night of life they ebb and flow
Under the cold imperial Moon of woe.
Some of His favorites are too fiercely wrought
To spend upon the sunny earth a thought,
But ever by an inward peril driven,
Neglect the gleaming grass and glimmering heaven.
And some by thorny sweetness are betrayed,
By beauty of those bodies He hath made ;
And some o'er wearied, have so tired a head,
They ask like children to be laid in bed.
But He hath branded on such souls His name,
And He will know them by the scars of flame.
As Christ in the dark garden had to drink
The brimming cup from which His soul did shrink ;
As Dante had to thread the world of fire,
Ere he approached the Rose of his desire ;
So fear not grief, fear not the anguish, thou,
The paining heart, the clasped and prostrate brow ;
This is the emblem, and this is the sign
By which God singles thee for fields divine ;
From such a height He stoops, from such a bliss,
Small wonder thou dost shudder at His kiss.

— *Cornhill.*

THE FATE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

WE take it to be certain, in spite of interruptions in the telegraphic service, that Manila has surrendered; that the Tagal population will hold the larger Philippine islands, subject to guidance from leaders recognized by the Americans; and that the latter will never, whatever the ultimate issue of the war, hand the colony back to Spain. They are more governed by moral considerations than their enemies choose to think, and a conviction that Spaniards are incurably cruel—are, in fact, born Inquisitors—has sunk deeply into their minds. To an American the Spaniard, it should be remembered, is not the man of the Peninsular War, but the man who conquered the Americas, and so misgoverned them that his own people rose upon him in unquenchable fury. The Americans will have, therefore, at the close of the war, to decide how their newly acquired property shall be disposed of, and already fierce jealousies and far-reaching ambitions have been awakened throughout Europe. America, it is said, will not keep the islands; and if they are to be sold, either for money or for territory, to whom are they to go? Their possession might disturb “the balance of power” in the Far East. England, it is said, must not have them, because she has already too much; Germany, because her designs upon China would thereby be facilitated; Russia, because she would be too near Australia; and France, because she may choose in the next war to act as Russia’s obedient ally. Japan, as a pagan power, is out of the question when two and a half millions of Christians have to be disposed of; and it is very doubtful whether Holland would undertake the laborious task of reducing the Philippines to order. She succeeds in Java after a fashion, and might make a heavy bid for a second tropical estate, but the attempt to form a colonial army seems beyond her strength. She has been trying through a whole generation to conquer Acheen, and the fierce little Malay state holds her successfully at bay. These arguments, and many like them, will be urged on

the Americans by the chancelleries of Europe, which are already twittering with excitement, and putting out little feelers, and looking at Manila like children at a cake which they want badly but think it decorous not to ask for or see.

We think the Americans will keep the Philippines; we hope they will most heartily, and we can show that they have the means of doing so with little trouble to themselves. We think they will keep them because we think that the Americans will emerge from this war with new ideas and larger ambitions. They will have defeated a second-class European State, and will feel acutely that as matters stand they would have been defeated by a first-class one. They could not have fought France, to say nothing of Great Britain, without suffering grave defeats at sea and enormous losses by land. That is not a position which suits the American temper, and Washington will therefore set itself to construct a first-class iron fleet. They can do that at home with twice the rapidity of the Japanese, because they have a hundred times the Japanese command of money, and they can man the fleet when constructed by sweeping all the shiftless boys of the Union, as they are doing already, into great naval schools, one for each State. That fleet once built, the desire for a position in the world equal to their position among nations, for islands as coaling stations, for posts of vantage if Europe threatens them, will induce, or indeed compel them to give up their idea of non-intervention, which already, as we see, has given way the moment their deeper emotions are stirred. Already, before the war has well begun, they are threatening Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and as soon as it is over and the fleet built they will open the Nicaragua Canal, claiming right of free passage through it for their battleships, and change their Monroe doctrine into a direct and effective protectorate of the two Americas. They will, we believe, from the first hesitate to give up the Philippines, partly because the islands will provide

admirable stations for their fleet, but chiefly because they are determined that China, which is their biggest natural foreign market, shall not be closed to their trade. They must be ready to strike, if need be, on the Chinese coast, and to strike hard, and seeing that, they will not give up islands which offer them impregnable defences for their dockyards, their coal-vaults and their arsenals. To retain them is, of course, to give up their traditional policy of non-interference in the politics of the world; but we confess we have not much faith in self-denying policies of that kind. To shake down an ancient European throne is surely interference with Europe of a definite kind, and they are doing that already. The people of the United States have not realized their new position yet, but when they do, we shall hear, we feel confident, much less of non-intervention. We think America will keep the Philippines, and we heartily hope it. She will govern them well enough, much better than any power except ourselves, and we have more of the world's surface than we can well manage. It is true that the position in the Pacific would be magnificent, that we can create a Civil Service by a mere advertisement in the *Gazette*, the educated middle class thirsting for more "careers," and that we could garrison the islands with Sikhs and Afridis, to the delight of both, without risking a single bone of Tommy Atkins; but we cannot undertake to govern the whole dark world. The envy we excite is already too great, and the strain upon the mental power of those who govern is already excessive, so excessive that we fear there is already a faltering at the centre of affairs, produced not by timidity, but by a just sense that for England to do anything anywhere is to stir the water which envelops the world, and drive a wave upon some coast it is not intended to attack. It would be a relief if another English-speaking power would take up a portion of our task, and in taking it, perform the duty of repaying something to the world which yields her such advantages. The "weary Titan," in fact, needs an ally while traversing "the too vast orb of his

fate," and the only ally whose aspirations, ideas, and language are like his own is the great American people. The Frenchman is too fickle, the Russian too full of guile, and the German too harsh in his treatment of all who do not think that to be drilled is the first, if not the only, duty of man.

We hope the Americans will keep the Philippines, and that they can keep them we have no doubt whatever. Europe, to put the truth in its most brutal form, cannot attack them without our permission; and the constitutional difficulty is all rubbish, as Congress can make laws for territories, or declare the islands to be held, like Bosnia, as lands "in temporary military occupation" of the United States. The Americans are not governing Manila to-day through the universal suffrage of the Tagals, and need not therefore govern it to-morrow, while as to the means of holding the islands they have a resource of which no one has spoken hitherto, but to which, as an instrument of power, there is hardly a limit. No one doubts that the States can produce and train any amount of officers, and they have, like ourselves, *the means of enlisting a large and effective Sepoy army*. They have already four or five thousand negro troops who have distinguished themselves in the Indian wars, and who are now about to be despatched to Cuba because they are "immune" from yellow fever. Nothing stops the Americans from raising the negro force to twenty thousand men—there are now nine millions of colored people under the Stars and Stripes—and with them holding the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, paying them out of local revenues. With such a garrison those islands would be as safe as drawing-rooms and as full of business as Broadway or the Strand. There is really no obstacle, for the prejudice of color, fierce as it is in the States, would not operate against a colonial army, more especially if that army were a good one. And it would be a good one. The bravery of the trained negro is never questioned, he is accustomed not only to obey but to respect white officers, and the tropical regions in which he would be stationed exactly suit not only his constitution

but his notion of that which constitutes happiness in life. Instead of remaining a source of weakness to the Union, he can be turned by wise and lenient management into an instrument of empire. We do not, be it observed, give way for one moment to the theory that white men cannot retain their energy in the tropics—nearly the whole of Brazil is within their limit—but if white Americans dislike service in lands so warm they have millions of dark Americans who do not, and who are as

proud of the greatness of the Republic, and if decently treated, as faithful to its flag, as any of their lighter brethren. The Americans are waking up to a perception of the value of this instrument of force, and when once they have fully realized it we shall hear little of their difficulty in garrisoning distant possessions inhabited by dark tribes. The Tagals will not feel insulted because the garrison which keeps their villages safe is only white at the top.—*The Spectator*.

THE TWO COBBLERS OF BRUGES.

BY RANGER GULL.

THE fine secret of the old belfry at Bruges has not yet been caught by visitors. The eager and untender survey of the tourist till now, I imagine, has brought forth nothing much more than a gay blend of pleasure at the view, tempered with a physical exhilaration at the invigorating thinness of the air. When these material adjuncts have had their way, he descends, and the belfry has no further mandate for him. To really appreciate the famous mediæval place, to bring the whole apparatus of the connoisseur into strenuous action, it is necessary to know and study the two cobblers of Bruges. Adolph Emery and Jacques Lacroix are two men, cobblers by trade, who for twenty-four years have lived a mysterious life in the summit of the tower. Year in year out they make their shoes for people in the world below, they wind the great carillon, and at night watch over the sleeping town to sound a tocsin at an outbreak of fire. It is the intensely interesting problem of these two unique personalities that to me gives the place its peculiar charm, for the two cobblers are unlike any other men I have met in this world. Through two decades, going on their cheerful, prudent way, they have retained much of the essential temperament of the peasant, and yet they have, in their high place, learnt so much more than is granted to most of us to know, that they have become cultured by suggestion and a prod-

uct of an environment that has not the like in Europe.

It must be remembered that they cannot be called impressionists. To understand a sunset as they do, or to be saddened at a mere change of the wind, is doubtless impressionism, but the impressionist is a product of educational influences that they have never had. They are simply highly organized sensitivists, that is all.

Naturally as they go about their work they are not forever strung to sympathy, and you may often see them as ordinary cobblers and no more, for of course they have their limits. One can be many-sided, but to be every-sided is to be either a mass of protoplasm or a humbug.

A short time ago I was fortunate to catch them in a good hour, when they were open for analysis, and to complete the picture the incident is worth repeating. One evening I mounted to the tower top, and as I came out upon the last stage found Emery and Lacroix looking out of an aerial window-seat over the country. There had been a period of drought, and the whole vast landscape seemed to give out a peculiar suggestion of thirst. They greeted me silently with a curt word in French—it is worth while noticing that French is more to their liking than Flemish—and then watched in silence. I joined them just as the sunlights were fading and the peculiar hush that heralds the creep-

ing shadows was in the air, which was very hot and heavy. We were for a moment startled by a sudden commotion as a great bird—probably some wild duck—flashed past the window, and as the air its flight disturbed fell cool upon our faces, both men moved and with shaded eyes peered away into Holland on the horizon. I followed their looks, and saw, rising out of the distant haze that marked the sea, a rain-cloud, which grew larger and seemed to be moving rapidly toward us over the vast flat cornland. The two small, brown figures framed by the ancient and fantastic stonework made a "picture in the grand style" against a sky charged with marvels. Their occupation has bent and bowed them very much, and they have learnt to move silently with a serious intent look in their eyes, and the tableau of the crouching figures on the ledge of the window-seat was extraordinary to a degree. Soon we could hear the distant splashing of the rain, until it grew all around us and rattled on the tiled roofs far below.

Lacroix watched with a certain animal distending of the nostrils and a deep breathing of the cool air. "It is very beautiful," he said. "We see beautiful things up here, monsieur. But have you not thought that things like this are only beautiful to a few people?" The simple words coming from him were extraordinary. The man had by intuition, quite unknowingly, arrived at an understanding of the artistic temperament. Emery joined in with a deep breath and a little laugh. "How can they know?" he said to me, "the visitors who come here and write their names upon the bells?" Perhaps he thought he might have said too much, and cast a reflection unpleasing to me on a class to which I belong; for with an apologetic gesture he continued: "But you see, monsieur, being here always makes a great difference, and no doubt if people were to live here—"—so courtesy makes Jesuits of us all. The storm was all around us now with flickering violet fires and peals of thunder, while below the wild, sweet chimes of the carillon rang out loudly. We talked longer, always in simple fashion, and they told

me of lights on the horizon at night, of deep-scented summer nights when so light was the moon that they could watch some black-robed sleepless priest from the cathedral pacing, like a crawling beetle, round and round the great square below. Sometimes in winter, while they sat talking, they were troubled by the stir and tumult of wings in the dark, as long rows of great sea-birds clanged down the wind from the salt marshes of Holland. Possessed of a certain instinct in the matter of sensation, curiously enough quite in the fashion of the latter-day analyst, Lacroix, albeit his rhetoric was inexact and entirely threw off modernity, had his own peculiar and favorite times. He liked best the hot autumn days in the sunshine, when on every side the country was fertile and the corn was ripening.

To a trained intelligence the understanding of their moods is of course easy, and the illumination their knowledge casts is only flickering, but the wonder of the thing lies in the way this illumination has come to them. The two cobblers are more than Whitman's "powerful uneducated persons." They have come in contact with a new environment, and it is extremely interesting from a psychological point of view to notice the influence of the contact. Their æsthetic philosophy, at which I have only hinted, is built on the underlying fact of nearness to the elements, and the fact is the secret of their fascination; for, by whatever process their character has been built up, they have had to build it on that. It almost seems that a life like theirs is more provocative of fine discrimination than any amount of worldly experience, and if this is so the statement perhaps has its value in helping us to estimate the theories of a recluse. I have stood in the bell-room when the place has been full of interesting and clever people talking of Lyderick du Bueq or de Dampière, but they have lamentably failed to understand what the cobblers know. In Bruges itself no one thinks of the cobblers much. They can look across the Grande Place to the Pannier d'Or bustling with life and movement, but they are in reality very far away. The idea of the two little brown men is

not without its element of grotesquerie, and indeed "the two cobblers of Bruges" has quite a twang of Grimm or Hans Andersen. That they are extremely interesting is a matter for individual opinion, but they do certainly

illustrate a problem which has its value. To me they always seem a living protest against vulgar restlessness, and had we each a belfry to dwell in we should find them right a thousand times.—*Saturday Review.*

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THE WEAKEST POINT OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

IF the end of government is the happiness of the governed, representation is the best instrument yet discovered. The "common-sense of most," when strained through the higher capacity of the few, winnowed, as it were, like corn from chaff, not only "holds a fretful realm in awe"—which an able despotism or a strong oligarchy can also do—but it so moulds the laws and the administration to the wants, and even the prejudices, of the people, that they dislike neither, and are, so far as their relation to public affairs is concerned, distinctly happy. No proof of that proposition is required beyond the broad facts admitted by everybody about the countries where the people are recognized as the ultimate and direct source of all authority. In Great Britain a rebellion against the State is almost unthinkable. In America when the Constitution was threatened by insurgents the people sacrificed a million lives and six hundred millions of treasure to keep it intact. In France, where everything changes, the fundamental laws and methods of administration are never altered or attacked; and in Switzerland there has not been a rebellion for fifty years—and the last one was religious, and it was suppressed by a rising of the whole remaining population in arms. The peoples in these countries may change their representatives, or, in France, even their method of being represented, but the majority do not hate, and do not willingly alter the system under which they live. That is for statesmen the sufficient justification of representative government, though statesmen above all others fret most under its occasional aberrations; and historians may fairly doubt whether, unless the countries in which it prevails are conquered, it will ever be superseded. Nevertheless,

there is in that very reservation a point of danger for representative institutions. We cannot deny, though we would willingly deny, that it is in relation to conflicts with the external world that representative institutions are weakest. The straining or sifting process which works so well in internal affairs, appears not to work in external matters, and whenever war is in sight representation becomes a source of danger rather than of security. So far as the Houses, or Chambers, or Bodies will consent to efface themselves, things may go well, but the moment they interfere, the decrease of wisdom becomes manifest to all onlookers not of the same nation. As regards diplomacy, to begin with, the Houses—we use that ancient term as on the whole better than "the Chambers" or "the representative bodies"—are always singularly weak. They never by any chance have a permanent policy. They do not know the diplomatists, and do not allow for the "personal equation," the enormous difference which often exists between one Ambassador and another. The agent of the country is for them the agent of the country, and they accept the assurances or the views, say, of Mr. Smith as readily as they will accept those of a Talleyrand or a Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The Foreign Office in any country makes no such blunder, but it has no means, without breaking the hearts of its great service, of bringing its knowledge home to large bodies of imperfectly informed politicians. It could not tell the House that such-and-such an Ambassador is a man of fine judgment, but that on such and such a question he is too apt to listen to one particular great lady. The American Houses frequently mistake the character and position of their agents altogether, and if it were not

invidious we think we could show that this has happened in England and France also within quite recent times. Ambassadors, who not infrequently are captured by the charm of the life they are accredited to observe, occasionally also contract the most bitter dislikes, which, if they do not influence their despatches, do influence all their private representations. Then the Houses, though they understand that secrecy is occasionally indispensable, frequently mistake its object, and bring out, or force out, or suggest the precise facts upon which wise managers would remain silent. Again, the Houses often fail in a very wonderful way to understand the respective strengths of their own and foreign nations. We remember long ago a crucial instance of this error, the absolute refusal of the Piedmontese Parliament to make peace with Austria when they had no more power to defeat Austria than a fox-terrier with a wound has to defeat a bloodhound without one. The Piedmontese Parliament was a little one; but our own defied France over "the Colonels'" business when the country was almost unprepared, and even Palmerston shrank back; and the American Houses were very near doing it over Venezuela. The agitation caused by defeat is therefore sometimes wholly disproportioned to the defeat itself, the Houses never reconciling themselves to a defeated General, and sometimes acting with the unthinking fury which characterized the action of the French Chambers when they drove M. Jules Ferry, the strongest man in France, out of public life because some French troops had been surprised by a body of Chinese pirates. There is strong ground for the suspicion, too, that the Spanish Cortes is reflecting unthinking popular passion, and overruling Spanish statesmen who, left to themselves, would rid Spain of a load too heavy to carry, on terms which would not sacrifice her dignity and would make her future easier to bear. Finally, it is nearly certain that representative bodies do not think out what they want from war as clearly as statesmen are compelled to do. It may be doubted if the British House of Commons had any clear policy in its head when

it silently forced the Government to risk war with Russia by appropriating Wei-hai-wei; or whether Congress has at all clearly resolved whether it wants Cuba or only the departure of Spain; or whether the Cortes in Madrid has the smallest idea what will happen if it defeats the American Fleet or is defeated by it. Representative bodies are, about war, governed by passion instead of reason, or when passion has not risen to blood-heat they allow themselves to be mastered by aspirations too vague to deserve even the name of statesmanship. There is, in fact, no security against their making blunders which in quite conceivable cases would involve the great reservation made at the beginning of this article—namely, such a defeat as would practically involve, for a time at any rate, the loss of future freedom. France for twenty years after Sedan was only free in her internal action, and not quite free even as to that, for the new plan of fortifying Paris was quietly prohibited.

It is a little difficult to discern the true reason for this particular failure of the representative system. Diplomats and military men will attribute it to ignorance, and no doubt the bulk of any elected body is usually ignorant of any particular specialty, but there seems no sufficient reason why an elected House should not know that it is ignorant, should not appoint a specially qualified Committee, and should not implicitly follow that Committee's advice. No House, however, has done this, except in America, and in America the device does not seem to have secured any particular result. The Houses at Washington get out of hand when war approaches just as if there were no Committees. An Executive Government can lead sometimes as regards a war, but then it only leads at its own discretion, because the principle of representative management is temporarily suspended. The Executive has the "confidence" of the representatives on such occasions, not because they agree with it, but because they think it knows and they do not, or because they see that some one must rule other than themselves. M. Thiers made peace in 1871, not the Chambers.

We suppose the truth is this: that representative Houses are liable in all times of excitement to an inrush of outside feeling which for the time destroys their winnowing power, and that when the question is of war or peace this inrush usually comes, and is irresistible. We saw the other day a statement, apparently authentic, that the daily average of letters received by each American Senator or Congressman about this Spanish affair exceeded a thousand, the electoral masses dictating in that way to their representatives. The body of the people, in fact, take control into their own hands, and representative government is suspended in favor of the direct mass vote. The mass is in no country educated enough to manage such transactions wisely, and its Deputies, turned as they are for the occasion into mere funnels, cannot manage them wisely either. Democracy itself, therefore, the new hope of the world, breaks down at a most dangerous point. We quite admit, of course, that it also reveals enormous strength, strength which no other

system can by possibility possess, and which sometimes, as in the American Civil War, carries it through difficulties of the most gigantic kind; but still it lacks wisdom, and, therefore, at first breaks down—a fact which those who are enthusiastic for it as the one panacea for all evils should never forget. The remedy, of course, is to trust the Executive, but that requires that the Executive shall be removable, and shall be on the great subject in full accord with the body of the people, two conditions by no means invariably easy to obtain. Without trusted leadership as to war and peace, every representative Government and every free people is in danger in troublous times of going forward half-blindfold, as both the American and the Spanish peoples are doing now. Our sympathies, we need not say, are absolutely with America; but that does not blind us to the fact that her representatives have been recently, on a question of vital interest, “on the stampede.”—*Spectator*.

TEMAGAMI.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

FAR in the grim North-west, beyond the lines
That turn the rivers eastward to the sea,
Set with a thousand islands, crowned with pines,
Lies the deep water, wild Temagami:
Wild for the hunter's roving, and the use
Of trappers in the dark and trackless vales;
Wild with the trampling of the giant moose,
And the weird magic of old Indian tales.

All day with steady paddles toward the west
Our heavy-laden long canoe we pressed:
All day we saw the thunder-travelled sky
Purpled with storm in many a trailing tress,
And saw at eve the broken sunset die
In crimson on the silent wilderness.